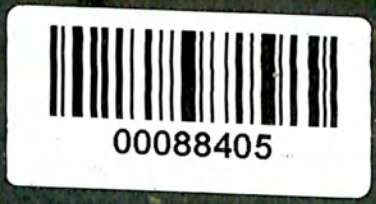
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OF

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THE

TRAVELS

OF

THEODORE DUCAS,

IN

Various Countries in Europe,

AT THE

REVIVAL OF LETTERS AND ART.

EDITED BY CHARLES MILLS.

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CHAPTER VI.

FLORENCE.

FLORENCE, when I resided in the city, boasted of many illustrious supporters of her literary fame. The professors at her various places of education were men of real learning and ability. The Florentines have always been solicitous to preserve the university in a flourishing state. Its foundation took place soon after the great pestilence in the year 1348, when the inhabitants thought that they could revive the population and wealth of their city by establishing a college, wherein law and divinity, the only sciences of the time, should be taught. The university was, therefore, founded, and endowed at the public charge. Commercial connections, the emulation of literary patronage by her chief citizens, the beauty and magnificence of the

town and its vicinity, attracted studious youth into Tuscany; and Florence soon became as famous a seat of learning as Bologna. Law, indeed, was not long, as in the latter city, the preeminent subject of instruction; but the Florentine University was striking and splendid, from the lights which it received from the Greek Academy mentioned in the last chapter. The union of profound and elegant literature has always distinguished Florence from other Italian cities; and, consequently, in these times, when higher merit is expected from candidates for literary honors than a mere scholastic acquaintance with professional subjects, Florence asserts noble pretensions. Her philosophers, historians, and poets, are not mere personifications of pedantry; and, therefore, in speaking of the illustrious Florentines of my time, I shall not unite them with collegiate annals. Their minds have been formed rather in general society than in lettered associations—a fact particularly striking in the cases of Machiavelli and Guiccardini, the two most brilliant stars of the present age of Tuscan literature, and whose works, in politics and history, have displayed the riches of the Italian language in prose composition.

MACHIAVELLI.

NICOLAO MACHIAVELLI was at Florence during part of my abode in the city. He was much beloved, for his disposition was open, sincere, and affectionate; and he was always anxious and active for his friends. Most of those friends were men of letters and art. Guiccardini, whom I had occasionally seen at Rome, introduced me to him, facetiously styling him a man who had been ambassador to kingdoms, and also to convents of minor friars; and who, in the course of his embassy to the Capuchins at Carpi, in the Modenese territory, had deeply studied the forms of monastic government.

I frequently met Machiavelli at the converzationi of the rich citizens of Florence; and no man's talk was more interesting, for acuteness, and precision, and fulness both of remark and circumstance. He was in person of the middling stature, of a lively countenance, and of an aspect of conscious dignity and talent. His manner was courteous, and less artificial than I expected to find in a person who had mingled much with the world, where a conventional mode of deportment and speech destroys all peculiarities of character. He was proud of his birth in so

literary a city as Florence. He was the descendant of a family illustrious for their virtues and their services to their country, whose judicial and state offices they had often filled. The father of Nicolao was a magistrate, and his mother was a literary character; and, therefore, the young Machiavelli readily imbibed a taste for intellectual pursuits. I could not learn the details of his education, or the mode of his introduction into public life. After passing a few years in the chambers of the state chancery, he became secretary to the Council of Ten. A secretary of legation was his next title and office; but his want of a splendid private fortune prevented him from being first ambassador. For some of his public services he was allowed only one ducat a-day, and even that wretched stipend was very irregularly paid.

To Machiavelli was the political foe of the Medici family; and when, in the vicissitudes of politics, they became again (A. D. 1512) lords of Florence, he was deprived of all his official employments. He was afterwards put to the torture on suspicion of being one of a band of conspirators against the Medici. But corporeal pain did not extort any confession of crime. I have heard him praise the magnanimity of the Cardinal Giovanni, who, on becoming Pope

pardoned all the real and supposed enemies of his house; and Machiavelli was not excluded from the general amnesty. The Cardinal Giulio professed to admire his political and literary abilities; and under his patronage the Florentine secretary commenced the composition of the history of his native city. He brought it down only to the death of Lorenzo the Magnificent. His nominal patron became Pope, under the title of Pope Clement VII. Machiavelli presented his work to him; but he was so indifferently remunerated, that he abandoned all intention of pursuing the subject.

The Florentine secretary often described to me the political storms through which he had passed; but he said that his happiest years had been spent at his small patrimonial inheritance near San Casciano, on the road from Florence to Rome. In the mornings, when the season of the year permitted the amusement, he employed himself in catching thrushes with net or lime. At other times he walked in the forests, and observed the labours and sports of the wood-cutters. He then went to a fountain, and turned over the pages of Dante or Petrarca, or of the poets of the second order, as he called Ovid and Tibullus. He repaired to the high road near the inn, conversed with the passengers,

and marked the different humours and passions of the world. His dinner was plain; and, as soon as it was dispatched, he returned to the inn, and joined the host and his usual company, namely, a butcher, a miller, and a lime-maker. He then passed the remainder of the day in cards or backgammon, or in boisterous and quarrelsome argument, the noise whereof frequently reached S. Casciano.

This ignoble mode of life," continued Machiavelli, "carried off the effervescence of my mind; and I yielded to fortune, in hopes that she would one day or other be ashamed of her severity. In the evening I returned home, threw aside my village dress, attired myself like a Florentine gentleman, and entered my study. I there read the philosophers and historians of ancient times. I called upon the warriors and statesmen, whose annals I perused, to declare to me the motives of their actions. I investigated the causes of the different conditions of society; and, during four hours of this description of liberal occupation, I forgot all my pains, and feared neither poverty nor death." (1)

Machiavelli's learning and abilities did honour to the academy in the gardens of Rucellai. The opulent youth of Florence were grateful to him

for his instructions. The history of Rome was the chief subject of his lectures; and he finally arranged his discourses into the form of a commentary on Livy.

Machiavelli lived till the year 1527. His last illness was occasioned by the injudicious use of a favourite medicine; and, after having confessed his sins, and received the sacraments of the church, he expired. He was then fifty-eight years old. He had not enriched himself by any indirect means; and, when his patrimonial inheritance was divided among his widow and five children, each of those objects of his love (and no man's heart was more tender than Machiavelli's,) was reduced to a state very little superior to absolute indigence.

Machiavelli is celebrated as the author of three great literary works—the Prince, the Discourses on Livy, and the Florentine History. They were printed after his death, with the privilege of Pope Clement VII. His Holiness and his agents must have perused them with very little care; for, in the second of these books, the author attributes, not only the division of Italy into petty states, and the weakness and misfortunes of that country, to the ambition and avarice of the Holy See, but the general de-

pravity, the decline both of good morals and religion, to the evil example of the Roman court. With more justice, Machiavelli censures the Popes for introducing foreign princes into Italy, and rendering that fair region the scene of war. The Popes, he truly says, no sooner made a prince powerful than they repented of their goodness or policy. They then endeavoured to destroy him, not wishing that any other person should possess a country which their weakness would not permit them to possess themselves. (2).

It was in 1513 that Machiavelli wrote his chief work, the "Prince," during his retirement at San Casciano. In a letter to his friend, Francesco Vettori, dated in the month of December, 1513, he says, that a work on the mode by which states may be acquired, preserved, and lost, would be acceptable to a prince, particularly to one whose power was but recent. He had thoughts of presenting it to Giuliano, a younger brother of Pope Leo X., and governor of Florence. He declares it to be absolutely necessary, that he should dedicate it to some distinguished character, otherwise he should fall into such a state of poverty as would render him an object of contempt. (3) This melancholy reason, as stated by Machiavelli himself, is an ample refutation of all the fine woven hypotheses respecting the origin of the Prince, which

have been created by various writers, who, knowing the private virtues of the author, were unwilling to accuse him of political immorality; as if the characters of statesmen never exhibited similar inconsistencies.(4) Giuliano was a man of a mild and beneficent nature, and did not long remain at the head of Florentine affairs. The work was, however, in the end, dedicated to Lorenzo de Medici, the political enemy of Machiavelli, and who, on account of the vigorous and tyrannical frame of his mind, was appointed by his uncle, Pope Leo X., to supplant Giuliano in the government of Florence.

The fundamental principle of Machiavelli is, that every sovereign must be a villain, because all the world is villainous. No man ever looked more gloomily at human nature than Machiavelli. His own experience of the depraved and ferocious manners of his age made him conclude that all men were wicked, that their innate vice only wants occasions for its display, and that they never do good unless by external compulsion. He thinks only of the interest of sovereigns, and that interest is not regarded by him as connected with morals, and the general welfare, but with the acquisition and stability of absolute power. If a man should acquire a principality, he must, as the corner-stone of his fabric of rule, extin-

guish the whole of the ancient family. The laws and the taxes should generally continue in their old state. The shocking maxim is, however, added, that whoever becomes master of a country accustomed to liberty, and does not destroy that liberty, deserves to be destroyed himself. Equally detestable is the remark, that we must either preserve the friendship of others, or totally destroy them. They can revenge themselves of slight offences: but if we injure them, it should be done so effectually as to prevent the possibility of retaliation. As models of princes who have attained and preserved their power by crimes, he instances the most flagitious wretches in ancient and modern times. Machiavelli's imagination could not picture a patriot king. In Cæsar Borgia, he says he can find nothing to reprehend. He deliberately proposes that pest of mankind as an example, to those who by fortune or arms have been elected to sovereign rule. Indeed, when Machiavelli was Florentine secretary of embassy, he applauded Borgia (the ally of the state) for murdering some chiefs of Condottieri (execrable wretches, certainly), whom Borgia had invited to his territories under pretence of concord. Machiavelli called this action a masterpiece of political finesse, and congratulated his country upon it.

He contends that a prince, when the choice is placed before him, had better be feared than loved. This remark may, however, be softened by a maxim which he has given in another part of his work, that a prince ought to perform acts of mercy personally himself, and that all acts of rigour should be done by his ministers.

Machiavellism, it has been often said, existed long before the time of Machiavelli. It has always been a great principle of the Italian states in their domestic politics, but our author reduces into rules the practice of his predecessors. The system is completely unfolded in the eighteenth chapter of the Prince. He says, that there are two forms of contention, one with laws, the other with force. The first is the natural mode of combating the passions of men, the second is the way of subduing the ferocity of beasts, but as the first plan is not always sufficient, recourse must be had to the second. It is necessary, therefore, he concludes, that a prince should know the manner of conducting himself as a beast as well as a man. The ancients have insinuated the necessity of this part of the art of governing, when they wrote that Achilles and other princes were educated by the centaur Chiron. The care that was used in giving him for a preceptor a being half beast

and half man, only signifies that it is necessary a prince should know how to conduct himself according to both natures, and that one without the other is not durable. A prince then being obliged to act in the manner of an animal ought to choose as his examplars both the lion and the fox. A wise prince should observe his word of promise only in cases where such observance will not be prejudicial to his own interest. If all men were good, this precept would be needless, but as they are bad, and do not keep their faith, a prince is released from obligation. People are so simple, and so much devoted to their immediate interests, that he who wishes to deceive them will always find objects for his inclination. Every one knows that it is honorable in a prince to keep his word, to act with plain honesty, and never to resort to craft; but Machiavelli contends that such virtue is folly, because no prince of his time who had risen to greatness had at all respected moral obligations. Pope Alexander VI., for instance, achieved all his objects by deceit; this was his only mode of acting, and occasions for his art were never wanting. No man could utter a falsehood with such an air of apparent truth, and accompany a promise with more solemn asseverations; and we may add, violate that promise with less compunction. How

ever, his artifice always succeeded, for he knew thoroughly this part of the affairs of the world. Machiavelli maintains that it is injurious to a prince to be really virtuous: the appearance of virtue is nevertheless highly necessary to him, as men judge more by their eyes than by their understanding. In short, says he, and this contains the summary of his doctrines, in the actions of all men, and particularly of princes, from whom there is no appeal, the world regards only results. Let but a prince take care to preserve his life and his country, the means will always be approved of and thought honorable.

In general, a more moral view is taken of politics in the Discourses on Livy. In them Machiavelli displayed himself the philosophical commentator on history, the able analyser of causes, the man who could draw political maxims from the most complicated or the most simple actions. Sometimes, however, he does not rise above the ignorance and vulgar superstition of his age. It is a lamentable proof of the inequality of genius to find Machiavelli contending that all important changes in the political world are predicted by divination, or prodigy, or astrology. He relates as a matter of fact, that armed men were seen fighting in the air over Arezzo before Charles VIII. in-

vaded Italy. He inclines to the opinions of some philosophers, that the air is full of spirits, and they, pitying the miserable condition of humanity, warn men of impending dangers. Equally absurd are his notions concerning the power of fortune on the world. He asserts that only half the actions of a man are under his control, fortune lords it over the remainder. Machiavelli views the Romans as a people whose fundamental principle it was to subdue the world. It is not wonderful, therefore, that he contends for the necessity of political artifice. No state, he says, can rise without it, and yet he remarks in another place, that the breach of a treaty may procure a prince great territories, but it will never procure him glory.

He speaks of religion with respect. He commands magistrates to protect the one that is established, provided it be conformable to the moral and social character of the people. He judiciously traces to the benevolent principles of Christianity the mild treatment of prisoners, and all the chivalry of modern war, but he falsely says, that Christianity has diminished the courage and the free spirit of man; and he makes the absurd assertion that religion would have died away, if the Franciscan and Dominican friars had not kept the flame alive. He occasionally

appears the ardent lover of liberty. He is not dazzled by the brilliancy of Cæsar's success, but finely and boldly says, that ancient writers have praised him, because they have been corrupted by the majesty of his fortunes, and terrified by the duration of the power that was perpetuated under his name, and which would not permit them to speak their genuine sentiments. "Do you wish to know," he adds, "what these authors would have written of him if they had lived in a free state? Read what they have said of Catiline, and as they severely censured the man whose guilt rested in thought, they would surely, if they had enjoyed liberty of expression, have been still more indignant against him who had actually enslaved his country."

The Discourses on Livy are disgraced by the appearance of Machiavelli's relaxation of moral principle in favor of success. He makes the public good the justification of Romulus in murdering his own brother, and in the end consenting to the assassination of Tatius his associate in the throne. The case of Lucius Junius Brutus gives Machiavelli occasion to counsel the secret enemies of a prince, who are not powerful enough to attack him openly, to insinuate themselves into his friendship, to find out his tastes, and to participate with him in his pleasures. By these

means, he contends, a man may lead an agreeable life until the favorable moment for revenge occurs.

The history of Florence by Machiavelli is usually mentioned as the third of his great performances. It is, certainly, a valuable repository of facts, and without resorting to those expressions of eulogium which are applied to the ancient political painters of society, I shall dismiss it by commending in general terms its candour, its fidelity, and its good sense. The author's indifference to humanity must not, however, be disregarded. He speaks, for instance, with the most perfect coolness of the Sicilian Vespers.

Florence has never been deficient in chroniclers. Some of the earliest specimens of Italian prose are the histories of that city, from remote and fabulous times to the year 1286, written in the thirteenth century by Ricordano Malespini, and his nephew Giacchitto Malespini. But the most valuable work on Florentine history was composed by Giovanni Villani, and continued by his brother Matteo Villani, and Filippo the son of Matteo. It embraces the events of Florence from the foundation of the city till the year 1364. Accuracy is the fundamental merit of the whole of the work. Giovanni Villani has made the freest use of the chronicles of the Malespini. The early

part of the Villani history is written with simplicity and force, the remainder with elegance; and the book is not only considered as a valuable piece of Italian history, but as a model of pure and beautiful Italian prose composition.

Machiavelli was the master of soldiers as well as of statesmen: he could write on war, and on politics, and show the mode of making the operations of the field support the councils of the cabinet. He was one of those who directed the formation of the fortifications at Florence, in the year 1527, when Italy was menaced by the Constable of Bourbon; and shortly afterwards the Florentine Secretary travelled over Italy, watching the movements of the Imperialists, and executing projects for the safety of the state. Nothing was more honorable to the ability and firmness of Machiavelli than his endeavour in the early part of his political career to abolish the system of employing mercenary, and, therefore, faithless, condottieri. The Florentine government concurred with him. He combated popular prejudice, formed all the details that were necessary for the establishment of a national militia, and superintended the execution of the plans. In his treatises on the art of war, Machiavelli endeavours to revive the flame of military glory in Italy. He shows a perfect knowledge of the

theory of tactics, and the military history of every nation. No writer after Xenophon so well united the soldier with the statesman. Machiavelli may, indeed, be regarded as the father of the modern art of war. His great object was to show the advantage of infantry, and this, too, in a time when infantry was despised. I shall quit this part of my subject with observing, that Machiavelli considers religion to be a predominent characteristic of the soldier. The first duty of a warrior, he says, is the fear of God, for who has more need of God's aid than the man who submits himself to infinite perils?

We have beheld the Florentine Secretary under the various regards of a politician, an historian, and a writer on tactics. He was also a dramatist, a poet, and a novelist. His comedies I shall consider when I come to speak of the Italian drama. His poetry is said to be rich in thought, and graceful and animated in expression. I have perused his novel of Belfagor, but I do not think that it merits a place in the Decamerone of Boccaccio. The subject is curious. It was asserted by all the souls of men in Hell that the vices of women had caused their destruction. The complaint, ludicrous as well as dreadful, excited the attention of the infernal council, and it was agreed

that the truth of the charge should be inquired into; and for that purpose a demon, disguised in mortal form, was to visit the Earth, marry, and return to Hell at the end of ten years. The task was thought so painful that no one wished to go. At length, a demon named Belfagor was compelled to undertake the enquiry, whether the criminality of women were in reality so dreadfully pernicious as it had been represented. The idea is not without humour; and the reader expects a satirical exposition of the state of society. But Belfagor's adventures are few and unimportant, and do not throw much light on the interesting question.

To the catalogue of Machiavelli's literary productions, his life of Castruccio Castracani, of Lucca, is generally added. But it possesses no literary nor historical excellence: it is a romance rather than a biographical essay, and it only deserves mention as being a miniature painting of the same principles of politics which the author has more amply developed in his Prince.

In forming a general estimate, then, of Machiavelli's qualities, I find that I cannot place him among the moral teachers of the world. I admire the vigour and the penetration of his intellect, and the result which the world has seen of those high possessions in his Discourses on Livy. To hold

very exalted notions of the perfectibility of human nature may be unphilosophical; but the error usually proceeds from a lofty fancy or a generous heart. To regulate the world according to the propositions of the Florentine Secretary would show a mind either deeply stained with crime, or incapable of high moral associations. In Machiavelli's political principles were those of his time. The wars in preceding ages both between the republicans and the imperialists, and by the states of Italy among themselves, had destroyed all sense of law and justice; and conquest, by means however criminal, was considered more glorious than a virtuous ambition. In Machiavelli's conduct as servant of his country, and in his political writings, the same system of dissimulation appears, the same disregard of truth and honor when low self-interest was to be indulged. But viewing the works of Machiavelli merely as literary compositions, the richness of their classical learning, the correctness of many of the pictures of society, the sagacity of the reflexions, and a style remarkable both for elegance and vigour—all these excellencies will for ever interest and engage the student of Italian literature. (5)

GUICCIARDINI.

FRANCESCO GUICCIARDINI, the friend of Machiavelli, was born at Florence in the year 1482. The opulence of his family enabled him to accomplish himself with a literary and a legal education; and hereditary rank and personal respectability opened to him the highest scenes of forensic emulation. At the early age of twenty-three he was appointed by the Florentine government to explain the Institutes of Justinian. It was never thought at Florence, that the talents of any individual were necessarily limited to the comprehension of only one subject of inquiry. Guicciardini was, accordingly, a public envoy as well as a juridical advocate. The Florentine republic, as a complimentary return for his services, deputed him at the close of the year 1515, to repair to Cortona, and receive in the name of the republic, Pope Leo X., who was about to make a triumphal entry into Florence. His Holiness appreciated and acknowledged the merit of Guicciardini, conferred upon him the title of consistorial advocate, called him to Rome, and made him his friend and counsellor. In 1518, Guicciardini was appointed governor

of Modena and Reggio; and shortly afterwards received the highest possible mark of Leo's consideration, in being appointed commissary general of the pontifical army, with authority superior to that of its nominal commander, the Marquis of Mantua. By his papal friend Guicciardini was named governor of Parma. Under Hadrian VI. he maintained a respectable, though nominal rank among the military and civil servants of the church. Clement VII. made him governor of Romagna; and when the war broke out between the Pope and the Emperor, Guicciardini resumed his command of the Roman army. All his military efforts were fruitless: he repaired to Rome, was present at the sack of that city, and his eloquent pen has described, in pathetic strains this disgrace and misfortune of the Papacy. Guicciardini was by nature, and principle, an enemy of popular government, and, therefore, readily became a supporter of the Medici. He was their firm and active friend for many years, but the ingratitude of one of the family, combined with a general disgust at politics, made him quit public affairs. He died in the year 1540, at the age of fifty-eight, a few months after his retirement. Notwithstanding his political services, Guicciardini had never been rich. I once heard Machiavelli say, that when one of the

daughters of his friend became marriageable, Guicciardini found that the portion which he could bestow upon her out of his patrimonial inheritance was extremely moderate. "I counselled him," continued Machiavelli, "to solicit aid from the Pope, following the example of many illustrious Florentines. But my friend shrunk from my advice, and I never could overcome his delicacy." Machiavelli showed me the correspondence that had passed between him and Guicciardini on the occasion. It did honor to their friendship—to the kind disposition of the one party, and the grateful affection of the other.

Guicciardini's literary reputation principally rests upon his history of Italy during his own time, namely, from the peace which preceded the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. in the year 1494, till the year 1532. Though not a wilful misrepresenter of affairs, though too brave to regard censures, and too proud to bestow or accept flattery, Guicciardini was so much engaged in the busy scenes of the day, that his book is strongly impressed with the feelings and the opinions, whether just or otherwise, of the author; particularly so, as it was his first intention to write only the memoirs of his life. But

on the whole, the reader who compares his relation with contemporary narratives, with reason and probability, will repeatedly find occasion to admire his fidelity, and even on the characters of individuals, where the judgment of the contemporary historian is in particular danger of a friendly or hostile bias, Guicciardini has in every important case displayed remarkable accuracy of observation and coolness of judgment. I need refer only to his well-known descriptions of Leo X. and Clement VII. His work is unquestionably, in respect of the importance and authenticity of its matter, the most valuable part of the annals of Italy that has ever been written. I have seen in manuscript a history of the civil affairs of Florence, from 1215 to 1537, by Filippo Nerli, a nephew of the patrons of the first edition of Homer. The work is not without interest, but the author's glaring partiality to the Medici makes his accuracy doubtful. On the other hand, Giacopo Nardi's history of Florence, from 1494 to 1531, is very strongly marked by the author's hatred of the Medici, and is, therefore, of slight authority. Guicciardini's moral integrity as an historian appears to high advantage when contrasted with the prejudices of those two writers.

In imitation of Greek and Roman historians, Guicciardini has ascribed speeches and harangues

to his great characters suitable to their respective qualities and circumstances; and these discourses are not the least interesting portions of the work. In them he has concentrated all his political wisdom and his deep searching comments upon human nature. The address of Gaston de Foix, to his army before Ravenna, is prodigiously grand; and when the Duke of Alva addresses the Emperor Charles V., dissuading him from liberating the French monarch, Francis I., every man's sad experience of life echoes the remark, that "di sua natura (degli uomini) niuna cosa è piu breve, niuna ha vita minore che la memoria dei benefizi, e quanto sono maggiori, tanto più (come è in proverbio) si pagano con la ingratitudine, perchè chi non può o non vuole scancellargli con la rimunerazione, cerca spesso di scancellargli, o col dimenticarsigli, o col persuadere a se medesimo che non sieno stati si grandi, e quegli che si vergognano di essersi ridotti in luogo che abbiamo avuto bisogno del benefizio, si sdegnano ancora di averlo ricevuto, in modo che può più in loro l'odio per la memoria della necessità nella quale sono caduti, che la obligazione per la considerazione della benignità che a loro è stata usata."* —Again, it is well observed, that,

* Nothing is so brief as the memory of benefits in the mind of him who receives them; and it is even a matter of proverbial remark, that the greater are the obligations, the

"tutto il frutto dell' avere vinto consiste nell' usare la vittoria bene, e il non fare questo è tanto maggiore infamia che il non vincere, quanto è più colpa l' essere ingannato da quelle cose che sono in potestà di che s' inganna, che da quelle che dependono dalla fortuna."* No great experience was necessary for the formation of the aphorism, "Ma sono inutili e consigli diligenti e prudenti, quando l' esecuzione procede con negligenza e imprudenza." But he says in a higher strain through Antonio Grimani to the Venetian senate, "La troppa curiosa sapienza e troppo consideratrice del futuro è spesso vituperabile, perche le cose del mondo sono sotto posti a tanti e si vari accidenti, che rare volte succede quel che gl' uomini eziandio savi si hanno immaginato aver a essere."—Guicciardini also

more likely are they to be acknowledged only by ingratitude. The man who cannot or will not repay benefits which he has received often endeavours to forget or diminish them, and as he blushes for having been in a state where such kindness was necessary, so his pride is offended at having received benefits; and the hatred of the necessity of the obligation is stronger than the sense of the kindnesses conferred upon him.

* The chief fruit of conquest is the judicious use of victory; and he who does not know how to profit by the success of his arms, suffers more disgrace than if he had not known how to vanquish. More reprehensible is the man who allows himself to be deceived by things in his own power, than by those that depend on fortune.

knew the fleetness of opportunity, the danger both of unbounded confidence in professions and of immoderate suspicion. "Niuna cosa vola più che l'occasione; niuna più pericolosa che il guidicare dell' altrui professioni; niuna più dannosa che il sospetto immoderato." Accuracy of narrative and judicious reflections are the excellencies, then, of Guicciardini's history. On the other hand, every reader is wearied by the prolixity of the style. "As long as the war between Florence and Pisa," alluding to a part of Guicciardini's work, is a proverbial expression for any thing that is insufferably tedious. The language of the book is pedantically pure. In his care to avoid familiar phrases, the author falls into the error of dignifying trifles. The style has none of the majestic rudeness of strong feelings and original thinking; but is often inexpressive of the subject, cold, and artificial. Guicciardini was a severe censor of mankind. The medium through which he regarded the world, was as gloomy as the imagination of Machiavelli. Among the motives which Guicciardini assigns to the various actions that he records, virtue, religion, and conscience have no place. Every act of every individual is attributed to avarice, ambition, licentiousness, or selfishness, in some one or other of its most

disgusting appearances. This total want of charity for human nature, was partly attributable to the natural severity of Guicciardini's character, but principally to the general corruption of the Italian politicians; a corruption so odious, that it could not but excite notions of the universal depravity of mankind. (6).

POETRY.

Quitting the subjects of politics and history, I enter once more into the delightful regions of poetry. For an acquaintance with the productions of the modern Florentine muse I cultivated, while I resided at Florence, the society of

BENEDETTO VARCHI.

His father was an advocate at Florence, and as the boy was more remarkable for the solidity than the brilliancy of his understanding, he was destined for the regular walks of commerce. The pride of intellectual abilities, however, superior to what he was supposed to possess, made him disgusted with what he chose to call mercantile drudgery; and he accordingly adopted the profession of his family. This state was but a modi-

fication of distress to a mind so sensitive and exalted as that of Benedetto Varchi. Yet he continued to perform the duties of an advocate till his father's death relieved him from pecuniary embarrassment. He gladly escaped from the tumult of a forensic life to a life of studious solitude and lettered society. He wrote treatises on the mathematics, and composed poetry of almost every description. He translated Boethius and part of Seneca, and gave public lectures on the fine arts. He was an idolator of Ariosto's style, and was so successful an imitator of its richness, that it is a common expression in Italy, that if Jupiter wished to speak Italian, he would use the idiom of Benedetto Varchi. (7)

Petrarca's manner was imitated by the Florentine poet with equal success. I ought rather to say that Varchi, like Petrarca, had dipped his pen in the fountain of the loves and the graces. Upon the subject of the poet of Vaucluse, Varchi was never weary of conversing. He contended that the study of Petrarca had refined the manners and polished the language of Italy. The sonnets and canzoni had given elegance to love, and delicacy to the expression of that passion. The style of Petrarca was in perfect congeniality with that devoted respect to women which the romantic gallantry of chivalry had spread over

Europe. Varchi, however, was sensible of the extravagancies into which the Petrarchists had ran. He laughed at Guisti di Conti, a Roman poet of the fifteenth century, who published a collection of poems called La Bella Mano, in which he celebrates, through many a tedious sonnet, the whiteness of his mistress's hand. There was a portentous number of poets at the close of the fifteenth century, studious imitators of the worst parts of Petrarca; of his *concetti*, antitheses, and Platonic reveries. No one enjoyed more reputation when alive, than one Serafino, surnamed Aquilano from the place of his birth. He was caressed by the great, and he sang the virtues of princes, and the charms of ladies of rank at the courts of Naples, Urbino, Milan, and Mantua. He was an Improvisatore poet, and his lute was a most beautiful accompaniment to his voice. He died about the year 1500, and his reputation did not long survive him.

I might repeat the names of a great many writers of the fifteenth century, who courted the laureate crown; but their history is precisely the same as that of Serafino. Poetical critics have decreed that the creation of one perfect sonnet will ensure a man literary immortality, because a cabinet picture is as high a proof of genius as the glories of the Vatican. The Petrarchists of

the fifteenth century destroyed all the originality of their minds by the servility of imitation; and there were pedantic Italian poets, as well as pedantic imitators of Cicero. The Petrarchists neither raised nor refined the soul; neither enriched the understanding nor touched the heart. Their sole care was to arrange Petrarca's words into the form of new sonnets. But the muse of the present day has been tuned by real poets. Varchi mentioned several. They have displayed all the vigour and all the pathetic power of the Italian tongue in expressing the depth and tenderness of feeling. Some of the mysticism and affectation of earlier times yet hang upon their verse, but more has been swept away, and the pure taste of Greece has silently chastened the intellectual subtlety of the Italians. Varchi discovered in the mind of his young friend,

ANNIBALE CARO,

the highest genius for lyrical poetry; and I afterwards found, that in the opinion of most Italians, Caro's sonnets display purity and elegance of style, harmony of versification, and unbounded command of poetical diction. A foreigner adds his testimony, slight as it may be

considered, to this opinion. But surely nothing can be more cold and artificial than Varchi's sonnets on love. Those on friendship are unaffected and tender:

Amico tu, sei morto? tu, che solo
Vivendo eri mia vita e mio sostegno?
Tu ch' al mio errante e combattuto legno
Fosti ad ogni tempesta il porto e il polo?
Ben ne volasti al ciel, ma da tal volo
Quando a me torni, od io quando a te vegno?
Chi de' suoi danni, o del tuo fato indegno
Ristora il mondo? e chi tempra il mio duolo?
Deh porgimi dal cielo, Angelo eletto,
Tanto di sofferenza, o pur d' obblio,
Che'l mio pianto non turbi il tuo diletto;
O talor scendi a consolarmi, and' io
Con più tranquillo o men turbato affetto
Consacri le tue glorie, e'l dolor mio.

CASA.

No poet of his time enjoyed more reputation than the ecclesiastic, Giovanni della Casa. I saw him at Florence. He was then young, but he had already established claims to reputation and disgrace, by the extent of his classical attainments, and the licentiousness of his poetry. He has since ran a long career of ambition and luxury,

and he died at Rome, in 1555, aged fifty-four. He had great political abilities, which raised him to the archbishopric of Beneventum. He was too careful of his pure Latinity ever to recite his breviary; but he was very zealous in orthodoxy; for when any bishop attempted to wipe away the corruptions of time, and to reform his diocese, Casa immediately charged him with Lutheranism. He wrote well on morals, and his style is pure Tuscan. Without mentioning his early poems, people always associate ideas of his sonnets with his name. Casa placed himself in direct opposition to the langhor and effeminacy with which the Petrarchists were so much delighted. He frequently draws his thoughts from a depth which few writers can penetrate; and such of his remarks as are obvious as well as natural, he surrounds with grand and novel imagery and force of language. His sonnet, "son queste Amor," is a delightful expression of love; while its manly tenderness quite elevates the mind above the Platonic heroics of most sonnetteers. His sonnet to sleep is grave and pathetic, and written with corresponding seriousness and majesty of verse.

LASCA.

When I was at Florence, a young man was rising to literary eminence, whom it is necessary for me to mention on account of his reputation as a poet, and as the founder of the Florentine Academy. Antonio Francesco Grazzini, surnamed Il Lasca, a Florentine of honourable family but decayed fortunes, is a writer of burlesque poetry. The combat of the Giants with the Gods, la guerra de' Mostri, is the poem that relaxes the severity, and dissipates the gloom of the Italian countenance. Grazzini's talents are of an high order. In his novels he approaches the elegance and purity of Boccaccio's style; and his few tragic tales show that he possessed the power of commanding the passions, as well as of interesting the fancies of his readers. He has edited also the elegant songs which Lorenzo de' Medici and the poets, his contemporaries, composed for the carnival festivals at Florence, in place of the gross ballads that used to be sung on those occasions. The genius of Grazzini is gay and lively. His writings are occasionally licentious; but his manners are perfectly chaste, an union of apparent singularities by no means uncommon in literary history.

About the year 1540, some literary men, with Grazzini at their head, associated, and in compliance with the ridiculous fashion of the day for remarkable appellations, they took the name of *Umidi*. Each member was known by the name of a fish, or of some piscatorial occupation. Grazzini called himself Il Lasca, the Mullet, because that fish frequently leaps above the water, in order to catch butterflies, and Grazzini fancied that there was something analagous in such an action to his own satirical seizure of the human follies that float upon the surface of life. The Grand Duke Cosmo, in the year 1541, honoured the associates with the title of the Florentine Academy. Peace is not among the few blessings of literature. Like men of any other fraternity, the academicians quarrelled; and seven years after the foundation of the society, a majority of the members expelled Lasca. His general reputation was not at all affected by this expulsion; he immediately formed a new association, and the members took the names of matters connected with corn and baking. The society was called L'Accademia della Crusca. Grazzini, however, retained his name Lasca. The Cruscanti had not been established many years previously to my return to Italy; but they excited more attention than most literary associations, because

their professed object was one of great national interest. It was the perfecting and purifying of the Italian language; a subject which had already engaged the minds of literary men. Some zealous Latinists had contended that the Italian ought to be spoken only by the lower classes of society, and that the Latin should be the language of literature, and also of polite life. But this opinion was met by men of learned eminence, who contended with great vigour and ability, that if the Italian were the daughter of the Latin language, she was as beautiful as her parent was noble; and that both merited equal rank. The Latin philologists have been defeated, and the Cruscanti, quite in harmony with the tone of public feeling, are engaged in fixing the grammatical rules of, and banishing all barbarisms from, their native tongue. Their disputes are often frivolous, as all philological disputes must be, when carried to excess. There is a littleness and rigidity of mind about the Cruscanti totally at variance with the study of polite letters. Days and weeks are passed by them in determining the merit of the words and syllables of a sonnet of Petrarca; while the poetical beauties of the passage are never thought of. The language, however, is gradually purified by the Cruscanti; and the best Italian authors are more studied

than hitherto. To Grammatical pursuits are consigned the academicians: the admiration of genius is the occupation of the public. (8)

LIBRARIES AND PRINTERS.

Among the disasters, which the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. occasioned, was the destruction or dispersion of part of the Medicean collection of art at Florence. Pietro, the son of Lorenzo, fled from the city, and left it to be the prey of a foreign soldiery, and an enraged populace. The statues, vases, medals, and gems, collected by the liberality and taste of Cosmo and his descendants, were broken and destroyed. Many valuable manuscripts were dispersed. The government which succeeded that of the Medici bestowed great care in forming the collection anew. Most of the manuscripts were recovered; they were then sold to the monks of St. Marco, in whose custody, however, they were not safe nor sacred. With some of these literary treasures Savanorola, the head of the convent, endeavoured to bribe the college of cardinals to his interests, and the remainder the monks resolved to sell, in order to relieve the convent from its pecuniary embarrassments. The Car-

dinal Giovanni de Medici, afterwards Pope Leo X., made the purchase, and the books were carried to Rome. In the pontificate of Clement VII. they were restored to Florence, which next to Greece was their most proper abode. At the command of the Pope a plan for a noble library was designed by Michelangiolo. The scaffolding was raised, and the work was began when I was in Florence, but the labour was soon suspended, and it was not till the reign of Cosmo I., Duke of Florence, that the building was finished. Giorgio Vasari, (the biographer of modern artists,) completed the design of his friend Michelangiolo. Cosmo enriched the collection of manuscripts, for in imitation of the liberal spirit of his ancestors, he searched all Italy, and many foreign countries for the lettered remains of antiquity. He opened the doors of the library to men of letters, he invited scholars to collate manuscripts, and in order to put the most valuable productions of human genius beyond the reach of fortune, he founded a printing press, and sent for a German named Arnold Harlen, to conduct it. Torrentino, a German scholar, was soon the master of the typographical establishment, and many editions of valuable authors were published. They are beautiful, but are said not to be remarkable for correctness. In

must state in candor that many exceptions may be made to the last part of this remark. Let me mention the edition of the Pandects. The celebrated manuscript of those valuable memorials of Roman jurisprudence had reposed in the archives of Florence, since the beginning of the fifteenth century, and it has lately been deposited among the Laurentian manuscripts. It is one of the greatest ornaments of the collection. The well-known exemplar of Virgil is the only manuscript that is equally valuable. Like other strangers I obtained an order from the government to view the Pandects. I could not conceive the reason of being shown them only by torch light, and by a set of bare headed monks bowing and making various grimaces in mock adoration. Until the time of Lorenzo, the library in which the Pandects had been kept was in truth a sepulchre of knowledge. No one had read the precious manuscript, until Poliziano obtained leave to collate it with the Venetian edition of the Pandects. From Torrentino's press an edition of the Florentine manuscript has been printed in two volumes folio, 1553. Francesco Torelli was the editor, and he has shown great judgement and erudition in the execution of his task. The book is correct as well as extremely beautiful.

In the history of printing, the city of the Medici enjoys a few interesting distinctions. The first complete edition of a Greek classic that ever was printed, issued from a Florentine press, A. D. 1488. The book was Homer; in two volumes folio, one of the most beautiful specimens of typography that has yet appeared. Demetrius Chalcondyles was the editor, Demetrius of Crete the printer, while Bernardo and Neri de' Nerli, two noble Florentines, paid the pecuniary charges of the publication. Florence was, perhaps, the first city in Italy that printed without foreign aid. Her earliest printer was a native of the place. His name was Bernardo Cennini, he was originally a goldsmith, and goldsmiths were the most ingenious men of the time. In conjunction with his two sons he established a printing press at Florence. The first book he published was a folio edition of Virgil, in the year 1471. At the close of the work is a statement, not remarkable for its modesty, of the share which each of the family had in the publication. "Bernardo Cennini, universally acknowledged to be a most excellent goldsmith, and his son Dominico, a young man of rare abilities, having cut the punches and founded the characters, printed this book, which is their first work. Pietro Cennini, the other son of Bernardo, has corrected it

with all possible care, (as the learned reader will discover), for no difficulties are insurmountable by the talents of Florentines.

The Giunti family are known as printers, over all Italy, and in truth in France, for they have presses at Venice, Florence, and Lyons. Luca Antonio Giunta printed at Venice in the year 1482. His brother Filippo was a printer at Florence from 1497 to 1517. He purchased the Greek characters from which the celebrated Florentine Homer had been printed, and used them in some of his classics; and the printing of classics characterized his press. After Filippo's death, his son Bernardo was the master of the establishment. The prefaces of Filippo Giunta and Bernardo Giunta, particularly those of the latter, to their various classics, are elegantly written. Several very eminent scholars superintended the printing of the Giunta classics, and, therefore, accuracy may be said to be the merit of the Florentine press. But in respect of paper and ink, the productions of the Aldine press are far more beautiful. The general superiority of the Aldine classics was acknowleged by the Giunti, when they counterfeited the Italio character and Aldine anchor, and endeavoured to impose their books on the world as the genuine production of the Venetian press. An edition

of Ovid, for example, printed in reality by the Giunti at Florence, in the year 1519, bears the anchor and name of Aldo, and the date of 1515. (9)

FINE ARTS.

The churches at Florence are numerous; most of them were erected in the thirteenth century. That of San Marco is interesting to a literary stranger, for it contains the ashes of Pico, of Mirandola, and Angelo Poliziano. The cathedral, to which I have said that Brunelleschi furnished the cupola, was commenced by Lapo in the year 1298. Its architecture is Roman rather than Grecian or Gothic. It has arches which the Grecian style had not, and it has none of the fretted roofs or spiral forms that distinguish the Gothic. It is a building of simple unostentatious strength, and it would have an appearance of perfect grandeur, were the form of the dome circular and not octagonal. On its inside walls are portraits, epitaphs, and inscriptions, in honor of persons distinguished in arms, literature, and arts. The portraits of Giotto and Dante hang side by side. There are two inscriptions under the former; one is by Poliziano, and contains this line, of lofty and elegant compliment, but which is in truth applicable only to artists of a

higher rank than that to which Giotto belongs. "Naturæ deerat nostræ quod defecit arti." "His skill was only bounded by nature." Dante's picture is the original of all the common effigies of the poet. It is said to have been the work of Andrea Orgagna, a Florentine artist, who died in the year 1389, and, therefore, it could not have been painted from sight, or even from recollection. Boccaccio's description of Dante, perhaps, guided the painter, for the long face, the aquiline nose, the somewhat fulness of the eyes, the prominence of the jaw bones, and the protrusion of the lower lip, are all in the picture of Orgagna, as well as in the page of Boccaccio. The pensiveness which the biographer says was the expression of Dante's face, lives in the portrait with a slight mixture of austerity and satire. Altogether, we see the enemy, the stern reprover of vice, who said that the world furnished him with his idea of Hell, but the *mens divinior* of the poet we look for in vain in the picture.

The general Baptistery of Florence is contiguous to the cathedral. I viewed with attention two of its bronze doors, which I have before stated were ornamented with bassi rellievi, by Ghiberti. The first of his performances possesses little merit.—Gothic stiff-

ness, want of grace, and timid diminutiveness, everywhere meet the eye. The other is in the finest style of beauty, grandeur, and elegance. Modern sculpture has but few more perfect works. The third door is interesting in the history of art, for it was made by Ugolino del Pisa in 1330, a period of the total extinction of knowlege according to vulgar opinion. The inscription is rather curious. *Andreas Ugolini de Pisis me fecit anno* 1330.

There are at least one hundred and fifty statues in the squares, streets, and courts of palaces in Florence; and with such a generous pride are they regarded by the citizens, that no iron defence is necessary from popular malice or wantonness. Let me mention, for various obvious reasons, a bronze figure of Giuletta by Donatello. The Bithunian heroine is standing with a sabre raised over the throat of Holofernes. He lies in a state of intoxication, fallen against a pedestal, round which are inscribed these words:

Publicæ salutis exemplum
Civ: pos:

Even Cosmo de Medici had too much fear of the prejudices of the Florentines, ever to remove this emblem of their democratical spirit. (10)

Though Pisa and Milan had schools of painting earlier than Florence, yet the latter city, when the genius of painting arose in it, became far more conspicuous than the rest of Italy; and when Sixtus IV. wished to adorn with paintings the chapel at Rome, called from his name the Sistine chapel, he sent for artists from Tuscany, and particularly from Florence. Florence was pre-eminent in wealth, and displayed her commercial greatness in a splendid encouragement of art. In the thirteenth century her citizens invited some Greek artists into Tuscany, in order to ornament the churches of the capital.

CIMABUE.

A NOBLE Florentine, who had already given indications of talents for painting, learnt from these strangers all the knowledge that can be communicated by tuition, and then studied nature in her animate and inanimate forms. Cimabue's name creates an epoch in the history of art, for he was the first Florentine painter who showed the superiority of Italian genius to that of contemporary Greece in painting. His composition is more skilful, his heads more animated, and his draperies more appropriate,

than those of his masters. Grace and elegance were not the qualities of his mind; but, fierce as the age in which he lived, he succeeded in heads of character, particularly of old men, giving them a certain strength and sublimity which moderns have not much exceeded. Vast in his ideas of historical grandeur, he expresses them in majestic fulness, disdaining the timidity of his predecessors. The tone of his colouring is proportionably vigorous. He painted in fresco and distemper, for oil painting was not known, or not much used, in his time. He died in the year 1300.

GIOTTO.

If, in the admiration of genius that far outstripped contemporary rivalry, we call Cimabue the Michelangiolo of his time, let the title of the ancient Rafaello be applied to his pupil, Giotto of Bondone. Cimabue once observed a lad drawing upon a stone the sheep that he was tending. The genius for delineating natural objects was evident, and the experienced painter took the boy to Florence, and taught him his own art. Giotto was a diligent student of the antique, and hence the attitudes of his figures

became correct and elegant, and his draperies full and flowing. His heads are not without grace, and his faces have some pretensions to expression. Giotto was the father of the graceful style of painting, as Boccaccio first gave elegance to prose composition. Such is the Italian mode of speaking upon the subject. The manner of Giotto was the supposed acme of art, and his scholars were spread over all Italy. He died in the year 1336. According to Dante, Giotto was in higher reputation than Cimabue.

> Credette Cimabue nella pintura
> Tener lo campo, ed era ha Giotto il grido
> Si che la fama di colui oscura.

It must be mentioned, that Cimabue and Giotto did not advance the art of painting only. The former was an architect, and the latter a sculptor.

Taddeo Gaddi, a pupil of Giotto, mellowed and improved generally the mode of colouring. Jacopo di Cassentino, a pupil of Gaddi, founded, in the year 1349, the Florentine academy. Similar associations of artists had for several years existed in most of the Italian cities. The next artists of eminence were Stefano Fioren-

tino, a pupil of Giotto, who first saw the prevailing defects in perspective, and partially corrected them; and Pietro della Francesca, who is called the father of perspective. Both these painters had some notions of chiaroscuro. Luca Signorelli of Cortona is a name of great importance in the history of the art of painting, for he was one of the first among the Tuscans who drew the human figure with anatomical knowledge. From his picture in the Duomo of Orvietto Michelangiolo did not disdain to borrow ideas, which, invested with the dignity of his own conceptions, oppress the spectator of the Last Judgment with admiration and awe.

The art had gradually been advancing to eminence since the time of Giotto: its march was accelerated by a Florentine painter named Tommaso da S. Giovanni, but who is better known by the name Masaccio, which signifies a carelessness of dress and manner. He lived from the year 1400 to 1443. He united all the scattered excellencies of his predecessors. He studied the general principles of imitative art in the works of Ghiberti and Donatello; from Brunelleschi, the celebrated architect, he learnt perspective; and he then went to Rome to correct and polish his style of design, by the study of the ancient marbles. Many of his

paintings are at Rome; but his most admired frescoes are in the church of S. Pietro al Carmine at Florence. The air of his heads is quite in the style which Rafaello afterwards perfected; the countenances have much expression; nature shines in all her grace, animation, and variety; his draperies, disdaining the dry minutiæ of his time, appear in a few and natural folds; and his colouring is true, varied, and harmonious. He is looked upon as the earliest modern painter that made the parts of his picture subordinate to the general principle of the whole. He was a man of real genius: his mind was full of ideas, whether created or adopted; he selected the beauties of other artists; and too judicious to fall into a blind admiration of the antique, he improved as well as imitated. His works were the school of the best Florentine painters; and the degree of approximation to his excellence was the measure of reputation. It has been shown that even Rafaello himself learnt much from the works of Masaccio. Michelangiolo, when a young man, continually studied his frescoes in the church of the Carmelites at Florence.

The disciples of Masaccio, and the careful observers of his paintings, were numerous. Among the first, Benozzo Gozzoli was the most eminent; and of the latter, I shall only mention

the Carmelite friar, Filippo Lippi, who, learning freedom of thought from Masaccio, was the first painter that gave the size of life to his portraits. (11)

USE OF OIL COLOURS.

The next important event in the history of art, is the general use of oil colours in painting. They were known in very early ages; but the beginning of the fifteenth century is the time which we may fix upon as the æra of their becoming one of the common constituents of painting. From the discoveries of Giovanni van Eych, the modern use of oil may be dated. That artist was a chemist as well as a painter; and, among his experiments for a material that would preserve colours in their original brightness, he tried linseed oil. The experiment was successful. Antonello da Messina was at that time (the year 1410) in Flanders; the important discovery was communicated to him; he repaired with it to Venice, and taught it to his friend and fellow artist, Domenico, who, after many wanderings, finally settled at Florence. Domenico opened all his stores of knowledge to Andrea del Castagno, who, foreseeing the im-

portant uses that might be made of oil in painting, and jealous of any participator of his knowledge, basely assassinated his companion. Many persons really innocent were suspected of the crime, and justice never fixed her eyes upon the professed friend. He continued for many years an artist of the first celebrity; but remorse embittered the enjoyment of his reputation, and at the hour of death he declared his guilt.

My account of the masters of the old Florentine school is almost closed. Alessandro Botticelli, without supremacy in any particular branch of art, was a painter of great general merit. Pietro Perugino I have already described. Perugino's best pupil was Bernardino Pinturicchio, who, although inferior to his master in design, and servile in his submission to the custom of adorning his pictures with gold, yet gave such animation to his countenances, and composed with such admirable fidelity to nature, that he ranks very high among the painters who lived before the golden age of the art. (12)

Of those painters, the last at Florence was Domenico Corradi, or Ghirlandaio (13), the master of Michelangiolo, and whose characteristics I noticed in my account of his celebrated pupil.

Such was the state of painting in Florence, and indeed in most parts of Italy, at the commencement of the sixteenth century. The fine arts had improved in beauty and grace in proportion to the general cultivation of intellect; and the Italian mind being naturally elegant, displayed in the pleasures of the imagination the luxury which sprang from the increasing wealth of the times. I only repeat the judgment of the most skilful virtuosi, in saying that the masters of the old schools of painting had attained great excellence. Men imitated from nature rather than from each other. There was a speaking vivacity of countenance, that admitted of very little improvement. But ideal beauty to form; roundness and freedom to design; variety to composition; and propriety both to colour and to aerial perspective; yet were wanting. (14)

In my account of Rome, I dilated on the characters of Michelangiolo and Rafaello. Those divine painters were at the head of schools not confined to any particular city, but whose principles are spread over all Italy; and, in defiance of all declamation against imitation, they have given a tone and character to painting, which otherwise the art would not have possessed. In every department of science and letters, excellence is thought to be the result of

successive improvements; but in painting, according to common opinion, we are always to be beginning anew. The past is to be as nothing, and we are to waste our lives in committing the same errors which impeded our predecessors. It is true that there have been servile imitators and dull plagiarists in painting, and that Aristotle and Homer have had their idolators is a circumstance equally true; but the greatest philosophers may learn much wisdom from the Stagirite, and no poet need disdain to drink from the fountain of the Meonian bard.

The immediate and personal scholars of Michelangiolo were not renowned; but such painters, who strengthened and formed their minds by the frequent contemplation of his works, rose to higher excellence than many of those artists that mistake an eccentric imagination for an original genius. I saw many pictures at Florence of

FRANCESCO GRANACCI, (15)

And observed that the grandeur of design and boldness of colouring proceeded from a skilful adaptation of the manner of his former fellow student Michelangiolo.

DANIELE DI VOLTERRA (16)

Was an enthusiastic admirer of Bonarruoti, and appointed by him his substitute in the works of the Vatican, with the promise of aid in the execution of his designs. In the Farnese palace too, Michelangiolo assisted his friend. But the most evident marks of Bonarruoti's hand are in a fresco painting of the Descent from the cross in the church of the Trinita della Monte in Rome. There is a sublimity in the gloom of the scenery, and a more than mortal dignity in the sinking frame of the Redeemer, which Michelangiolo alone could have described. I might, perhaps, have mentioned, with propriety, Daniele in the course of my observations on the state of the Fine Arts at Rome, but the place of his birth justifies Tuscany in claiming him, and his works wherever I saw them, are characterized by all the austerity of the Florentine school.

BARTOLOMMEO DELLA PORTA.

Among the Florentine painters contemporary with Michelangiolo, and of highest rank, were

Baccio della Porta, called Fra Bartolommeo della Porta, or di St. Marco, and Andrea del Sarto. The former studied the wonderful chiaroscuro of Lionardo da Vinci, and when Rafaello visited Florence in 1504, Bartolommeo became his master in colouring and his scholar in perspective. He went to Rome in the height of the fame of Rafaello and Michelangiolo, and ennobled and ornamented his style by uniting the grandeur and the grace of these eminent artists. He was charged with inability to paint large pictures, and he immediately produced his figure of St. Mark, which is regarded as one of the most sublime figures that any artist except Bonarruoti has ever painted. Detractors of merit had also said that he was ignorant of anatomy. He then painted a naked figure of St. Sebastian, which was exhibited in the chapel of Bartolommeo's convent, till the holy brethren found that it excited too much admiration from the female devotees. It was then kept in private, and was afterwards sold, and sent into France. (17)

ANDREA DEL SARTO.

ANDREA VANUCCHI, generally called from his father's occupation (that of a tailor) Andrea

del Sarto, was another illustrious contemporary with Michelangiolo. He was the Tibullus of painters. Of his style an elegant sweetness and facility of execution are the characteristics. Though a Tuscan, he possesses none of the general boldness, the austerity, and the learning of the Florentine school. Many of his paintings are more free from defects than conspicuous for beauties. His dread of incorrectness made him so timid of his powers, that he studied the proportions of the human form in the works of anatomists, instead of relying on his own observations of nature. No artist excels Andrea del Sarto in representing the expressions, in ordinary life, of curiosity, wonder, confidence, tenderness, and enjoyment, that never run wild into storms of passion, but only gently touch the heart. In beauty and suavity of colour, and in the propriety and adjustment of drapery he was admirable, though not to be ranked with those painters who reflect the historic page; yet, when he collected, and, in the confidence of genius, displayed his powers, he astonishes the beholder, and in his Holy Family in repose, called from a sack of grain on which Joseph leans, La Madonna del Sacco, he appears scarcely inferior to the divine Rafaello. He possessed to so wonderful a degree the talent of

imitation, that Giulio Romano, after a careful examination, pronounced as original a painting that was in truth but a copy which Andrea made of a picture of Pope Leo X., between the Cardinals Medici and Roffi, of which Rafaello had painted the heads and hands, and Giulio himself the draperies.

Andrea del Sarto in his purer moments, when unagitated by passion, was mild, modest, and affectionate, and he impressed the character of his heart and mind on the works of his pencil. But the amiableness of his nature degenerated into weakness, and he could not call on the sterner virtues of honor or religion to resist the temptation to pleasure. Francis I. nobly patronized him, and gave him a residence in Paris. The artist wished to return awhile to Florence; and the king was bountiful in his presents, and moreover, entrusted him with large sums of money for the purchase of pictures, statues, &c. for the ornament of the royal palaces of France. Andrea went to Florence, wasted his talents and affections in profligate society, and squandered his own fortune and his patron's money. He never recrossed the Alps, but died in Tuscany in 1530, aged only forty-two. (18)

It was the practice of Andrea del Sarto, and of all great artists, to paint with the assistance

of persons who were well acquainted with their respective styles :— a circumstance which must be considered, when we imagine that more paintings are ascribed to any master than could possibly be furnished by well directed talents even through the longest life. Andrea del Sarto's pupils were numerous, but of them it is only necessary for me to mention

JACOPO CARRUCCI,

Generaly called from his birth place Jacopo da Pontormo. His talents were admired both by Michelangiolo and Rafaello. His education comprehended every variety of style that was known in Italy, and he possessed sufficient merit to attract the envy of his last teacher Andrea del Sarto. His life conveys an important lesson to artists on the judicious application of abilities. Pontormo was capable of becoming a master in art, if he had chosen to concentrate his powers. But his vanity was always seeking applause for the variety of his abilities, and hence he passed his life in perpetual dissipation of mind. The most remarkable instance of his attempts at excellence, unsuitable to the quality of his genius, was a work in fresco in the church of Saint

Lorenzo, representing the Deluge and the Last Judgment. Eleven years were wasted by him in endeavouring to imitate the grandeur and anatomical accuracy of Michelangiolo, and so feeble was the result that the walls were afterwards white-washed in order to satisfy the offended taste of the public. Pontormo died in the year 1558, at the age of sixty-five years. (19)

MUSIC.

Music is quite a passion with the Florentines of all classes. Men of elegant minds admire it as one of the fine arts, and the wealthy cultivate it because it administers to luxury. Even the classical pedant assumes a love for music; but then it must be the metaphysical music of the ancients, which he admires because the vulgar cannot comprehend it. I have been present at the marriage festivals of several great personages at Florence. The old custom is still observed of the bridegroom bestowing upon the hired singers and buffoons the rich dresses which his friends had previously presented to himself. The appearance of hired musicians upon great occasions, is, therefore, very splendid. They are as fine as Orpheus, whose dress Virgil has alluded

to, or as Arion, who, as Herodotus says, leaped into the sea in the rich vestments which he usually wore in public. I understand that in the year 1368, at Milan, when Lionel, Duke of Clarence, son of the English King, Edward III., married Violante, the daughter of Galeazzo Visconti Duke of Milan, the bridegroom gave five hundred superb dresses to the minstrels, musicians, and buffoons. Galeazzo presented them with many more, and Bernardo, his brother, gave them money.

It is now, as it was in Boccaccio's days, usual for every lady and gentleman at Florence to be able both to sing and play. The musical instruments are still the lute, the cembalo, or drum in the shape of a sieve with small holes and pieces of tin jingling at the sides, and the viol of three kinds, treble, tenor, and bass. The viol has six strings, the neck is fretted, and the instrument is played with a bow. When a lady sings, a gentleman accompanies her on the lute. The accompaniments are of two sorts. The performer sometimes only fortifies the voice by playing a simple melody; and at other times he furnishes a bass and a different treble arising out of the harmony. A favorite description of song is the Carola or Ballata, which is sung in the midst of, and is accompanied by, dancing. On

those occasions all the instruments are used. This mixture of song and dance was introduced by the Troubadours into Italy, when in the twelfth century they formed, under the name of minstrels, and Giocolari or Joculatores, a part of every court.

The songs, however, which I most frequently heard in the private societies of Florence, were not in general the mere lyrical poetry of the Troubadours, but the choicest productions of the Italian muse. A favorite song is the second canzone of Dante, beginning with the line, "Amor che nella mente mi ragiona!" "Love which discourses in my mind." It is endeared to the Florentines, because it is mentioned in the Divina Commedia. When Dante reached the milder shades of Purgatory he saw a vessel approaching the shore, charged with souls that were to be purified and rendered fit for Heaven. The disembarkation completed, Dante discovers among the crowd of shadows his friend Casella, the most celebrated Italian musician of the thirteenth century. The meeting is very pathetically related, and in the course of the conversation Dante asks his former companion to sing the sweet song of love that used to console his wearied mind. Casella complies. So delightful was the music, that the sound hung long after-

wards on Dante's ear, and the shades, though with Heaven in their view, listened with entranced attention. Dante's love of music appears in various parts of his works. He, indeed, calls poetry rhetorical fiction set to music.

"Amor che nella mente mi ragiona,
Cominciò egli allor sì dolcemente,
Che la dolcezza ancor dentro mi suona.
Lo mio Maestro, et io, e quella gente,
Ch' eran con lui, parevan sì contenti,
Com' a nessun toccasse altro la mente.
Noi andavam tutti fissi et attenti
Alle sue note; et ecco 'l veglio onesto,
Gridando: Che è ciò, spiriti lenti?
Qual negligenzia, quale stare è questo?
Correte al monte a spogliarvi lo scoglio,
Ch' esser non lascia a voi Dio manifesto.

DEL PURGATORIO. CANTO II.

"Love that discourses in my thoughts," he then
Began in such soft accents, that within
The sweetness thrills me yet. My gentle guide
And all who came with him, so well were pleas'd
That seem'd nought else might in their thoughts have room.
Fast fix'd in mute attention to his notes
We stood, when lo! that old man, venerable,
Exclaiming, "How is this, ye tardy spirits?
What negligence detains you loit'ring here?
Run to the mountain to cast off those scales,
That from your eyes the sight of God conceal. (20)

CARY'S TRANSLATION.

This expression may be correctly applied to much of the music of the ancients, but it is not just with regard to modern verse.

At the first dawn of letters in modern Italy, melody was so Gothic, that good poets disdained its use. Music has not, like poetry, advanced with rapid steps to perfection. It has, moreover, been independent of verse, ever since characters were invented for the different duration of sounds. Neither poetry nor any articulation of the voice is now absolutely requisite for harmony. Before the invention of characters for time, written music in parts must have consisted of simple counterpoint, that is, of note against note, or sounds of equal length. The ancients had no other resources for time and movement in their music than what were derived from the different arrangements and combinations of two kinds of notes, which were equivalent to a long and a short syllable. Almost all the meaning, beauty, and energy of a series of sounds depend on the manner in which they are measured and accented.

The discovery of characters for time was the true æra of musical independence, for till then the melody was subservient to syllabic laws. But now musical composition in counterpoint is

as independent of poetry, as poetry is independent of music. Both characters for time and counterpoint were long prior to Dante. Guido, of Arezzo, who lived in the tenth century, furnished the musical scale and system now in use. He does not claim the invention of the syllables, *ut, re, mi,* &c. but he was the man that collected the scattered materials of others, and put them into a form useful to the world. His contemporaries give him high eulogiums. One of them says, that by Guido's method children were taught to sing new melodies with more facility than by the voice of a master, or the use of a musical instrument: for by only affixing six letters, or syllables, to six sounds, all that music admits of *regularly,* and distinguishing those sounds by the joints of the fingers of the left hand, their distances ascending and descending through the whole diapason, are clearly presented to the eye and ear. So another contemporary says, Guido constructed the gammut and rules for singing, by applying those names to the six sounds which are now universally used in music; for before, practioners had no other guide than habit and the ear. He made several other improvements in music. Lines without spaces, and spaces without lines, were used before Guido's time; but he applied them both to-

gether, and thus the lines, which by some had been made as numerous as the notes, were reduced to four, a number which in missals and rituals of the Romish church has never been exceeded. The invention of clefs is also Guido's. Counterpoint was not known by the Greeks nor Romans. It preceded, however, the improvements which Guido made. It can be traced back to the seventh century, when organs were first used in churches at Rome, and were soon adopted by the rest of the world. As the organ was received, the Gregorian chant began to be organized by voices in the manner afterwards called discant. As the organ improved, so counterpoint, under the name of organizing, improved also. But the ecclesiastical chant, or plain song, was preserved in churches, which would not admit of concords except on great festivals. It is singular, that the laws of harmony, which ought to be immutable, should be subject to the vicissitudes of fashion; but, in truth, all the musicians that have appeared since the knowledge of counterpoint, have been dissatisfied with each other's system of concords and discords. There has been a fashion in harmony as well as in melody. The time table, which extends the limits of ingenuity and contrivance to the utmost verge of the imagination, was first formed by one Franco

of Cologne, who lived in the eleventh century. He, however, only claims the merit of improving the invention of musical notes for time. There were already, he says, treatises De mensurabili musica; or, at least, doctrines had been proposed concerning musical notes, and the different duration of sounds, by writers far older than him. Music was in Franco's time not measured, but it was approaching towards measure when Franco appeared. As Guido was an Italian, and Franco a Netherlander, Italy and the Low Countries enjoy the honor of being the authors of modern music. Correct counterpoint, learned fugue, and ingenious contrivance, were practised by the Netherlanders, Germans, French, and English, rather than by the Italians, who seem at first to have been stimulated to the study of counterpoint in different parts of Italy by the practice and example of foreigners. However, some progress must have been made in music in the time of Petrarch, for at his poetical coronation there were two choirs of music, one vocal and the other instrumental. "They played by turns, in sweet harmony." Some progress in figurative counterpoint is here implied. It is the earliest notice of playing in concert that is known. Petrarch often uses the word concento, meaning harmony resulting from consonance of

voices and instruments. Concento, is the old Italian word for concerto. Though the time table is not theirs, yet the Italians have a great deal of original merit in music. I have mentioned Guido. Marchetto of Padua, who lived in the fourteenth century, and was protected by that illustrious patron of letters, Robert, king of Naples, was the first person who attempted, or wrote upon, modern chromatic, or seculan modulation. Franchino Gafforio, who taught music in every Italian city, and who died at Milan in 1520, was the earliest musician that published a practical treatise on Composition. But it is time to close this digression. I [illegible] counsel

I was much delighted to find that the mechanics of Florence were wont to connect relaxation and devotion, and pass their leisure hours in music. On Saturday evening I used to visit some one or other of the churches, generally that of Orsanmicheli, to hear a fraternity of artisans sing sacred melodies. They assembled about nine o'clock. The numbers of these Laudesi, as they were called, varied from time to time. They had always a precentor, whom they termed captain or leader. They used to sing five or six Laudi in four parts. The words were generally by Lorenzo de Medici, the Pulci, or Pietro Francesco Giambullare. At every

Laudi the singers were changed, and at the close of the performance a beautiful figure of the Madonna was unveiled, and a hymn to her glory was sang. The frequent change of singers caused, of course, great competition. But there were other and better reasons for the music being excellent. It was very interesting to trace the progress of devotion from seriousness to enthusiasm. Grave and solemn notes generally opened the evening's performance; but soon the lively imaginations of the Italians were inflamed, and a richer and more powerful stream of music floated through the church. How different is this amusement of the Florentine mechanics from the general expedients of idleness among the poor of most Italian cities! (21)

CHAPTER VII.

PISA, BOLOGNA, AND PARMA.

Early cultivation of the Fine Arts at Pisa.—State of Knowledge.—University of Pisa.—Journey from Florence to Bologna.—The Civil Law.—Alciati.—University of Bologna.—Romolo Amaseo.—Achille Bocchi.—Teseo Ambrogio.—Antonio Urceo.—History of Medicine.—Paracelsus.—The Fine Arts at Bologna.—Il Francia.—Costa.—Cotignola and Others.—Tibaldi.—Michelangiolo's Statue of Julius II.—Journey from Bologna to Parma.—Corregio and Parmigiano.

CHAPTER VII.

PISA, BOLOGNA, AND PARMA.

I SEIZED a favourable occasion of visiting Pisa, the city which was once the commercial rival of Genoa and Florence. But the battle of Meloria, in 1284, gave naval supremacy to the Genoese; and, after a succession of misfortunes, Pisa became, in the fifteenth century, a mere province of Florence. As her commercial glory was of earlier date than that of most other cities of Italy, so did she precede them in the cultivation of those arts that give dignity and elegance to wealth. Though now, in a state of comparative decay and solitude, the city still bears vestiges of departed magnificence. Signs of ancient splendour meet the eye in the courts and halls

of the vacant palaces; but the towers, which surmount even the noblest buildings, prove the deceitfulness of pleasure, and recall to the observer's mind those days

> Che le città d'Italia tutte piene
> Son di tiranni, ed un metel diventa
> Ogni villan che parteggian diviene.
>
> DANTE.

The noble cathedral, belfry, and baptistery of Pisa were built in the eleventh century. The cloisters in the public burial-ground (or Campo Santo, so called, for the earth was brought from Palestine,) contain some of the earliest specimens of Italian painting. The paintings in the catacombs of Rome, in the fourth century, can scarcely be considered of the family of modern art. The claims of the Neapolitans to priority in pictorial genius, rest only upon the testimony of tradition; but it is certain that, in the eleventh century, when Pisa was about to build her cathedral, and to adorn her public buildings, she brought, like Rome of old, architects and painters from Greece. My countrymen communicated the flame of genius to the minds of the Pisans, and, long before the time of Cimabue, whom the Florentines boast of as the father of modern art, Pisa had her school of

painting, which produced artists who vied, sometimes not unsuccessfully, with their Grecian masters.

It is curious to trace in the Campo Santo the progress of the art of painting, from what has often been called the simplicity of ignorance, to the simplicity of strength. The history of the Old and New Testament is the principal subject that is delineated. The early figures are more like corpses than men. The forms are straight and stiff; the attitudes are in parallels, with philosophical disregard to graceful movements. Ideas of foreshortening were gained by a later age; roundness was given to the flesh, and vigorous expression to the muscles. Perspective accompanies these excellencies. The background is deepened, and the groups are adjusted to the plans. In the infancy of the art every thing appears minute and contracted; but, in the course of time, genius surmounted the fear of erring, and the size of the paintings became proportioned to the subject. (22)

Pisa is dear to the lovers of Italian poetry, for it contains the tower, the *torre della fame*, in which Dante has placed the scene of Count Ugolino's fate. Pisa boasts among her citizens a Nicolao, generally called Nicolao Pisano, who is the earliest individual in the history of modern

Italian art, to whom the title of sculptor can be applied. He died about the year 1275. It appears that it was from the study of the ancient Sarcophagi that he learnt the rudiments of his art. Pisa, too, is a place of interest in the history of the useful as well as of the elegant branches of knowledge. Though Gerbert, afterwards Pope Silvester II., had introduced into Europe the Arabic, or, rather, the Indian mode of computation, yet, from causes which can now only be conjectured, his discovery soon perished. At the close of the twelfth, or the commencement of the thirteenth century, Lionardo, a Pisan merchant, learnt the art at Bugia, in the country of Algiers, where his father was the agent of his trading fellow citizens. Finding the superiority of the Arabic over the general European practice, he introduced the foreign mode into his native city; and to that commercial republic may be attributed the honour of being the first Christian people in the West who used the decimal scale.

In the flourishing days of Pisa, her university enjoyed some reputation. Lorenzo de' Medici endeavoured to revive it, but the war and plague scattered the scholars. Leo X. granted the university papal protection and pecuniary support; and when I was in the city I met with

several men of learning and accomplishments. Before I quitted Italy, however, the wars between the Florentines and the Medici plunged Pisa into its former state of distress. But the Duke Cosmo, in the year 1543, revived the spirit of literature in the university. The literati have great intentions of forming a botanical garden; an anatomical theatre will likewise be built; and thus Pisa will enjoy the honor of being one of the first cities in Italy that seriously cultivated the fine arts and the useful sciences. (23)

BOLOGNA.

I LEFT Florence with those feelings of regret which a departure from so celebrated a seat of elegant literature must always occasion. Bologna was the city which I had marked in my proposed route as my next place of residence. I had entered Florence through a fine and fertile vale, but was compelled to cross the solemn and gloomy Apennines, in order to reach Bologna; and the sternness of the mountain scenery prepared my mind for the serious cast of the Bolognese intellectual character. The distant view, and my interior inspection of Bologna,

gave me no reason to think that its people had ever thrown the soft mantle of Grecian elegance over the manly figure of Roman wisdom. The great commercial cities of Italy had cultivated the fine arts as the ministers to luxury; but Bologna never was a commercial state. The churches and buildings are mean and poor, and its streets are confined.

Though Bologna recalls few of our ideas of the poets and historians of the ancient world, yet to those who travel through Italy with minds impressed with a general conviction of the might of ancient intellect, Bologna is a most interesting city. It bears witness to the immortality of the genius of Rome. It is there that the power of the mistress of the world still exists; not in the gorgeousness of imperial magnificence, but in the nobler triumph of intellectual eminence.

The spirit of Roman legislation has been more lasting than the spirit of Roman conquest. In the highest pride and most galling exercise of barbaric dominion, the Italians were allowed to determine whether they would be governed by the laws of the invader or by the laws of Rome. In the subsequent struggles between the north of Italy and the emperor, whenever a city obtained its independence, the civil law was introduced as the best code of municipal regulation.

Many of its provisions were the results of much practical wisdom, and were drawn from a contemplation of the character of man both in its abstract form and its individual peculiarities. The Roman laws, therefore, never died; and we may reject the story of the awakening of the Italian mind from a sleep of ages, in consequence of the accidental discovery of a copy of the Pandects, at the capture of Amalfi, by the Pisans, in the year 1137. Some time before that year, Irnerius, a German by birth, but a Constantinopolitan by education, read at Bologna lectures on the Pandects. His abilities and learning were transcendent; the potentates of Europe favoured him; and, from respect to intellect and authority, he was regarded as the light of the age. So great were his merits, that posterity has styled him the reviver of the Roman law.

Contemporary with Irnerius, was Gratian a monk, who, at Bologna, reduced the canon law into method. The city wherein he taught, soon became famous as the fountain of clerical and secular jurisprudence. Its schools were filled with young men from all parts of the continent, and its professors were joyfully received in every town. Bologna has always been, and still is, regarded as a fountain of law. In cases where the

jurisprudence of any other city is imperfect, or the subject requires for its decision more than common abilities, the lawyers of Bologna are consulted.

Honorary distinctions for judicial knowledge were first known at Bologna. The crown of laurel was introduced in imitation of the Roman triumphs, and bestowed at first only upon eminent lawyers, as the fathers of humanity. Those who were qualified to teach were called doctors. The titles of knights, serjeants, and bachelors passed from war to letters, and the phrase was in every man's mouth, "Cedant arma togæ." Theology then took most of the same honorary distinctions. The degrees of bachelor and doctor were afterwards conferred on poets, to whom the laurel passed, and with whom it was suffered to remain.

The human mind cannot study the civil law without being invigorated and enriched. But this remark must be received with many modifications. The golden ore of the civil law is buried under heaps of rubbish. The text is obscured by the glosses of commentators, and most students can learn only casuistry and scepticism from the contradictions of judges and civilians. The lawyers of the twelfth and three following centuries were men patient of labour, resolute in study, of keen penetration, and retentive me-

mories. Their intellect was as subtle as that of the schoolmen, and, generally speaking, as useless, too, for the purposes of life. Their learning was prodigious, if the word learning may be applied to a mere collection of decided cases and moot points, of legal distinctions and forensic jargon. Of taste they had none; and their genius, or power of invention was exercised, not in the formation of juridical maxims, but of technical subtleties.

I am happy that I have lived and travelled after the days of those gentlemen of stern visages and pompous gait, Bartolus and Baldus, Azzo and Accursius. I wish, however, that I had heard a young lady lecture upon law. Novella, the daughter of Giovanni di Andrea, a legal professor at the commencement of the fourteenth century, was so learned in the canon law, that when her father was occupied or ill, she used to fill his place. Tradition says, that she was fair as well as wise; and that, lest her beauty should dissipate the attention of the students, she was accustomed to read and explain the laws, while she was concealed behind a curtain.

ANDREA ALCIATI.

A MAN of a different description from the lawyers of old, when I was at Bologna, was this celebrated jurisconsult. He was a citizen of Milan, but was quite an itinerant lecturer on law. He had even filled a chair in the University of Avignon. He was as well skilled in his profession as most of his predecessors; but his knowledge was his ornament, and not his incumbrance. He played with the law as with a toy, and used to express his ideas in the elegant diction of the poets, historians, and orators of antiquity. These were grievous faults in the eyes of persons who thought that obscurity of expression was the sign of wisdom, and that the greatest honour of human reason was, to reconcile the *responsa prudentum* with the imperial edicts, the prætor's decisions with the decrees of the emperor, and the Justinian with the Theodosian code. But when Alciati published a book of Emblems, the anger of his legal brethren was outrageous. The work was moral in its object and elegant in its style; but its utility and taste did not atone for the sin of violating the singleness of legal austerity. The public, however, thought differently. The days of dulness had

passed away, and people found something congenial to their own minds in the rich imagination and varied erudition of Alciati. As a compliment to his deep and splendid abilities, Pope Leo X. gave him the dignity of a count of the Lateran.

When looking at the house of Alciati, I used to think of the expression of Cicero,—that the house of a patron was the oracle of the city. Like the Roman lawyers, Alciati frequently had his slumbers broken by the calls of clients. No measure of general or domestic interest was taken without his advice; and his hall was every day full of distressed or doubting Bolognese. His vanity exceeded that measure of self-esteem which this applause would naturally create. He was also one of the most restless, and one of the most avaricious, of men. If, at any time, the number of his scholars or clients diminished, he used to revive their languid admiration, by threatening to quit the city for some other place, whither he had been invited by large offers of respect and money. He was wont to justify his frequent change of situation, by comparing himself to the sun, which travelled over all the world in order to give life to all things; and he added that when we praise the fixed stars, we do not condemn the planets! This insupportable vanity

in regarding himself as the great source of light, often made people withhold from him his just tribute of praise. But he will always be regarded as one of the first civilians who wrote with order and precision, and removed from law any part of the thick incrustation of barbarism. (24)

THE UNIVERSITY OF BOLOGNA

Is of very great antiquity: and, though, since the general diffusion of knowledge, thousands of scholars no longer crowd its seats, yet the number is still respectable. Before the invention of printing, and when all information was communicated by the vehicle of lectures, the professors made the vast churches, or the public places, the theatres of their eloquence and knowledge. There is a little pulpit still visible at Bologna, from which, it is said, Gazzadini, a jurisconsult of the fourteenth century, used to teach. The instructor most in repute in my time, was

ROMOLO AMASEO.

Young men from every part of Italy visited the University of Bologna, in order to have their education completed by this accomplished

scholar. He occasionally published discourses, and also some translations from Xenophon and Pausanias. It seems agreed that his printed works did not sustain his magisterial reputation; and that he failed in the application of those laws of taste, the justice and beauty whereof he made so apparent to his scholars. In consequence of his scholastic duties, Amaseo was connected in friendship with so many families in various parts of Europe, that, in my subsequent journeys, I repeatedly heard of him. The senate of Venice, the rulers of Mantua, the literary men of England, speaking by Cardinal Wolsey, and many other persons, perpetually solicited him to reside in their respective countries. But the magistrates and people of Bologna were so grateful to him for the splendour and consequence which he gave their city (of which he was public orator as well as professor), that he lived in it for twenty years. When, however, in 1544, Pope Paul III. solicited him to direct the studies of his nephew, the Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, and to lecture in the college of Sapientia, at Rome, the Bolognese could not but acknowledge the propriety of the Pope's request. Amaseo lived through the pontificate of Paul III. in great splendour, and died in 1552, in the character of private secretary of Pope Julius III. (25)

ACHILLE BOCCHI.

In Bologna, as in every town of Italy, there are societies of literary men, under names which good humour or caprice invent. The Sleepers and the Idlers are two of the most esteemed institutions: and I did not find in these, or in any other assemblies, a single man who had any occasion to blush at the foolishness of his academical title. The most learned Bolognese associated much with Achille Bocchi, a public lecturer on Greek, and also on rhetoric and poetry. He has written many volumes on the subject of the early history of Bologna; but they are not in print, and a fair judgment of them cannot be formed from the opinions of his personal admirers. He is a man of noble family, and he possesses a large fortune. He has built a superb palace, wherein literary men enjoy substantial gratifications. On the front are written, in Hebrew characters, these words from the Psalms: "Domine erue animam meam a labio mendaci a lingua dolosa;" and, in large Roman characters, these lines of Horace:

——————— Rex eris, aiunt
Si recte facies. hic murus aheneus esto
Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.

Many valuable editions of classical authors have been printed at his cost; and as literary men superintended the press, he stated that the books were printed in ædibus Academiæ Bocchianæ. I shall say more of these typographical associations when I come to speak of Venice. (26)

TESEO AMBROGIO.

But I was told that the greatest scholar that ever adorned Bologna was Teseo Ambrogio, a Pavian of the noble family of the counts of Albonese. He spoke and wrote Greek and Latin; and learnt both the dead and the living languages of the East. For the knowledge of the classical tongues, he studied books; for that of the oriental idioms, he was much indebted to the Maronite and other Syrian monks who visited Rome in the year 1512, at the sitting of the fifth council of Lateran. It was said that he had mastered eighteen languages, and that in ten of them he could converse with facility. He certainly was one of the most distinguished orientalists of his time. By the appointment of Pope Leo X. he was professor of Syriac in the University of Bologna. The death of the Pope terminated his lectureship. When, in the year 1527, a French army sacked

Pavia, some books and the printing apparatus of Ambrogio were destroyed, and the world was deprived of an edition of the Psalms in Chaldaic, which he had been for years preparing. A long while afterwards, he accidentally found the fragments in a cheesemonger's shop. In 1539, the result of his oriental studies appeared in the form of an Introduction to the Chaldaic, Syriac, Armenian, and ten other languages, with forty alphabets; a work which is regarded as the earliest of the kind, although William Postel had, the year before, printed the characters of twelve alphabets. The Frenchman, it was known, had, during his residence in Italy, derived the leading idea, and many of the details of the work, from Ambrogio. (27)

The Bolognese spoke with enthusiasm of

ANTONIO URCEO,

Professor of eloquence in their University, for several years previous to 1500, when he died. His literary reputation does not rest upon his Latin treatises, orations, and poems, for they are poor and inelegant; but upon the circumstance that he produced several very eminent scholars; that he was accustomed to revise the Greek epi-

grams of Angelo Politiano; and that the great printer, Aldo Manuzio, dedicated to him, as an accomplished Greek scholar, two volumes of Greek epistles, written by various ancient Greek authors, which he published in the years 1499. Urceo was a man of severe, forbidding manners; but so highly did his scholars esteem him, that they bore him on their shoulders to his grave. He was familiarly called Codrus, because he replied to the lord of Forli, who once recommended himself to his favour, "Gracious heavens! the world, indeed, is in a strange condition, when Jupiter recommends himself to Codrus." His study was once burnt down in consequence of his leaving his lamp to alight. Poor Codrus, when apprized of his misfortune, was mad with rage, and fled into a wood adjoining the city, and remained there all day. Hunger gradually diverted his mind from the loss he had sustained, and he returned to the city at night; but the gates were closed. The next day he gained admittance; and, as the story runs, he buried himself for six months in the house of a carpenter, and was a prey to melancholy.(28)

MEDICINE.

Jacopo Carpi, the celebrated physician of Bologna, treated me with kindness. I used to meet at his house all the literary and professional men of Bologna; and from the conversation of the latter, I learnt many interesting particulars regarding the history of medicine. The first surgeons and physicians were certainly the monks; who thought that in healing the sick, they were performing a work of piety and Christian charity. They entirely neglected the scientific culture of the art; for, disdaining all profane knowledge, they never searched for natural causes, or employed ordinary medicines. Most of their remedies were prayers, relics, holy water, and holy oil. The world believed that saints would come to the faithful in their sleep, perform in the mildest manner operations that are generally painful, and cicatrize the wound. The opinion was common in very early times, and it is even now greatly prevalent, that astrology was the fundamental basis of all medicine. In the courses of study of many Universities, astronomy and medicine are mentioned as the same science. In practice, therefore, the case of the patient was not decided upon without a

fancied consultation with the stars; and they were consulted before any medicine was administered, or operation performed. Faith in the virtue of relics was sometimes shaken notwithstanding the arts of the priesthood; and people were not always satisfied with attributing their diseases to planetary malignancy. As Arabic literature was introduced into Europe, a great change took place in medical studies. The Arabs derived most of their knowledge of medicine from the Greeks; for, when in the vicissitudes of human affairs the Arabs became lords of the ascendant, they did not disdain to acquire the sciences of the people whom they had conquered. They added much to their Grecian knowledge; for they became tolerable botanists and good chemists. The progress of the Christians in botany was only commensurate with the Arabic knowledge of the subject, except the few and occasional improvements of which the monks were the authors. But, when classical letters revived, the botanical knowledge of the ancients was communicated to the Italians in translations of Dioscorides and Pliny. The advancement of chemical knowledge by Paracelsus, I shall presently mention.

The Arabs were wretched surgeons; for they had no practical knowledge of anatomy. They

knew the human frame only from the descriptions of Galen. Religious prejudices forbade all human dissections; for it was thought that the soul did not quit the body at the moment of dissolution, and that some time after death a sepulchral examination took place of the religious and moral state of the deceased.

Until the fourteenth century medical science consisted of the knowledge of charms, astrology, and also of the Greek authors, as they appeared in Arabic translations, or in Latin versions made from the Arabic. A great change now took place. In consequence of a false interpretation of Saint Paul's doctrine respecting the resurrection, cremation was never practised by Christians. The superstitious prejudice of the inviolability of human corpses gradually lessened; but until the fourteenth century, anatomical instruction chiefly consisted in the nomenclature of parts of the bodies of animals, chiefly hogs and dogs, or in the account which Galen has given of the human form. In the year 1315, Mondini de Lazzi, professor of medicine at Bologna, publicly dissected two human subjects, and wrote a description of them. He, therefore, is the restorer of anatomy. His compendium was generally regarded as a text-book, and many Universities would not teach anatomy, except from his descrip-

tion. The misfortune was, that Mondini did not always trust to observation; but, in some degree fettered to system, he wished to make his observations accord with those of Galen.

Gui de Cauliac, a surgeon of Montpellier, in the fourteenth century, superior next in merit to Mondini. He did not regard Galen as infallible. He did not hesitate to operate where his predecessors used only plaisters; and he was, perhaps, the first of the moderns that trepanned. The practice of dissecting human bodies gradually gained ground in all the Universities during the fifteenth century; and when my friend, Carpi, anatomized as often as circumstances allowed him, the dissections were regarded without marks of wonder by his learned brethren. He was too fond of introducing the matter into general conversation, and did not sufficiently regard the prejudices of the Bolognese. In return, he was charged not only with the practice of exhumation, but it was said that he killed, and then dissected, three Spaniards, in order to understand his art more correctly. This was an idle calumny, but it marks the state of public opinion.

In the reformation of the art of medicine no man assisted with more zeal and good sense than Petrarca, the poet. Few writers before his

time had denied the infallibility of the Greek and Arab physicians, or directed the world to study nature herself, and to make experience the criterion of opinions. He acknowledged that there had been great men among the Greek and Arab physicians; but he contended, that their theory and method were not applicable to all cases and climates. With equal truth and good sense, he remarks that Averroes sowed the seeds of atheism among Christians; and that the study of this Arabian was the cause of the ridiculous application of dialectic to medicine, an application which had rendered medicine so vain a science. Petrarca once wrote to Pope Clement VI., during an illness of His Holiness, and drew a portrait of the medical character applicable perhaps to other ages besides the fourteenth. "What grieves me most is, (he says,) to hear that your bed is always surrounded by physicians, who never coincide in opinion, because it would be accounted derogatory to the dignity of the second to think like the first, and only to repeat what he has said. It is certain, as Pliny observes, that wishing to raise a name by their discoveries they try all manner of experiments upon us, and sport with our lives. Physicians learn their art at our expence: by killing us, they learn modes of cure; and they are the only persons who are

allowed to kill with impunity. Holy Father, regard as a troop of enemies the crowd of physicians who besiege you! Think of the epitaph of the Emperor Adrian, "Turba Medicorum perii." In these days is verified the prediction of Cato the Elder, that the corruption would be general when the Greeks should transmit their sciences, particularly their medicine, to us. But if it should be determined that we are neither to live nor to die without physicians, at least chuse some one among them, and in your choice be guided by his skill and attention, and not by his eloquence or general knowledge. Forgetting their profession they quit their proper sphere, and invade the territories of poets and rhetoriticians. More anxious to display their talents in conversation than to cure the sick, they crowd round the bed, talking a mixture of Cicero and Hippocrates. The poor man gets worse; but they are less anxious to cure him than to draw from him the expression, 'How finely this physician talks!' Truly, indeed, does Pliny say, that a physician who has ability of conversation, becomes master of our life and our death. The interest, Holy Father, which I have presumed to take in your welfare has carried me too far. I will say only one word more. Regard as an assassin, a poisoner, every physician who has more plausibility,

of speech than experience and wisdom. Use to him the language of the old man in Plautus: 'Go, your duty is to heal, not to harangue.' Add to this a wholesome regimen and good spirits, and you will soon recover."

In early ages the medical art was practised only by the clergy: the laity have gradually denied the propriety of this usurpation; and so flagrant were the rapacity and cruelty of the monks, that, at the council of Vienne, in 1312, clerical persons were forbidden from superintending hospitals. Unhappily, this wise law was some years afterwards deprived of most of its efficacy, for a papal decree was issued, that no medical practitioner should see a patient twice without sending for a priest for the salvation of the patient's soul.

There was no dignity attached to the medical office. Legal penalties were inflicted on a surgeon when his patient died in consequence of an operation: no wonder, therefore, that surgeons generally declined operating, but remained contented with applying plaisters and ointments. Surgeons and bath-keepers were confounded in one class. In consequence of the unpopularity of the profession, prelates and archdeacons were, by several decrees of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, forbidden from

practising it. The lower clergy were prohibited from the practice of surgery. The frequency of the renewal of this prohibition shows how badly the prohibition was observed. The division of medical practitioners into physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, has been of many centuries' duration. The distinction between apothecary and druggist is not equally clear. Medicine was generally held superior to surgery, because the former art was practised by men of letters, and the latter only by the keepers of baths and barbers. Gradually, however, in all countries, the professors of surgery became a distinct class, and the care of teeth or corns, and other charges of similar trifling moment, were left to the barbers.

The benevolent feeling, which in the early and pure days of the church induced the clergy to the prosecution of medical studies, continued in all ages its power, when avarice and sensuality had not destroyed every virtuous principle. The cultivation of a garden was one of the few tranquil amusements which relieved the severity of religious exercises. From books and observation, some of the properties of plants were learnt and conjectured, and at the convent gate each member of the cloister might find occasions for the exercise of his benevolence. Botany was

the amusement, and charity the duty of the monk; his pleasures and obligations were blended, and a study which the monotony of a cloistered life forced upon him became the best, because the most benevolent, means of performing his duty to God and man.

The spirit of Christian charity breathed through many of the institutions of chivalry, and the knight who plunged his sword into the heart of the infidel, or disloyal, would in the next hour perform the most minute and painful offices for the sick. Christian charity was a moving principle of the orders of knighthood, and the cavalier was equally happy, for he was equally conscientiously employed, in the details of the hospital, or in the bustle of the camp. He had been educated in the knowledge of simples as well as of tactics, and he had cultivated both the softest feelings and the fiercest energies of his nature.

If Christian charity could mitigate the ferocity of the warrior, how much more amiably did it accord with the gentle characters of the ladies of chivalry. The study of leechcraft, as medicine was called, was deemed no inelegant feminine accomplishment, and attendance upon the sick no breach of feminine decorum. Squeamish and fastidious sentiment vanished be-

fore the impulse of a warm and generous heart. The damsel would watch over the couch of her wounded knight with affectionate solicitude; the kind look and soothing word were never wanting; and he must have been a disloyal cavalier indeed, who did not fix all his faith in the virtue of those herbs which the hand of beauty had culled. This singular feature in the character of the middle ages had its origin in that system of opinions which gave birth to chivalry. The German nations thought that a part of divine wisdom resided in the female mind, and that women possessed a knowlege of medicine, and all other subjects which enquiry and experiment had not reduced to certain science. In consequence of this principle, women were the counsellors and physicians, as well as the mistresses of their lords: and their place in society was, consequently, higher than what it had been in classical ages. (29)

PARACELSUS.

In the literary circle at Carpi's house, I was singularly fortunate in seeing an extraordinary, though not a great man. I could not converse with him, for he was not able to talk Latin or

Italian with fluency, and I was at that time only superficially acquainted with the German tongue. He was rude and haughty in manner, yet there was an air of genius round his action that rendered him very interesting. Carpi called him Paracelsus, and described him to be a native of Einsideln, a village two miles from Zurich. His family was respectable, its name Bombart de Hohenheim. He learnt medicine, astrology, and alchymy from his father, and certain ecclesiastics. Like many other scholars he passed much of his youth in wandering from country to country, predicting events from the stars and lines of the hand, and repeating all the chemical operations he had learnt from the alchymists. He gained knowlege from all classes of people, and was particularly sedulous in exploring mines. He went as military surgeon, both into Italy and the Netherlands. Russia was another scene of his enquiries; Tartary and Greece completed the tour. On his return to Switzerland, he commenced lecturer at Basle. His pompous demeanor, his assumption of knowledge, and the earnestness of his manner, drew to his school crowds of enthusiastic, credulous people. In order to show the necessity of new teachers, he threw copies of Galen and Avicenna into the flames, and then exclaimed to his

astonished auditors, that even his cap knew more than they did, that his beard possessed more experience than all modern Academies; "Greeks, Latins, Frenchmen, and Italians, I will be your king," concluded Paracelsus, in a paroxysm of vanity.

Every country, he affirmed, has produced an illustrious physician, whose principles are appropriate to the climate in which he was born. Hippocrates was produced by the genius of Greece; Rhazis by that of Arabia; Ficinus also by that of Arabia, and Paracelsus himself by that of Germany. What Hippocrates wrote was true in Greece, but it is not applicable to Germany. Thus it is necessary that physic should be invented in every country, if we wish to avoid the risque of being perpetually in error. Paracelsus' school, however, was soon deserted, for no one could follow him in his flights into the regions of nonsense, or could understand his jargon of bad German and other barbarisms of speech. He disdained to call things by their right names, and he, therefore, invented a new nomenclature. His habitual intoxication was a sufficient reason for his lecture room being deserted. He seldom ascended his chair without being in a state of drunkenness, or dictated to his secretaries unless his reason was buried in wine. He has

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been obliged to quit Basle. The immediate cause of his departure was this circumstance. He had undertaken the cure of a wealthy burgess for a larger pecuniary reward than custom warranted. The cure was effected with speed and ease, but ingratitude succeeded hope in the breast of the citizen, he no longer regarded Paracelsus as his deliverer, and refused to remunerate him beyond the customary fee. The law afforded Paracelsus no remedy for this violation of honor; and as the penalty for his own censures of the magistrates of Basle, for not awarding him justice, he has been obliged to quit the town. He now, said Carpi, intends to wander over all Europe; the habit of travelling which he acquired in early life makes him miserable when he is long stationary.

Of the system of Paracelsus, continued my friend, it is difficult to obtain correct knowledge, for what he has written in one part of his works he has contradicted in another. He despises all knowledge that is gained by labour and application, and has the pride to believe that his wisdom comes immediately from God. This mark of vanity is common to all fanatics. True theosophy consists in a close reunion with God; a reunion which is produced by internal contemplation of the perfections of the Supreme Being, and

denial not only of all sensations, but of faculties of the soul. What need has a theosophist to devote himself to laborious studies, while without them the Divinity itself, of which he is an emanation, makes him part of his light and wisdom? Paracelsus thus thinks himself master of demons. He maintains that the Bible is the storehouse of every description of knowledge. If we wish to know what is medical magic, we must interrogate the Apocalypse. St. John was a cabalist and a diviner. The first duty of a physician is to study the cabala. The cabalistic art contains all other arts. Man invents nothing; the devil invents nothing. God alone reveals every thing by the light of nature. God honored with knowledge those blind Pagans, Apollo, Esculapius, Machaon, and Hippocrates: their successors were sophists. From this remark it should seem, that Paracelsus has studied Hippocrates, and esteemed him; but his printed commentaries on some of his aphorisms, show his ignorance of his author.

Paracelsus says, that God often reveals to man in dreams the mode of curing maladies. Miracles and magical cures can be effected by simple confidence in God. Plato has held that all terrestrial bodies are formed after eternal models and imperishable images that exist in the

heavens. But fanatics have corrupted this doctrine by continual comparisons between the human body and earthly nature on the one hand, and the firmament and universe on the other. All the parts of our bodies are contained in the firmament, not really, but virtually and spiritually. The physician, as a philosopher, acknowledges the inferior sphere, or the existence of celestial intelligences in sublunary things; but, as an astronomer, he acknowledges a superior sphere; that is, he finds the parts of the human body in the firmament. That which happens on earth has already had place in heaven; and God reveals in dreams to the mind of man the secrets of the cabala. Finally, there are celestial intelligences every where, and in every thing. When any person eats a piece of bread, he eats it equally on earth and in heaven. All bodies, particularly those of men, are double; the one material, the other spiritual. From the spiritual body celestial intelligences result, and on the material body conjurations have influence.

Paracelsus has adopted the Pantheistical system in its grossest sense. He contends that every thing in the universe is animated, and eats and drinks like man. All parts of the world are, therefore, filled with a number of spiritual substances, mediate between material and imma-

tarial. They have body and mind, but no soul. Some of these beings occasionally make themselves visible, and are even married to women. They have the gift of foreknowledge, and reveal the future to man. Paracelsus explains the functions of the body by the laws of the cabala. He talks of the harmony of the parts with celestial intelligences, or stars. Vital strength is an emanation of the stars. Thus there is an intimate connection between the sun and the heart, the moon and the brain, Jupiter and the liver, Mercury and the lungs, &c. His pathological theory differs from that of Galen, for he derives all diseases from the effervescence of salts, the combustion of sulphur, and the coagulation of mercury. The air is charged with mineral particles, which, when known, the diseases arising from them can be cured. Salt, sulphur, and mercury contain the elements of all diseases.

There is not a single new principle in all Paracelsus' system. All the theosophical extravagancies imagined by the fanatics of antiquity, and scattered throughout their writings, have been united into one body of doctrine by Paracelsus, who has made an application of them to various branches of medicine. His great merit consists in having recommended medicines drawn from the mineral world in place of the sirops

and useless decoctions. He has exhibited, for instance, antimony and mercury with great success. Indeed, he has gathered all the chemical knowledge of the Arabs, and has enlarged it by his own study of metallurgy. He was acquainted with the vegetable as well as the animal kingdom. He discovered many hidden virtues of opium. He has studied many phenomena of nature. His mode of treating several remarkable maladies, particularly those that are surgical, is judicious and successful. Were he to follow nature only, he would be a real benefactor to the world. But his mysticism is useless and ridiculous.

Thus far Carpi, and all that I afterwards heard and read of, relating to Paracelsus, confirmed this account of his empiricism. His cures were known, but the grave covered his failures. He was one of those bold practitioners, who, by a vigorous application of violent remedies, rouse occasionally, the languid powers of nature. The people readily believed his assertions that he conversed with a demon, which, when Paracelsus travelled, rode in that uneasy place the pummel of his saddle; on other occasions it rested in the hilt of his sword. He boasted that he could transmute inferior metals into gold; and, besides this gift of the philosopher's stone, that heaven

had imparted to him the knowledge of the tincture of life, which was a complete medical panacea. All the chemists of his own and preceding times had pretended to the possession of one remedy; but none had ascribed such powerful virtues to it as Paracelsus did to his. With this medicine, he not only boasted of the power of removing all acute and chronic diseases, but of prolonging life itself to whatever extent he wished. Yet, in the midst of all his vaunts, and while he was debating with his friends whether he should live to the age of Methusaleh, Paracelsus died; A. D. 1540. He was only in his forty-eighth year. His habitual intoxication accelerated his death.

A revolution, which has mysticism for its basis, more easily finds a reception among the people, than a revolution worked by good sense; for the chimeras of the imagination present themselves always under more brilliant colours than the severe deductions of cold reason. The general disposition of his times to reformation favored his schemes. The medical Luther was his common title. Paracelsus never succeeded in persuading medical practitioners of his divine authority; for, as medicine reposes on experience and reason, a doctrine that rejects both experience and reason can never have much influence. But learned men, however strongly they despised

Paracelsus' pretensions to necromancy, astrology, and other branches of magic, always respected him for his chemical knowledge, and the judgment with which he prescribed the internal use of mineral substances. (30)

THE FINE ARTS.

Giotto painted and founded a school of painting at Bologna; but I have discovered little worth noticing in the Bolognese history of the art, till the appearance of Francesco Raibolini, called

IL FRANCIA,

Who died about the year 1535. The trade of a goldsmith was the first occupation of his life, and he did not even immediately shake it off after he became a painter, which was not till he had numbered half his days. Rafaello used to say, that his Madonnas were equal to those of any master, in respect of beauty and grace; and also in expression of devotedness. In choice and tone of colour, Il Francia followed Perugino: the fullness of his outline, and the broad foldings of his drapery, bring to one's mind Giot-

vanni Bellini, the father of the Venetian school. In his heads, he has not the softness and elegance of the first; but he has more dignity and variety than the second. Let me not forget to mention, that there are some admirable works of his in fresco at Bologna.

LORENZO COSTA,

Of Ferrara, a contemporary of Raibolini's, painted also at Bologna. His three sons, too, sustained the reputation of the father. The Bolognese school then became a branch of the Ravennese school. Ravenna preserved the arts of design better than any other city of Italy: no where are there Mosaics so well composed, or marbles so beautifully worked as at Ravenna. Rome might well envy this city, for it was the seat of arts as well as of empire. It sunk into, and remained in darkness, till the end of the fifteenth century, when Nicolao Rondinello revived its glories. He was a pupil and assistant of Giovanni Bellini. His design is somewhat dry, his heads are less select, and the colour feebler than his master's; but his general ability is considerable. Of the last and best style of Bellini he had little notion.

FRANCESCO DI COTIGNOLA,

A PUPIL of Rondinello, painted at Bologna. He had much of the dryness of the antique, but he was rich and elegant in colour. Baldassare Carrari was the earliest painter in oil at Ravenna, and Julius II. esteemed his San Bartolommeo as one of the finest altar-pieces in Rome. The influence of his talents was felt at Bologna.

The Bolognese school has not, at present, any decided and distinct character, for there has not arisen among the professors, any superior genius. The principles of other schools have been diligently cultivated. Many a student have I seen gazing with the most enthusiastic admiration upon a Saint Cecilia of Rafaello, and a Saint John of Giulio Romano. The Saint Rocco, and Saint Marguerita of Parmigiano, were also there. The strength of colouring of Sebastiano del Piombo was a favorite object of imitation.

BARTOLOMEO RAMINGHI

OF Bagnacavallo, was a pupil of Il Francia. He travelled to Rome, and became one of Rafaello's assistants. He had not the depth of design

of Giulio Romano, but he had more taste in colouring, and more elegance in the heads of his women and children. He was an original genius, as well as a skilful copyist of Rafaello, as is evident from several of his pictures in the churches at Bologna. Dominico, a Bolognese artist, his contemporary, introduced foreshortening into Bologna. Innocenzio of Isola, a Bolognese artist, imbibed the genius of Rafaello. Indeed, few students in the Vatican studied that great master so well. He has also the inferior merit of abolishing the practice in Bologna, of adorning pictures with bands of gold.

PELLIGRINO TIBALDI

Was a child when I was in Italy the first time; but, on my return to Rome, his fame as a painter of scenes of the Odyssey in the Institute of Bologna, had spread over all Europe. Michelangiolo was his model: he penetrated his principles as well as his manner; but he so well tempered the grandeur of his original, that he was often called the reformed Michelangiolo. He studied the works till he understood the

principles of Rafaello, Corregio, and other masters: his taste selected and his genius combined their several excellencies, and his own style had the appearance of originality. (31)

The palaces and churches of Bologna have nothing in respect of architecture worthy of a stranger's notice. I observed a pedestal without its statue near the door of the church of San Petronio; and, on enquiring into its history, was told, by a genuine lover of art, that when, in 1511, the Bentivoglio family regained their supremacy over Bologna, the populace marked their joy in a way which, he said, the Florentine people would have disdained. A statue of Julius II., which Pope had for a few years been temporal lord over the city, had stood on the pedestal which I was looking at. It was the work of Michelangiolo. The Bolognese threw down the statue, and broke it to pieces. The duke Alfonso of Ferrara, however, continued my friend, purchased the fragments; such of them as were mutilated he cast into a cannon, which, with good-humoured propriety, he called Julius; the head of the statue is one of the chief ornaments of the ducal palace at Ferrara. The Bolognese ought not to have sacrificed the fine arts to their hatred of papal tyranny. Pierio

Valeriano, in reference to this statue, has praised the artist, and satirized the Pope in a masterly manner:

Quò quo tam trepidus fugis, Viator,
Ac si te Furiæve, Gorgonesve,
Aut acer Basilicus insequantur?
—— Non hic JULIUS—at figura JULII est.

PARMA.

A few hours' ride on the remains of the old Emilian road brought me to Modena. There was nothing in that city to detain me. I passed on to Parma, a town whose general beauty is in harmony with those associations of the fine arts which must fill the mind of every stranger in Parma.

CORREGIO.

Of the incidents in the life of the founder of the Parmasan school of painting, few are well authenticated, and a still smaller number is interesting. Antonio Allegri was born somewhere about the year 1494, at or near the town of Corregio; and, agreeably to the practice of the

time of dropping the family name and taking some other distinction, he was generally called Il Corregio. He studied and practised the art of painting chiefly at Parma, but his career of fame was not of a much longer duration than that of Rafaello, for he died about the age of forty. I could not learn what had been his course of study, and in what proportions diligence had co-operated with genius to produce the full and grand result. As, in some respects, particularly colouring, his manner was perfectly distinct from those of his most celebrated contemporaries, it was illiberal and false in the worshippers of Michelangiolo and Rafaello to affirm, when Corregio was applauded, that he borrowed his ideas from them. If Bonarruotti was transcendent in grandeur, and Rafaello in grace, Corregio was equally original in harmony of colours; and it is consonant with probability to think, that his own genius was as much his guide in other branches of the art.

So much had I admired at Rome the glories of the Vatican, and the Sistine chapel, that I thought the art of painting in its grandest forms had been exhausted; but Corregio's frescoes in the cupolas of the cathedral, and the church of San Giovanni at Parma, taught me never to set limits to genius. The Ascension of Christ, in

the church, in respect of grandeur of design, foreshortening, and chiaroscuro, was, at the time of its performance, a miracle of art, without example, for it was painted before the terrible scene of the Last Judgment by Michelangiolo. But this fresco of the Ascension is even inferior to that of the Assumption of the Virgin, represented in the octagonal cupola, in the cathedral of Parma, and finished in the year 1530. Veneration and wonder are marked in the countenances of the Apostles in the former picture; so, in the latter, heavenly joy is the chief expression. In the Assumption, the chastened gaiety, the holy rejoicing, the purity of the light, make every thing appear as of heaven.

In his design, Corregio was both grand and select; he avoided with all care the hard manner of his predecessors, all right lines and angles, and used a continually undulating line, sweetly melting into the ground. Giulio Romano preferred his colouring to that of any other painter. It is as mellow as that of Giorgione, not infrequently as true, and as tasteful as that of Tiziano, having withal a superior breadth and suavity. No painter has surpassed Corregio in foreshortening. But what distinguishes his colouring, from that of any of his illustrious contemporaries, is a mild, central light, which

gradually disappears in the surrounding lucid demi-tints, and strongly and splendidly reflected shades. He sacrified design, composition, and elegance, to his love of harmony in colouring. His groups are not, therefore, always in the best taste, nor are his attitudes always graceful. But there is a sweet naïveté and an affecting innocence in the faces of his Virgins; and the smiles on the faces of his children are always delightful. As nature does not present the same objects, with the same force of light, but varies that light according to superficies and distance, so Corregio imitates nature, by a harmoniously beautiful gradation of colouring, which is particularly necessary in aërial perspective. Thus, too, in his shades, he often perfectly represents in one, the reflection of a neighbouring colour, and therefore no part of his shades is monotonous. In none of his oil pictures is this excellence so visible as in the Night, or rather the Dawn, of the Nativity. (32)

The excellence of Corregio attracted so many imitators, that the Parmasan school of painting became remarkable for foreshortening and chiaroscuro, and the subordination of composition to mass and harmony. Michelangiolo Anselmi, Bernardo Gatti, Giorgio Gandini, and Girolamo

Mazzuoli, are artists who adopted the principles of Corregio, and the results were in proportion to their respective abilities and diligence.

PARMIGIANO.

Francesco Mazzuoli, called from his birth, at Parma, Il Parmigiano, cousin of Girolamo Mazzuoli, merits a distinct notice. The Rafaelesque grace of his manner might justify me with some, in classing him among the scholars of the painter of the Vatican: but other circumstances makes the present a proper place for mentioning him. He received his first lessons in painting from his uncles, but his ambition took a loftier flight, when he saw the works of Corregio. He learnt the blandishments of colour, and the magic of chiaroscuro; and he then went to Mantua and Rome, to nerve his mind with the ideas of Giulio Romano and Rafaello. The designs of Parmigiano are full of grandeur, dignity, and ease, with a remarkable decision of pencil. His sketches and his etchings, (for, as I have already shown, he could engrave as well as draw,) are, therefore, of high value. The striking excellence of his style is grace: his attitudes are well chosen, and his figures are elegant.

light, and spirited. The fault into which his master quality of elegance degenerates, is an affected length and tenuity of form, and this fault is often visible. His colouring, also, is too often subordinate to grace: he makes it low and moderate, thinking that strength and glare of light are inconsistent with elegance. He did not often tax his invention; for I have seen repetitions of his pictures, particularly of the marriage of St. Catharine, in every gallery in Italy. His women and children are generally as beautiful as those of Corregio. None of his faults appear in his Moses breaking the Tables, in the Madonna della Steccata, at Parma, or in the altar piece of Saint Marguerita, in Bologna. In the former, the grandeur of the conception, and the corectness of the drawing, leave nothing for the spectator to wish for; while the fine tone of the chiaroscuro is equal to any thing of Corregio; and such is the majestic grace of Moses, that I often heard the friends of Rafaello say, the spirit of Rafaello has transmigrated to Parmigiano. Scarcely inferior in merit to the Moses, are the Adam and the Sybils, which form part of the same composition. The altar pieces by Parmigiano are not numerous: but that which I have mentioned may be compared with advantage with the celebrated St. Cecilia of Rafaello.

Parmigiano died young. Fond as he was of his art, he sighed after quicker means of riches; and attached himself to the study of alchymy. He fell a victim to the demon of avarice. He lost his money in the pursuit of imaginary gold; disappointment bred melancholy, he disregarded all the exterior decencies of life, and his neglected beard and hair gave him the look of a savage. The heat and the smells of the laboratory gradually ruined his constitution, and a fever closed his life at the early age of thirty-six, A. D. 1540. (33)

CHAPTER VIII.

FERRARA.

The D'Este Family as connected with Letters. — Visit to Ariosto. — His Mother. — Description of his House. — His History as collected from his Conversation. — Romantic Poetry of Italy. — Its Primitive Productions of the Italian Epic. — The Orlando Innamorato. — The Orlando Furioso. — The Orlando Innamorato Reformato. — Bentivoglio. — Bassavola. — Calvi. — Leonicino. — Giraldi. — Painting at Ferrara. — Visit to the Theatre. — The Italian Drama. — History of the Stage in the Middle Ages. — Trissino's Tragedy. — Tragedies of Rucellai and others. — Italian Comedy.

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CHAPTER VIII.

FERRARA.

I RETRACED my road as quickly as possible from Parma to Bologna, and then went through a flat, marshy, and unwholesome country, to Ferrara, a city which, though awakening none of those ideas of the beauties of nature that we generally associate with the name of Italy, is abundantly interesting to travellers, who enquire into the intellectual character of modern Europe.

> O città bene avventurosa
> La gloria tua salira tanto,
> Ch' avrai di tutta Italia il pregio e il vanto.
>
> ARIOSTO.

The princes of the house of Este have encouraged profound and polite literature. Under the auspices of the Marquis Nicolao II. and his son

Lionel, the University flourished through the whole of the fifteenth century. The study of classical letters and poetry was the introduction to the honours of the court, and to diplomatic offices. However, there is nothing peculiar in all this. Intellectual merit is rewarded in many other Italian cities. But I entered Ferrara, happy in the feeling that I was breathing the same air with a poet whom Dante and Petrarca would have saluted as a brother; reflecting at the same time on the singular prophecy of Dante, that no poet would ever arise in Ferrara.

For the purpose of knowing Ariosto, I introduced myself to Antimaco, the celebrated professor of the Greek language at Ferrara. He had acquired his erudition in Greece itself: he was one of the most perfect masters of ancient literature in Italy; and had warmly applauded Leo's idea of a Greek college at Rome. (34) He received me with friendship, and offered to gratify my wish of seeing Ariosto. The poet was even at that time regarded as the wonder of Italy, though the improved edition of his Orlando Furioso was not then published. I might have learnt his history from books and general conversation, but still I wished to see him. Dante was austere, Petrarca gay in manners. Be-

tween the former and his writings there was perfect harmony. The conversation of the latter was from the heart, and, therefore, like its source, was rich and animated. His poems or lamentations were entirely artificial. What description of man, considered I with myself, can Ariosto be?

My friend conducted me to the house of the Ferrarese poet, in the Strada di Mirasole la Casa. It is a brick building of moderate size, and only one story in height. The owner was from home. His aged mother was always courteous to those who came to show respect to the great pride and ornament of her life. She could not, she told us, anticipate the hour of her son's return; for he had that morning left his study in peevishness, because he had been unable to satisfy his judgment with respect to the revision of a passage of his poem. When his powers of expression did not do justice to his imagination, he sallied forth, though only in his loose robe and slippers, and walked several miles, in hopes that the excitement of the animal frame would rouse his intellectual energies. The house of such a man as Ariosto might, I thought, be curious, and I therefore accepted his mother's offer of waiting for awhile his return. She conducted me into her son's study. I was surprised at the neatness of the room. There was none of that contempt of

order which literary men are so fond of affecting. The venerable lady observed my surprise, and said, that Lodovico was as fond of improving his house as his verses; and that he often good-humouredly remarked, that he wished the former description of amusement was as little expensive as the latter. There were but few books in the apartment. Virgil, Horace, Catullus, and Tibullus, lay open on the table, and, from their worn condition, I judged them to be Ariosto's favourite authors. I did not see Propertius. My attention was drawn to a chair, of shape and appearance different from the rest of the seats. The poet's mother proudly pointed to it, with the remark, that many learned men of Ferrara had declared, that if they should unfortunately survive her son, there would be a vigorous contention among them for the possession of the chair in which he had written his poems. The most curious thing in the room was a bronze ink-stand. Upon it was a figure of love, with his fore right-hand finger on his lips, as it were, enjoining silence. (35) Ariosto, I knew, was as free in conduct as most men of genius are; for there is a licentiousness of imagination, as well as of the senses. But it was pleasing to find from this token, that he was a gentleman in his amours.

Ariosto's mother showed me her Lodovico's garden. She told me that he took great pleasure in cultivating it. He was continually planting and transplanting, and varying the forms of its beds and plots. A plant of an unknown description was to him more valuable than an ancient manuscript; and he watched for the appearance of the flower, with as much joy as a man of letters would receive in decyphering a Grecian inscription. But he could not wait for the slow process of nature; and in his anxiety to know the state of his plants, he frequently crushed the blossoms. He was a wretched gardener, and was continually mistaking one herb for another. (36)

Ariosto soon entered the study. I admired exceedingly his fine and manly appearance. His figure was tall, and both commanding and graceful; perhaps there was more rotundity than is said to befit the Muses' votaries. His face was handsomely formed, and strongly expressive of intellect and benevolence. His eye had both the poet's fire and the lover's softness. The ceremony of introduction was soon over, and his remarks on the general topics of literary interest were so rich and lively, his wit was so refined, his judgment so rapid and correct, and his manner so arch, and polite, and dignified, that I was soon convinced that his companion-

able qualities were as agreeable as his poetical ones were eminent. The conversation became narrowed in its range when he learnt the object of my travels. "I am flattered," said he, "that you have thought it worth while to visit my house in your voyage of literary discovery. My history, however, will not fill many sheets of your memorandums. My family," he continued, "is, originally, Bolognese; but I was born at Reggio, in the month of September, 1474, a year that is memorable for the birth of Michelangiolo. My father was then residing in that city in the enjoyment of a high state employment under Ercole I., Duke of Ferrara, Modena, and Reggio. My appointed profession was the law. But I was unhappily one of those young men who mistake liveliness of temper for brilliancy of genius, and I threw aside with contempt the Institutes and Decretals. I learned only the laws of poetry.

"After the waste of five years in legal colleges, my father consented that I should cultivate the belles lettres only. I was obliged to recommence my classical studies. The civil law had so much distracted my mind, that, at the age of twenty, I required a pedagogue to teach me Eso[illegible]. Under the tuition of Gregorio of Spoletto, I became a good Latin scholar; but the death of

my master prevented me from learning Greek. I have, therefore, only conducted my son to the gates of the Palatine Apollo, by teaching him the Roman poets. I have not been able to guide him to the gates of Apollo at Delos. I wrote various pieces of lyrical poetry, and, being more disposed to gaiety than melancholy, I sang the pleasures rather than the pains of love. I wrote plays, too, on the models of Plautus and Terence. I had always been fond of dramatic amusements. When a boy I translated the tale of Pyramus and Thisbe into verse, and gave it something of a dramatic character. We (my brothers and myself) used to act it. My father has long since ascended the skies, and I hope has forgiven me for suffering him one day to exhaust upon me all his anger, which a word of mine would have prevented. I wanted, however, to draw from nature the appearance and language of a passionate old man, and I could not resist the opportunity.

"In consequence of my family connexions with the court, I was easily introduced to the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, one of the sons of the Duke Ercole. Alfonso, another son, and also successor of Ercole, likewise noticed me. I served these princes in various affairs of difficulty and often of a delicate nature. I was occasionally a

public ambassador, and went twice to Rome in order to obtain the aid of Pope Julius II. against the Venetians, who had unjustly made war upon us; and, on another occasion, to explain to the Pope my master's reasons for siding with the French. I was also a soldier for a while, when Julius invaded our territories; and I was more successful as a warrior than as a politician. I found, however, most delight in literature, particularly in the French and Spanish romances, which recount the wars and the loves of Charlemagne's paladins. I read also the romantic fictions relating to the Knights of the Round Table. I was anxious to please the princes of Este, and I thought that I could gratify this desire by interweaving the history of the family in a romantic poem. The court of Ferrara was exceedingly brilliant. Love was the principal occupation, and, therefore, poetry was fashionable. The Orlando Innamorato was much admired; more, however, on account of the chivalrous quality of the subject than of the author's mode of handling it. I thought that a poem on the same foundation, and treated with lightness and spirit, would be agreeable. My friend Bembo objected to my subject and to my intention of writing on it in the Italian language; but I had no disposition to the regular epics

which he proposed, and it was my ambition to be one of the first poets among the Tuscans, rather than second among the Latins. I began to write the poem in the year 1504. You know that the first edition of my Orlando Furioso appeared in the year 1516.

"I have also superintended the erection and the ornamenting of a theatre in the court of the ducal palace, which, of course, you will visit during your stay at Ferrara. In serving my country," continued Ariosto, "I only discharged my duty, and I did not look for reward. But I was, on so many occasions, the private counsellor and negociator of the family of Este, that I reasonably expected to receive some marks of princely favour. An easy sufficiency and independence were all the favors that I sighed for. I wanted repose, and not those employments which would have cast the waters of Lethe over my studies;—studies which, by exalting my mind and teaching me the real nature of man, prevent me from feeling the evils of poverty, make me prefer liberty to wealth, bound my hopes within the limits of my wants, and suffer me not to become the prey of anger or envy, because another person is called by loftier titles than any which grace me. The princes of Este are vain of patronizing literary men, but their avarice is a

stronger passion than their vanity, and, therefore, they cannot support the character of Mecænas. I requested a friend to tell his Eminence, that I can bear poverty better than servitude. (37) The Cardinal Ippolito was a very acute mathematician, and a profound divine; and he called my Orlando Furioso, a poem written in celebration of his family, a collection of absurdities. He took occasion of quarrelling with me because I declined to make one of his train to Hungary. I am not fond of travelling. I prefer to read the world in a globe, so much do I dislike altercations with innkeepers. The long German winters would not have agreed with my Italian constitution. The hot air of their stoves would have suffocated me. Being temperate by nature, I could not partake of the rich and riotous repasts of Germany. If I had accompanied Ippolito to Buda, who, during the two years of my absence from Italy, would have taken care of my poor brother Gabrielo, that, from his infancy, has been totally helpless? Who would have laboured for a portion for my sister, or have watched over my mother? (38) I mentioned all these things to the cardinal, and they did not touch his heart, for they gratified none of his sordid passions. But what virtue can dwell in a man who destroyed the eye-sight of his brother,

because a woman had declared, that the beauteous eyes of Giulio were more attractive than the cardinal's person? Ippolito was disposed, indeed, to dismiss me. My spirit is not formed for the life of a courtier. They who set no value on liberty have different feelings from those which I possess. But let each man follow the disposition which nature has given to him. The linnet and goldfinch bear confinement, but the nightingale will not readily endure the cage; and the swallow, if imprisoned, will beat herself to pieces against the bars. (39) I was never proud of being a slave to the great. I cannot fawn and crouch to them, and be the shadow of their opinions and humours. When they pretend to see the sun at night and stars at noon day, I remain silent; but take care that the silence of good breeding shall not be construed into assent to folly. (40) I was never forward in personal services to Ippolito. I was not anxious about putting his wine into ice, or being the bearer of his errands. I did not care whether I handed him his mantle, and," proceeded Ariosto, changing his voice from the tone of indignation to that of irony, "my size prevents me from stooping to buckle on his spurs. A yearly, but very irregularly paid, rent-charge of a few crowns on the duchy of Milan, is all the return which the Car-

dinal Ippolito has made me for sixteen years' service. Oh, Ruggiero, ancestor of this distinguished family, if this be the only reward which thou canst procure for me among thy descendants, it will be of little importance to me to have sung thy great deeds and courage! (41)

"After the Cardinal's departure for Hungary my name was entered as a gentleman attendant upon the establishment of the duke Alfonso. The office was so completely *honorary* that I was reduced to the necessity of abandoning my pride, and of practising the law. Habit would have reconciled me to the profession, but the laws soon were silent, for the war came almost to the gates of Ferrara. When peace was restored, I supplicated the duke, either to appoint me to a place of profit, or to allow me to try the fortune of some other court. Exactly at that time the people of Garfagnana threw themselves upon the protection of the duke. He appointed me to go among them as his representative, to heal all divisions and restore order and justice. For three years I lived among these savages. (42) Yet, let me do them justice. The banditti who infest the dreary plains and rocky fastnesses of Garfagnana, paid more respect to letters, than ever the duke and his court had shown. Filippo Pacchione was the most polite

of robbers; the very Mercury of thieves. I once fell into the hands of his gang, but he released me with great expressions of honor, when he heard that I was the author of the Orlando Furioso. (43)

"Soon after my return to Florence there was a new Pope, under the title of Clement VII. The appointment of Ferrarese Ambassador at Rome, was offered to me, but having before sought in vain papal patronage, I was not again disposed to subject myself to the mortification of neglect. The circumstance to which I allude, I will shortly state. I knew Giovanni de' Medici before his elevation to the Pontificate. I met him at Urbino, whither he had been banished from Florence, and I performed all the kindnesses in my power to mitigate his distress. In return, he vowed perpetual friendship to me, and frequently professed his ardent wishes for the day when he could convince me that he loved me with fraternal affection. On his becoming Pope, under the title of Leo X., I went to Rome. His Holiness took me by the hand, kissed me on both cheeks, and gave me a bull for my exclusive right to print my own poem. The kindness of the Cardinal Bibbiena, and my own money, enabled me to take from the Roman Chancery this Papal authority for my copyright. (44) Though I cannot

praise Leo for his munificence, yet, I ought, perhaps, to eulogize his magnanimity, for in my Orlando I have perpetually reprobated the luxury and faithlessness of the court of Rome. I have no doubt that the Pope neglected me on account of my adherence to the house of Este, for he always looked with an eye of ambition on the Ferrarese states. Let me not censure him too rashly. His case brings to my remembrance the following short and pointed tale. In a season of great drought a rich shepherd when he had in vain sought for water for his flocks and herds, addressed himself to God, and after a sincere prayer, he was assured from Heaven, that he would find a well at the bottom of a particular valley. He went thither with his wife, his children, and his cattle. The water was soon found. The shepherd who had only brought a small cup with him, said to his companions, you must not be offended at my taking the first draught; the second must be for my wife, and it is but reasonable that my two sons should have the third and fourth. Afterwards the water shall be given to every one according to the pains which he took to find out the well. My cattle shall then receive their supply. Matters proceeded agreeably to this arrangement. At length a parrot, which his master, the shepherd,

very much loved, cried out, I am not one of your relations, nor was the well discovered by my penetration; I have never been nor can I be of any use to you; my turn I see will be the last of all, and I shall die of thirst unless I can find water elsewhere. "My dear friend," continued Ariosto, "attend to the application of this tale. Leo was obliged to give water to all his relations, and to those persons who had promoted him to ecclesiastical honors. Many people of Florence then claimed rewards for services performed to him and his family; and if I had waited till all these people had been satisfied, I should have either perished with thirst, or seen the well dried up."

The good humour with which the poet spoke of his disappointments charmed me; but, his penetrating eye soon discerned on my face some signs of regret at Leo's ingratitude. Ariosto immediately recollected himself, and saluting me exclaimed, "You have enjoyed the literary patronage of Leo, and can take no pleasure in hearing of his forgetfulness of promises. I beg pardon for mentioning the circumstance. Enough then of patrons. I have bade adieu to fortune. I will not sell my liberty for the best Cardinal's hat in Rome. I have often been advised to enter the church, or to acquire an estate by making a

splendid marriage; but had I adopted the former road to riches I should immediately have wished to be married; and if I had been married, the desire of taking the tonsure would have been one cause of uneasiness in my new state. Such is the inconstancy of my disposition, and my abhorrence of restraint. Each condition of life, the clerical and the married, is full of peril. An old priest during an attack of illness hearing that some other servants of God wished his death, and alarmed lest poison should expedite the catastrophe, sent for a friend and resigned his benefice to him, as the only means of depriving his brethren of those hopes which caused himself such dreadful fears. This is the ecclesiastical virtue of the times; and for matrimonial blessings, though I admit that no man, if in a state of celibacy, can be completely happy or perfectly virtuous, (45) yet look at the evils of marriage. If your wife be of a noble and opulent family she will oppress you by her pride, or ruin you by her luxury; if fair, you must perpetually guard your mutual reputation; if witty, she will never cease to exhibit the superiority of her talents at your expence. Wives in these days are not satisfied with the beauty which nature has given them, but they varnish their faces with red and white paint. (46) They spend all their mornings with their priests,

and could I penetrate with the lynx's eye the walls of the confessional, I should behold transactions which they are wise enough to conceal, not only from me (47) but from the sun itself. (48) A wife should fear God, but should go to mass only once a-day, and once or twice a-year to confession.

"Almost the whole of my slender income is derived from my share of my paternal inheritance; that share indeed is small, for my honored mother," he continued in a tone of gaiety and affection, "unluckily loved my father with as warm a passion as Laura de Sade, Petrarca's mistress, is said to have entertained for her husband, and I was the eldest of ten children. The family house in the strada di Bocca canale was part of my portion; but I have been constrained to sell it; and, therefore, I live in this more humble dwelling. (49) I enjoy occasionally the society, and always the correspondence of most of the literati of Italy. You know that I have said in one part of my poem, that perhaps myriads of heroic names are plunged by time into the stream of oblivion, whilst a few are saved by the grateful and melodious swans, and honorably deposited in the temple of immortality. I have mentioned many distinguished authors at the conclusion of my Orlando. That mode of praise, and you as a young man of letters, must

observe me, was not fortunately chosen. Some persons were offended at the place and the manner in which they were spoken of. Others were angry that I said so little of them, and so much of those who happened to be their enemies though my friends. Omissions are fatal. Machiavelli has never forgiven me for leaving his name out altogether.

"There is a story abroad, that the Emperor Charles V. has crowned me with laurel. This is erroneous. Nor can I say, that I am solicitous for the laureatship, for the honor has not been preserved in that form of dignity which Petrarca gave it. The right of conferring it is claimed by all authorities, whether imperial, regal, aristocratical, or democratical. It is obtained by the modes that conduct to all court favors, and he who writes a wretched piece of flattery, upon a worthless prince, or in favor of the demagogue of a republic, will gain a crown of laurel, while the real poet is suffered to pine in obscurity.

"One great anxiety of my life is the revision of my poem: but my most pleasing care, though it is not unmixed with melancholy, consists in preserving the thread of my mother's life." Ariosto paused, I could have sympathized with his starting tear, for I had often heard of, and had that day witnessed, instances of his filial piety.

But my eye unluckily fell upon the inkstand, and I could not at the moment think that the purest of all human sympathies engrossed his affections. It was well known at Ferrara, that an amatory attachment was a strong reason for his refusal of the ambassadorship to Rome, and that his mistress (happily for letters) compelled him as the price of her fair looks, to write a certain portion of his poem every month. Ariosto observed me and smiled.

Our conversation turned to poetical subjects, and I had the happiness of learning from Ariosto, many curious particulars concerning the history and state of romantic verse in Italy. He also talked of the poets to whom Ferrara had given birth, particularly of Tito Vespasiano Strozzi, and his more illustrious son Ercole Strozzi. They are of the celebrated Florentine family of the same name. "The poems of the father," said Ariosto, "are gallant, serious, and satirical, and are remarkable for elegance of diction. The poems of the son, which Aldo printed in the year 1513, with those of the father, are written in pure Latinity, and display as much sensibility of soul, as vivacity of genius. These poets enjoyed much of the patronage of the dukes of Este. I followed the remains of Ercole to his tomb, in the church of Santa Maria del Vado. Like his

other poetical friends, I paid the meed of mournful verse, but I have not dared to say, that a rival in a woman's love assassinated him; much less to hint the name of the murderer, or call upon retributive justice. There is but one family in Ferrara," concluded Ariosto, with great seriousness of manner, "which has power to silence the laws!" (50) And then resuming his gay mood, he said, "But I shall talk no more of the Ferrarese poets. It is an inexhaustible subject. You know that a satirical writer has remarked that poets are as plentiful in the city, as frogs in the territory of Ferrara. They (the poets) are as troublesome to me as the Latin versifiers of the fourteenth century were to Petrarca."

We then partook of the poet's simple fare. No man is so little of an epicurean as Ariosto. Turnips are his favorite dish. He is fit to have lived in those ages, when acorns furnished a feast. (51) I was happy that he did not fall into one of his absent fits during supper. On the occasion of a visit from a Ferrarese gentleman, a few days before, a slight refection was provided, but the poet, forgetting that a stranger was in the room, consumed all the repast. "Water," said Ariosto to me, "is purer than my wine. I leave choice Falernian to the fat monk, who, while the people are waiting in the church for an ex-

position of the doctrine of fasting, is drinking in his study, and who, redder than a lobster, mounts the pulpit, and calls upon heaven to consume with its fires, such and such of his fraternity, for storing their cellars with the richest wines, and for absconding from the convent to devour, in a retired cottage, pigeons and capons, as large as those which he has just been eating in his cell." (52)

We did not leave Ariosto's house till the evening. On saluting each other at the door, the poet directed my attention to an inscription over the portal, which I had not observed in the morning. It is finely expressive of his honest independence, and his indignation against the Ferrarese princes. (53)

Parva, sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non
Sordida, parta meo sed tamen ære domus. (54)

Before I offer a few general remarks on the great poem of Ariosto, I must not pass unnoticed the Italian works on romantic fiction that preceded it. Two of the languages of modern Europe, that sprang from the union of debased Latinity, and the dialects of the northern conquerors, are the French Romance, and the Provençal Romance; the former being the dialect

on the north of the Loire, and used by the Trouveurs or French reciters of tales of chivalry, and the latter being the vernacular idiom on the south of the same river, and the vehicle of the Troubadour poetry. The name of the language was given to every description of literature; but in time, when tales of chivalry were the most popular subjects, and, in order to be read, were written in the common dialect, the word romance was appropriated to fictitious narratives. The Theseida and the Filostrato of Boccaccio were favourites; but of all the various topics which admitted of poetical colouring, the exploits of Charlemagne and his Paladins were most fondly cherished, both by the Italians and the French. The cause of this popularity consisted in their conformity with chivalric principles: chivalry being an institution of religion and war; and the part of Charlemagne's history whereon the romances were founded, being his contest with the enemies of the Christian name. The poetry of the wandering bards of France, and the romances of Spain, were the themes on which the Italian muse expatiated. But the chief store of matter, and the principal origin of romantic fiction regarding Charlemagne and his Paladins, in their adventures in Spain and southern France, is generally said to be the work called Turpin's

History of Charlemagne. The real author is not known. Whether it was first written in Latin or French is a point of doubt: nor is the time of its composition perfectly settled. The early part of the twelfth century appears the most probable æra. To this work Boiardo, Ariosto, and other writers appeal, as their authority. But the critical reader, who refers to the chronicle, can find in it few of the rich enchantments of romantic poetry. These references were only made in compliance with the popular notion, that the objects of romance were both instruction and amusement, and that history should be the foundation of poetry. Perhaps the earliest Italian romance is that which is called I Reali di Francia, which recounts the warlike and amatory adventures of Charlemagne and his Paladins. The author is unknown. It was written, probably, at the close of the thirteenth century; but whether originally in Latin or Italian is doubtful. La Spagna is a wretched poetical romance, on the subject of Charlemagne's expedition into Spain; and the defeat of his advanced guard at Roncesvalles. The author was one Zinabi of Florence. Another romance relating to the time of Charlemagne, is La Regina Anchroia; and, if I may adopt the judgments of others, for I have read none of these primitive productions of Italian epic,

it is still more tedious than La Spagna. There is also a poetical romance written by a Tuscan, or Florentine, on the subject of Buovo d'Antona, a hero of chivalry, who fought and loved prior to the days of Charlemagne. These works constituted much of the popular literature of Italy, during the fourteenth and part of the fifteenth centuries; but they are not read in the present day, except by such persons as have leisure to explore the curiosities of the intellectual world; and to them it is delightful to trace many of the beauties of Ariosto to their source, and to observe the embellishments with which he has invested the rude conceptions of his predecessors. All the romances which I have mentioned were superseded in reputation by the Morgante Maggiore of Lodovico Pulci, the friend of Lorenzo de' Medici. He is called, indeed, the Ennius of Italy. The topics of the poem are the wars and adventures of Charlemagne's Paladins, which the envy of Ganellon, the minister of the emperor, gave rise to; and the nominal hero, Morgante, is a giant, subdued and converted to Christianity by Orlando, and who serves as his friend and esquire during some of his expeditions against the Moors. Like the rest of the early writers of the romantic epopée, Pulci commences many of his cantos with quotations from Scripture; he

invokes most sacred names in the midst of his descriptions of follies and indecencies; and introduces prayers and Scriptural phrases in places little analagous to such solemnities; among extravagant, and even licentious tales. Pulci is a fine painter of manners. Poignant satire and arch simplicity are not the only features of the Morgante Maggiore. The strain is sometimes lofty and sublime. But wit, perhaps, is the most prevailing intellectual quality in the work; and from that circumstance, and want of acquaintance with the gay, good-humoured spirit of chivalry, many critics have erroneously called the Morgante Maggiore a burlesque poem.

The next poem which I shall mention is, the

ORLANDO INNAMORATO

Of Matteo Maria Boiardo. The author was born in a castle near Reggio, in Lombardy, about the year 1434. He studied in the University of Ferrara, and remained almost all his life attached to the courts of the Ferrarese dukes. He died in the year 1494. He was one of the most learned and ingenious men of a very intellectual age, and he gave his country a poem, wherein the marvels of fairy worlds are displayed, if not with the luxuriousness of beauty, yet with

astonishing stateliness and magnificence. Until I read Ariosto, I conceived that Boiardo had exhausted the world of invention; so numerous are the characters in the Orlando Innamorato, so varied the circumstances, so rich the mantle of embellishment. His good sense and piety made him avoid the example of his poetical predecessors, in introducing Scriptural phrases on low or trivial occasions. He is sometimes grand and sublime; but he lived in a court where gallantry dictated manners; and his subject, both as he conceived it, and as his readers expected to find it, tended more to love than heroism. There is in the Orlando Innamorato, as in every other poem, a maze of romantic adventures, that befel the Paladins of Charlemagne, in their wars with the Saracens. But Boiardo is the first poet that has made love the ruling passion of Orlando. Angelica, the object of his passion, does not, however, return his affection. She adores Rinaldo, who regards her with indifference. Orlando breaks the ties of friendship; and forgets his love of fame, and, indeed, all his chivalric qualities and desires, except his religion; for, in perfect harmony with the principle, that God and the ladies should possess, in divided sovereignty, the heart of a true knight, Orlando is as zealous in converting the heathens as in adoring Angelica.

Next in historical order, and first in respect of merit, of the romantic poems, is the

ORLANDO FURIOSO

Of Ariosto. The first edition, in forty cantos, was printed at Ferrara, in 1516. The second impression appeared in the same city, in 1521. Two editions were printed in 1524, one at Milan, and the other at Venice. The fifth impression was published at Florence, in the year 1528; but as the editions printed at Milan, Venice, and Florence, were not revised by the author, they were, in despite of professions of accuracy on the title pages, exceedingly incorrect; and, therefore, in the same year, 1528, the first edition was reprinted at Ferrara, under the eye of the author himself. Ariosto extended his work to forty-six cantos, and published it in the month of October, 1532. The typographical execution of this edition is wretched, though the poet assiduously corrected the sheets. He intended to repair these errors in a new edition; but he died in the following year, leaving the work imperfect. These bibliographical details are of some interest; for they not only evince the degree of public favour which the poem met with, but they must

be set in opposition to the common story, that during the sixteen years interval of the first and last editions of the Orlando Furioso, the author was daily engaged in the revision of it. The Ferrara edition of the poem, in the year 1528, is evidence that the author was at that time satisfied with the poem in its original state; and, therefore, the four concluding years of Ariosto's life are all the time which can be assigned to the work of revision. Some parts were re-composed with the greatest care. No man wrote with severer labour; for his quick and refined taste watched every flight of his genius. (55) He perpetually submitted his ideas to the correction of his literary friends. Other parts, however, he has left without finish. As he did not correct his poem with an impartial hand, there are many contradictions in it. He often refers to a circumstance, which, in truth, is to be found only in the early editions; forgetting that he had struck it out of that which he was then revising. More than this, very attentive readers of the Orlando have discovered that a warrior is killed in one canto, and that he is to be found in a subsequent part of the poem, in the midst of a battle, or at the feet of a mistress. (56)

Of the Orlando Furioso my notice must be very general, for the variety of its stories pre-

cludes all attempts at analysis, and its matchless beauties have often been remarked. I have already alluded to the fact, that the circumstances of the poet's life led Ariosto to the choice of a subject whereon his genius might expatiate. He wished to celebrate the origin of the house of Este. He has performed his object with great delicacy by interweaving it with the history of Orlando, the most admired subject of chivalry at Ferrara. The commencement of the poem must be sought for in the Orlando Innamorato. Neither the poem of Boiardo, nor the poem of Ariosto, is complete in itself. As the commencement of the Orlando Furioso is not the commencement of the subject, so the close of the Orlando Innamorato is imperfect. The works of Boiardo and Ariosto should not be considered as two books, but as a single poem. One thread runs through the whole, differently woven, and coloured by the different artists. (57) Adhering more to Boiardo than to the old romances, Ariosto has made Orlando the victim of love. There are few parts of the story of the Orlando Furioso that are strictly new. The author has freely borrowed from all the common stores of fictitious narratives, the romances relating to Charlemagne and his Paladins, King Arthur and the Armoric knights. But Ariosto

every where appears an original writer, because the changes which he has made in his original tales show the highest powers of invention. He has given form and character to the meagre sketches of his precursors. His genius has embellished their creations, or given life to more beautiful visions; and when he has borrowed from the classical authors any of their rich inventions, (and he is the first of the romance-writers that has drank of this source of inspiration,) he has either varied with masterly power some features of their images, or has so nobly developed their beauties, that there is no appearance of adoption or translation. The Orlando Furioso is the richest and most magnificent of the poems of chivalry. The author commands, with the potent skill of a magician, all the marvels of Oriental sorcery that form the graceful colouring of the Spanish and French romances, which Ariosto had diligently read. Wit, elegance, pathos, satire, comedy, simplicity, the terrific and the sublime, the classic and the historic pages, the authentic annals and the fairy tale, all contribute their stores equally for the events that prevent the marriage of Ruggiero and Bradamante, who are the ancestors of the Este family, for the wars of Agramant, the Musselman chief, with Charlemagne, and for the misery and mad-

ness of Orlando on account of the beautiful Angelica bestowing her affections upon Medoro, and not upon himself. The valour of the cavaliers, and the tenderness, true feminine fortitude, and energy of the ladies of chivalry, are described in the most glowing colours. No author paints with more vividness and brilliancy than Ariosto. The interest of the reader is perpetually alert, for it is impossible to foresee the progress of the story.

But to enjoy the Orlando Furioso, we must associate with the poem a long train of chivalric recollections. We must imagine a lofty hall enriched with the trophies of war, where the minstrel roused the courage or softened into love or pity the hearts of knights and ladies, by singing the wars and loves of times which poetry has rendered bright and golden. Then the lively conversational style which pervades the greatest part of the Orlando Furioso, will appear brilliant, elegant, and harmonious, and the variety and quick transition of circumstances in the poem will seem the natural flights of genius roving over boundless worlds of fiction, and bearing away the feelings of the enraptured auditors.

I shall say little on the defects of the Orlando Furioso; on the author's preserving his comic

mask in improper places, on his vulgar and mean phrases in serious parts, and many other inaccuracies of style. If the poem be censured for its voluptuousness, let it be praised for the delicacy of every point of honour that it inculcates. It must be confessed that Ariosto's digressions respecting the origin and history of the family of Este are exceedingly wearisome. The poet has made some noble attempts to illustrate that family, but their real insignificance appears only more contemptible through the cumbrous load of ornament.

ORLANDO INNAMORATO RIFORMATO.

The great fault of the Orlando Innamorato is the tone of seriousness that pervades the poem. Boiardo used the gravity of an historian, instead of a novelist's elegance, in painting the fables of knight errantry and fairy land. His work was not much read, for its merits were not displayed in a captivating form. The union of elegance and genius in the Orlando Furioso gave rise to the wish that a more agreeable air might be cast over the Orlando Innamorato. The task was undertaken by Francesco Berni. He has made a complete reformation of the style, and his work

is justly called the Orlando Innamorato Riformato. He has followed his original, canto for canto, and almost stanza for stanza. The colouring is entirely changed. Berni has dipped his pencil amidst the bright carnations and lucid demi-tints of Ariosto. The prosaic, provincial, and rugged expressions of Boiardo have given place to a style lively, brilliant, harmonious, and poetical. From his own stores of wit and humour, Berni has relieved the dullness of the original. Professional critics objected to this mode of re-dressing a poem, because there are few examples in the history of Parnassus to justify it. The common sense and feeling of the world have, however, loudly applauded Berni. But for him, Boiardo's work would only have reposed in the cabinets of the curious. It is now in the hands of all the world. Its reputation is next to that of the Orlando Furioso.

BENTIVOGLIO.

A FEW evenings after my visit to Ariosto, I met him in the great square of the palace. He was walking with a young man of noble air and animated countenance, who, I learnt from the ducal domestics, was Ercole Bentivoglio, of the

family that once reigned over Bologna. I mixed with the crowd of courtiers, till I saw that Ariosto was alone. I then joined him. "You ought," said he, "to have come to me before. Bentivoglio is a man whom you must admire. He has an elegant mind. His comedies called Il Geloso and S. Fantasmi have gained him great credit in Ferrara. He has several satires in his portfolio, which, when published, will, I am sure, be highly esteemed by the Italians for their polished style and harmonious versification. These excellencies," continued Ariosto, "are much more thought of by a people whose language is musical than by other nations. But he ought to attempt any species of poetry rather than satire, for he has no bitterness of spirit to give force and effect to declamation against vice. When he is old, he may, perhaps, like men who have outlived their pleasures, atone for past gallantries by great external piety. Let me say in his praise that I have never heard him repine at the reverse of fortune. His family were, for a century, masters of Bologna, and Ercole was born in the very year (1506) when Julius II. fixed the papal yoke upon that city. He never betrays his envy of the wealthy and powerful by making humble life the only seat of happiness, but he says, with truth and can-

dour, that, though he does not, like Duke Alfonso, dwell in a beautiful palace, with noble colonnades and richly furnished apartments, cares and painful thoughts do not cease to assail him by day and night in his own modest dwelling." (58)

BRASAVOLA.

Next to Bologna, Ferrara, it is generally thought, is the most celebrated city in Italy for medical knowledge. Antonio Musa Brasavola was the physician when I was in the city, who had the greatest reputation for power over simples. He was a prodigy of learning. At the age of twenty he had publicly supported in more than one university a thesis of an hundred propositions on subjects of theology, philosophy, mathematics, astronomy, medicine, and general literature. He was more favored by royal patronage than any other physician of his time. He was the friend as well as the physician of the dukes of Ferrara, and Pope Paul III., and the emperor Charles V. consulted him always on important cases. Francis I. of France allowed him to add the fleur de lis to his coat of arms, and named him a knight of the order of St. Michael, the most distinguished order in France.

CALVI.

I MIGHT have mentioned Marco Fabio Calvi in my observations at Rome; but, as he was a Ferrarese by birth and education, I may with at least equal propriety notice him here. He was an unaffectedly singular man. He hated applause and riches as much as most men covet them. He gave to his relations and friends the greatest part of any pension which Leo or any other sovereign forced upon him. His diet was entirely vegetable, and he travelled about in a little box, which used aptly enough to be called the tun of Diogenes. So elegant was his mind, and so critical was his judgment, that the great Rafaello perpetually consulted him on matters of taste. The divine artist loved the rough old man as his tutor and father, and performed all the kindly offices for him which his stoical mind would receive. Calvi was at Rome during the sacking of the city by the soldiers of the constable Bourbon. A ransom was fixed which he was unable to pay, and the friend of Rafaello died at a very advanced age, in an hospital, of fatigue and hunger, drawing consolation from the thought that his translation of Hippocrates, the great work of his life, had been published a few days before his final calamity. (59)

LEONICINO.

FERRARA yet rang with the fame of Niccolo Leonicino, who died in the year 1524, at the astonishing age of ninety-six. He had often lectured on medicine at Padua and Ferrara. He wrote more than he practised, observing with no small affectation, that he served the public better in teaching physicians than in visiting patients. He translated part of Hippocrates into Latin, and when he was old he began a version of Galen. He was a man of great and original genius, who denied the omnipotence of authority. He decided impartially upon the merits of the ancients, particularly Pliny and Avicenna. He censures the former for his want of exactness in extracting from the works of his predecessors, and of his inattention to nature. He overthrew the despotism of the Arabs. 'These men, he says with great truth and boldness, do not know the plants of which they speak: they steal their descriptions from preceding writers, and they often translate ill. The letter of Leonicino to Angelo Poliziano on the errors of Pliny and others, is an everlasting monument of his sagacity, impartiality, and spirit of reformation. (69)

GIRALDI.

I VISITED the celebrated mythologist, Giglio Gregorio Giraldi. He received me with the warmth of old friendship, for he recollected me as a youth at Rome. I remember frequently to have seen him in the library of the Vatican, engaged with the most intense anxiety in deciphering a half-moulded manuscript; but his eyes and complexion bore testimony that he had been occupied the night before with equal enthusiasm in the pleasures of the table. He used often to notice me as a friend of Leo, and as a descendant of one of those nations of antiquity whose history he was elucidating. He was now confined to his bed with the gout. He talked of his health and his books. His family he said were noble but poor, and left him a corporeal disease, and not an estate, as his inheritance. "The gout," he added, jocosely, "is my only title to nobility. I don't think that the course of life called temperance would have saved me from its inflictions; but, as I used to find my honours extremely distressing in the gay society of Rome and Naples, I was obliged to quit the south of Italy." His bed was covered with books, and, perhaps, it was a fortunate circum-

stance for his literary reputation that the sufferings of his body compelled him to take refuge in the occupations of learning. He was just then putting the last touches to his seventeen dissertations on the Heathen Gods. Giraldi is the first writer after Boccaccio who has treated on classical mythology. He excelled his illustrious predecessor, for the sources of learning are more abundant in the sixteenth, than they were in the fourteenth, century. Giraldi gave me copies of most of his treatises on antiquity and erudition. His Progrygnasma is an effusion of wit on the dangers of education and the evils of knowledge. His history of ancient and modern poets is both learned and critical. Celio Calcagnini, the professor of belles lettres in the university of Padua, now entered Giraldi's room, and I took my leave. Celio is the author of various publications on many branches of literature, and in one of his treatises on astronomy he has revived the Orphic doctrine that the earth moves round the sun. The band of union between him and Giraldi is the love of antiquities. Celio has written upon the remains of Egypt, but he has gained most reputation by his dissertations upon the different subjects of the navy, the legislation and the amusements of the ancients.(61)

PAINTING.

Ferrara is not, like Milan, Rome, or Florence, eminent for a school of painting. It cannot boast a Lionardo da Vinci, a Rafaello, or a Michelangiolo. There is, however, much for a stranger to admire. I beheld with great pleasure the works of Ercole Grandi. That artist is the pupil of Lodovico Costa, whom I have mentioned in my account of the Bolognese school; and according to the best opinions he excelled his master. But his attachment to Costa, his dislike of rivalry, and his own diffidence, prevented the full developement of his talents. Some of Ercole's paintings are, in respect of genial tints and harmony, equal to any works of Piero Perugino and Mantegna. As he finished his works most exquisitely, and died at the age of forty (A.D. 1521), it is not wonderful that we have only a few specimens of his genius.

Tiziano painted his celebrated Tribute Money in oil, and many frescoes at Ferrara. Pellegrino da S. Danielle, a pupil of Giovanni Bellini, has several paintings of great merit. Among the brightest ornaments of the Ferrarese school of art, are two brothers, named Dosso Dossi, and

Giovanni Batista Dossi. A village named Dosso, near Ferrara, gave them birth. They studied painting under Costa, and then spent six years amidst the pictorial glories of Rome and Venice. Though the talents of the two brothers were essentially different, yet the most ferocious jealousy sundered the bands of relationship. Tiziano himself was not superior to Giovanni Batista in the delineation of landscapes. Ariosto has not only employed Dosso to paint his portrait, and the arguments for the Furioso, but has given immortality to the brothers by commending them in his poem. Such praise proceeded from the mind, as well as from the heart. The head of St. John at Patmos, in the church a' Lateranensi, in Ferrara, by Dosso Dossi, is among the finest paintings I have ever seen for power of expression. I saw his picture of Christ among the Doctors, which he intended for a church at Faenza. The natural disposition of the figures, and the variety of the heads and garments, are of the highest merit. Some of his pictures are gay and brilliant, and exquisitely finished. He could paint Holy Families with the grace of Rafaello, the colouring of Tiziano and the chiaroscuro of Corregio. He retains more of the antique than those masters; but his composition, his draperies, and his various and harmonious colouring, are his own.

The most eminent scholar and assistant of the Dossi is Giovanni Francesco Surchi, called Dielai. He can draw easy graceful figures, and their flowing draperies, as well as one brother, and paint ornaments as well as the other. In strength of colour and energy of chiaroscuro, he even surpasses his masters, and, as is common with young men, he does not set a proper line of demarcation, but pushes their maxims too far, and is thus often crude and dissonant.

Benvenuto Ortalano may be called a master of the Ferrarese school, because he introduced into it the principles and manner of Rafaello. He added to it a certain soberness of appearance, and this style has many followers. Still more excellent is Benvenuto Tisi Garofolo, also a diligent student of Rafaello. In the church of San Francesco, are his Massacre of the Innocents, the Resurrection of Lazarus, and the Seizure of Christ; works of admirable composition, expression, and nature. His paintings in fresco and oil abound in Ferrara, and are so fine as to be alone sufficient ornaments of any city. Girolamo da Carpi is observable not so much as a scholar of Benvenuto, for he soon lost his scholastic mode, but as being a great admirer and copyist of Corregio and Parmigiano. Of the works of the former he could make such perfect copies,

the connection between the mind and the hand seemed so direct, that the best judges have been deceived. (62)

ITALIAN DRAMA.

"I was fortunate in being at Ferrara at the time of some theatrical representations, which the Duke Alfonso gave, in compliment to the foreign ministers at his court. The theatre stood in a large open space of the palace. It was made only of wood, and was so simple in construction, as to have cost but a thousand crowns. Its form was semi-elliptical; and, like the Roman theatre, it had its scena, pulpitum, orchestra, spectatorium, and porticus. Ariosto furnished the design of the building. I saw his four comedies, la Cassaria, i Suppositi, il Negromante, and la Lena, represented in four successive mornings. Other favourite pieces were Italian translations of the Menechme of Plautus, the Amphytrion of the same author, and the Eunuchus of Terence. The translation of the Menechme was the work of the duke himself. The young gentlemen and ladies of the court were the performers, and a son of the Duke Alfonso did not disdain to deliver the prologue to the Lena of Ariosto. I chanced to express some surprise at the high rank of the performers, but my friend appealed to general cus-

tom, and added that a few years ago, at Florence, Alessandra, the daughter of Bartolomeo Scala, played in the Electra of Sophocles. The famous Angelo Poliziano, at that time her lover, wrote a Greek epigram in honour of her performance. He says that the language of Athens is doubly harmonious when expressed by Tuscan lips; he compliments her for identifying herself with the character; and wishes that he were Orestes, when she clasps him to her bosom. The lady married, however, Michael Marullus Tarchaniota, an expatriated Greek. At Ferrara, there were moveable scenes when comedies were acted; but on the representation of the Sofonisba of Trissino, or of any other tragedy, there was no change. The chord of the semi-elliptic was cut by three streets; the middle one presented palaces, obelisks, and other public buildings in perspective; and the other two were representations of ordinary houses. Statues and bassi relievi ornamented the façade of the scena. The scenery was extremely beautiful, and no wonder, for it was painted by the best artists of Ferrara. The application of the finest talents to scenic decorations is common over all Italy; and I remember how highly Baldasare Peruzzi was commended at Rome, in the time of Leo X., for the scenery which he painted for the Calandro of

the Cardinal Bibbiena. The chorus of the stage at Ferrara consisted of fifteen persons. Fourteen of them were ranged in two rows, and the coryphæus stood before the whole. Their place was on the stage, and they either sat or stood, agreeably to the directions of the tragic author. Their singing was accompanied by appropriate gestures. (63)

I beheld these theatrical exhibitions at Ferrara with great interest, because Italy was the first country in Europe that cultivated true dramatic literature. Albertino Mussato who flourished at Padua at the close of the thirteenth century, wrote a few tragedies in the Latin language, composed expressly on Seneca's model. They were the earliest attempts of Italian genius at dramatic literature, distinct from the mysteries. They are cold and feeble, and are only known to those who have searched into the curiosities of learning. One of them is founded upon the story of Ezzelino, the tyrant of Padua, a fine subject for the tragic muse. The play is an invitation to the Italians (which they have always most carefully declined), to dramatize their own eventful history, and not to account the imitation of the Greek tragedy as the perfection of art. Each play of Mussato is distributed into five acts, with a chorus to narrate and moralize;

but the poems have more an epic than a dramatic cast. Mussato's example had not much influence on the taste of the age. The passion of our Saviour, the resurrection, and other scriptural subjects were still the favorite dramatic entertainments. Many days were occupied in representing the life either of Christ or of a Saint. The place of representation was the church, and the actors were the priests. No one thought that amusement was an improper vehicle of instruction, nor was it necessary to defend sacred dramas by the Grecian example of making theatrical entertainments part of religious ceremonies. As there never had been a cessation of political or commercial intercourse between Italy and Greece, and as in Constantinople the plays of Eschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, were constantly acted, the Venetians and other traders from Italy, might, on their return home from their voyages to the Levant, have brought with them the Grecian amusements. But in endeavouring to settle the origin of any practice, it is safer in the absence of complete evidence to rest upon principles of human nature, rather than upon any supposed connections or imitations. No people, however rude or unconnected with other nations, but have given form and appearance to passions and events. Dancing, music,

action, and recitation, singly or united, have been the modes of imitation. Interesting as the stories contained in the Bible were to the early Christians; yet, the mere reading of them left but a faint impression on the mind, when compared with the effect of the eye being addressed as well as the ear. They were, therefore, made the subject of scenic representation. Scriptural events were almost the only subjects dramatized, for they constituted by far the greatest part of popular knowledge among Christians. The Legends of Saints were the next subject of exhibition. The closer the resemblance between the representation and the circumstances of the story, the greater was the pleasure of the spectator. A selection of circumstances would have been thought a violation of truth, as the rude principle of the drama was the giving of life and action to the page of the historian. There was no more levity or impiety intended in these theatrical exhibitions than in the common practice of regarding Heathen mythology as the type of Christian mysteries. Who were the first actors of the *mysteries*, as the dramatic representations of scriptural subjects were called, cannot now be known; for some ages, however, they have been the inferior clergy, partly because until lately they were the only persons in a country capable of any employment that was not mechanical, and partly from the desire of

the monks to lead the world in all the various subjects of human interest.

The first improvement on the mysteries was the personification of those virtues and vices which caused or influenced the actions of the several parties to a tale. Dialogue was then necessarily invented, and the principle of inviolable fidelity to the narrative was abandoned. When the Heathen mythology began to be studied, the gods and goddesses of the Pagan world were brought upon the stage, and on occasion of a festival given in honor of the marriage of distinguished persons, some man that had a reputation for genius wrote a piece of allegorical poetry suitable to the subject, and artists invented the machinery and painted scenes. Painting, statuary, and architecture, were the handmaids of poetry. The theatrical performances took place in the halls or courts of palaces; but, on great occasions, by the judicious distribution of statues, scenes, and other ornaments, the grand square of one city was made to resemble that of another, and the Popes on visits to Florence found themselves, as it were, still in Rome. The performers in these elegant and fanciful amusements were either the nobility of both sexes, or the students at the academies or universities. With respect to this connection between places of education and the stage, it is

to be observed, that as academical institutions were formed on the monastic plan, they easily received the amusements as well as the discipline of the cloister. In some towns there were particular associations of young men of family and talents for the purpose of dramatic representations. The season of the Carnival was a favorite time for the display of dramatic genius. Piero di Cosmo, the master of Andrea del Sarto, was an admirable director of the masques on these occasions. Granaccio, a painter, was the great machinist during the Carnivals of Lorenzo. In the fifteenth century, when the cultivation of classical learning was the first and chiefest literary occupation of Italy, many imitations of Greek tragedy, as well as of every other part of the classical writings, appeared. Pomponio Leto, too, introduced the comedies of Terence and Plautus upon the stage, and the Cardinals Pietro and Rafaello Riario, nephews of Sixtus IV., liberally discharged the costs of the representations. But these entertainments were not strictly national. The earliest dramatic composition in the vernacular language is traced to Angelo Poliziano. His pastoral drama, called the Favola di Orfeo, is the first theatrical representation in the Italian language that differs from those pious absurdities, the mysteries. It was acted for the first time at the court of Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua,

in 1488. There is not much merit in the piece, for the author was at that time only eighteen years old, and he wrote his drama in two days, amidst the gaiety and distraction of public fêtes. The dukes of Ferrara not only patronized the representation of some Italian translations of the comedies of Plautus, but encouraged Nicolao da Correggio, Pandolfo Collenuccio, and Antonio da Pistoia, to write tragedies in the vernacular idiom on religious and historical subjects. But these efforts at dramatic poetry produced such feeble results, that not one of the authors is considered as the father of the modern stage. The honor of that title was reserved for Trissino, a gentleman of Vicenza, who, on the occasion of his wife's death, thinking that new employment and absence from accustomed local associations were the best intellectual medicines, travelled to Rome, and wrote a tragedy. He dedicated the fruit of his muse to Leo X (A. D. 1515), and I never could learn what were the circumstances that changed the Pope's purpose of having it represented with the magnificence that distinguished all his exhibitions. Trissino took for his subject the history of Sophonisba, as recorded by Livy. He has occasionally altered the narrative with due attention to dramatic propriety, and, upon the whole,

the story is well and naturally conducted; but the characters are only adumbrated from those on the Greek theatre, for Trissino was a servile imitator of the ancients. The style of the language is that of ordinary life, except, indeed, the chorus', which afford beautiful instances of Lyric poetry. It is a very difficult matter, however, to admire a chorus of women who are always upon the stage, and who do not leave it even when the enemy's soldiers are entering the town as conquerors.

Another poet who paid some honors to the tragic muse, was Giovanni Rucellai. He was a Florentine of a noble family; his mother was Nannina de' Medici, a sister of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and his father was Bernardo Rucellai, a man that divided his mind between the republic and letters, who was sometimes Gonfaloniere of the state, and who, on the death of Lorenzo, protected the Platonic academy, and built, as I have before mentioned, a magnificent palace with gardens, in the via della Scala, near Florence, which he appropriated to philosophical converse. Giovanni Rucellai was the friend of Trissino, and the friendship was cemented by similarity of studies. Both were admirers of the Greek tragedy. Their style is different. Rucellai, thinking that Trissino's language was cold

and ineffective, has, accordingly, soared as high as his genius would carry him into the regions of fancy. His chorus are even more beautiful than those of Trissino, but much of his other poetry is incumbered with ornament. There is no gradual developement of the passions, no insight into the causes of events in the plays of Rucellai. Narration, too, usurps the place of action, and though we admire the poetry of his chorus', we often complain of the tediousness of the expression of some common philosophical sentiment, and of the long interruption to the story of the piece. In the course of a journey to Bologna, Leo X. rested at Florence; and Rucellai, as a part of a magnificent festival given in honor of his Holiness, represented his tragedy of Rosamond. It is an imitation of the Antigone of Sophocles. He gave to the world another play called Orestes, founded on the Iphigenia of Euripides; but the Italian has not deepened the pathos of the Greek.

Other writers, also, copied nature at second hand. Lodovico Martelli, Lodovico Alamanni, and Lodovico Dolce, exercised their minds upon the Grecian model. Alamanni, in particular, was as great an idolater of Sophocles as Rucellai was of Euripides. Sperone Speroni, a Paduan, of various erudition, tried, but not with much

success, the history of the incestuous loves of Macareus and Canace, a dreadful tale, which had powerfully attracted the strong fancies of Greek and Roman writers, and the enthusiastic minds of the early European poets. Giraldi Cinthio, a gentleman of Ferrara, and whom I shall again notice as a celebrated novelist, trod a new path of dramatic literature. He carried his romantic genius to the stage, and produced nine tragedies. Their plots are wild, terrible, and extravagant; the characters are sometimes natural, but frequently monstrous; and the language is a mixture of the pathetic and the ludicrously sentimental, the vigorous and the inflated.

The infamous Pietro Aretino wrote a tragedy on the subject of the Horatii and Curatii. It was printed in the year 1546. His plan is largely conceived, and the execution is, in general, so good, that Aretino has been often regarded as the father of historical tragedy. It is singular that the play has never been acted. Aretino gave some looks upon nature, avoiding the dryness of the Greeks and the exuberance of the romantic writers. He rejected the chorus, but with astonishing absurdity he has brought one or other of the virtues upon the stage at the end of every act to recite common-place moralities.

On my return to Rome I found that a great change was in progress in the character of Italian tragedy. A play called the Soldato, by Angelo Leonico, was then in high reputation. It was, perhaps, the first play wherein the buskined pomp of the Greek and Roman stage was abandoned for the more pathetic scenes of domestic life. But, altogether, I cannot congratulate the Italians on their success in dramatic literature. They revived and invented many species of poetry, but they are not entitled to the dramatic crown. Their plays are but pedantic imitations of the Greek tragedies. They possess the faults, but few of the excellencies, of their model. However beautiful may occasionally be the moral discourses, and their narrative and descriptive poetry, such beauties please not on the stage, because they are inappropriate. No Italian tragic writer is master of the passions; the plays, therefore, are not copies of nature. At the best, they are but sketches and glimpses of life. They inspire no curiosity, for the dramatic action is feeble; and there is no illusion, for the author is never lost sight of in the declamations and descriptions which he puts into the mouth of his actors. (64)

The dramatic entertainments of Italy in the middle ages were the mysteries, and the amuse-

ments of the ancient stage in its debased state. The mime of the Greek and Roman theatre was formed from the chorus, and consisted of extemporaneous singing, dancing, and gesticulation. The pantomime proceeded from the mime, and dancing and gesticulation were its only qualities. These entertainments might, with propriety, represent the serious or the ludicrous scenes of life. Comedy was generally the favourite. If this history be questioned, it may be said that the extempore comedy of the Italians is the legitimate descendant of the Fabulæ Atellanæ of the Romans, and adopted by that people from the Osci, who were some of the original inhabitants of Italy. The essence of these entertainments consisted in the circumstance that each actor uttered extempore wit, in the dialect and according to the character of some particular province. Confusion and equivoque were unavoidably consequent on this mixture of persons. These actors continued in regular succession through all the dark ages, and now, as formerly, each actor has his established character, and exhibits the peculiarities in morals and manners of some city or state. Arlechino is a blundering servant of Bergamo; Pantalone, a Venetian merchant; Dottore, a Bolognese physician; Spaviento, a Neapolitan

braggadocio; Gelsomino, a Roman coxcomb; and Coviello and Giangurgolo, two clowns of Calabria. These personifications give one a glimpse of national manners. Every actor has his established dress and mask. The pieces represented are called Commedied ell' Arte. A plot or rude outline of circumstances is furnished to the actors, and they supply the dialogue.

A regular form and shape were given to the mime at a period when the entertainment ought to have died away; namely, at the revival of regular comedy. Flaminio Scala, master of a celebrated company of itinerant actors, wrote the plan and the details of his pieces. The morals of the theatre received some amendment when the celebrated Charles Borromeo, archbishop of Milan, established the office of dramatic censor. The mime and the pantomime, however, have gradually given place to more rational amusements. The Academy de Rozzi, at Sienna, a society of admirers of poetry, wrote and acted plays in which they employed the popular dialect and wit of their country. This academy was at the height of its celebrity in the pontificate of Leo X., but the Italians consider their performances merely as dramatic essays.

Petrarca says (Epist. Tom. vii. 16.) that he wrote a comedy, and called it Filologia. Other

illustrious men of former times courted the acquaintance of the comic muse, but their works have disappeared, and it cannot be known whether they were genuine comedies. The Italians generally regard the celebrated Matteo Maria Boiardo, as the author of the first perfect comedy. It is called Il Timone. The story is taken from Lucian. The play is written in terza rima, and is divided into five acts. Ercole, Duke of Ferrara, incited Boiardo to the composition of it. The next comic writer was the Cardinal Bibbiena. The Calandro is the name of his comedy. It has often been acted at the court of the duke of Urbino. In the pontificate of Leo it was represented before his Holiness, and the general magnificence can be supposed from the single circumstance already stated by me, that the famous painter, Baldassare Peruzzi, furnished the scenic decorations. The play is written in prose, and in such elegant Italian that the most accurate philologists among the Florentines admire the style. The story consists of the adventures, principally amatory, of a twin brother and sister, of such perfect resemblance when clothed alike, as to be continually mistaken one for the other. The immorality of the piece is shocking. The dialogue is a mixture of elegance and grossness, wit and puns.

It is astonishing that Popes and Cardinals, Kings and Queens, could witness the representation of it. That lively painter of manners, Ariosto, would have been an excellent comic writer, had he consulted his own genius, and not shackled himself by the rules of other authors. He completed four comedies at different parts of his life, and left a fifth imperfect. His first comedy, the Cassaria, disputes with the Calandro of Bibbiena for priority of invention. He was an imitator of the Roman authors, and has, therefore, brought on the stage the parasites, slaves, and nurses of Plautus and Terence. His stories are exceedingly involved, the grave and solid virtues are ridiculed, while licentiousness and fraud are triumphant. He satirizes all those classes of society, upon which calumny generally fastens itself. The dialogue is fluent and full of wit. The author is generally animated, and his warmth is imparted to his auditors; but, as most of his story is recited and not acted, the audience feel very little interest about the matter. The infamous Aretino wrote five comedies, called Il Marescalca, L' Ippocrito, Il Filosofo, La Cortigiana, and La Talanta. They were exactly of that description which might be expected from a man of his humour and profligacy. I could not, without offending delicacy, analize

the plays of Aretino, or any other comedies that appeared before, or during my residence in Italy. Tragedy presents human nature in her grand and general forms. Comedy is generally a picture of contemporary manners; and, as Lodovico Dolce, a poet and writer of plays at the commencement of the present century, says, to paint the manners of his times it is necessary that both words and actions should be licentious, for licentiousness in thought and deed is universal.

The celebrity of the author induces me to mention the Mandragola and the Clizia of Machiavelli. The genius of the Florentine secretary sometimes required repose, and his spirits relief from the disappointments of life. By fixing his attention on slight subjects, he endeavoured to divert his mind from painful retrospection. The story of the Mandragola cannot be detailed. Suffice it to say, that it is the history of an affair of gallantry, in which every thing lively and interesting is arrayed on the side of vice, and every thing dull and ridiculous is on the side of virtue. By means of the cunning of a monk the adventurer gains his object. The dialogue is abominably indecorous, but sparkles with point and elegance. It had often been played at Florence by the academicians and the young

gentlemen of the city, and on the accession to the pontificate of Leo X., his Holiness, who had assisted in these performances in his native city, summoned to Rome the patrician actors of the Mandragola; and this comedy, offensive as it is to religion and morals, was represented in the Vatican. The Clizia of Machiavelli is an imitation of the Casina of Plautus. It is, if possible, a greater insult to purity than the Mandragola. The great excellence of Machiavelli and Aretino, as comic writers, consisted in their showing to the world that comic situations may be found in other places than in ancient Rome, and that modern wit need not be altogether an adumbration of the sayings of Terence and Plautus. Grazzini, or Lasca, the celebrated Florentine, is another original comic author. His plays are admirable satires on the pedants and Petrarchists of his time. He attacks the former for their cold and stiff imitation of antiquity, and the latter for the platonic love and mysticism that render all their lyrical poetry so tedious and mannered. The comedies, like the novels of the Italians, thus were pictures of national manners.

CHAPTER IX.

VENICE.

Venice, an interesting City in her Literary Aspect. — Its Libraries. — The Piazza di S. Marco and its Amusements. — Visit to John Lascaris. — Lascaris' Communications on Literary Subjects. — Navagero. — Egnazio. — Origin and History of Printing. — Account of the Aldine Press. — Literary Characters at Venice. — Alcyonio. — Pietro Aretino. — Bernardo Tasso. — Alamanni. — Cassandra Fidelis. — Dolce.

CHAPTER IX.

VENICE.

I QUITTED Ferrara, and sailed down the branch of the Po, called the Po di Ferrara, till I reached its mouth. I next directed my course across the Adriatic, to the city of the waters. I sailed up the grand canal, passed under the Rialto, and then landed. Venice is the most splendid, and the best built city that I have seen in Italy, and, in truth, in Europe. It was the wonder of cities in Petrarca's time, and its comparative beauty is not less conspicuous now. Giovanni della Casa had described it to me as "the splendid, the happy city;" and though the expression was made by a poet, I did not find that it was exaggerated or too forcible. The houses are spacious and lofty, and, unlike those of most towns, they are built of stone.

Some of the dwellings are faced with white marble of Istria, and inlaid with beautiful pieces of porphyry and sarpentine. Within there are at least two chambers with gilt ceilings, rich marble chimney pieces, the beds of gold ornaments, the portals also golden, and every thing of corresponding beauty. (65)

A literary enquirer finds Venice more interesting than most cities of Italy. He remembers that Dante, Petrarca, and Boccaccio, occasionally resided in it; and, as on entering Florence, he recollects that Boccaccio marked the literary importance of the capital of Tuscany by bequeathing his library to it; so on entering Venice, the circumstance rises in his mind of Petrarca having, for his own honor, and the general benefit of letters, made a similar gift to that city. Venice became more enlightened as she rose in wealth, and when from private or political causes, any of my countrymen fled to the West, in no city were they received with kindlier feelings than in Venice, because in no place did the people so justly appreciate the benefits of literary communication. The forms of Greek dress, and various Greek customs that are to be met with in Venetian society, are pleasing proofs of Italian homage to my country's superiority.

Cosmo de' Medici, when banished from Florence, lived at Venice. He caused to be built, and endowed at his own expence, by the famous Florentine artist, Michelozzo, who accompanied him in his exile, a magnificent library, for the monastery of the Benedictines of S. Giorgio, and filled it with books, wishing to leave at Venice a monument of his gratitude for the noble reception which he had experienced in that city. The liberality of a stranger is also conspicuous in the church of S. Giuliano. That church has lately been rebuilt from the designs of the celebrated artist Sansovino, at the expence of the physician Tommaso, of Ravenna, who made a handsome fortune by his profession at Venice, and left this honorable testimony of his gratitude.

Let me also mention, that the celebrated Cardinal Bessarion gave a collection of Greek manuscripts, said to have cost him thirty thousand golden crowns, to the state of Venice. When I was in the city, the books were in rooms not at all suitable to their treasures: but since that time, by the order of the senate, and the care of Sansovino, a handsome building has been erected for their reception, in the piazza di S. Marco. They constitute the foundation of the public library, a rich and noble collection. (66)

I used frequently to walk among the arcades of the Piazza di S. Marco, where crowds of both sexes are continually assembled, for purposes of business, conversation, or pleasure. I am not ashamed to own, that I have often witnessed the performances of mountebanks. Those actors are of higher merit in Venice, than elsewhere in Italy. They erect their stages every morning and evening near the church of S. Marco. Some of them wear masques, like fools in plays, and the others are dressed agreeably to the characters they sustain. Music, both vocal and instrumental, is the commencement of the entertainment. During the music, the Coryphæus of the party, who is generally dressed in a black gown, opens a trunk, and displays his goods, and when the music has ceased, he harangues the audience at great length, (often speaking for more than half an hour,) and frequently with considerable eloquence, on the virtue of his drugs, oils, waters, and confections. He then sells his articles, talking all the while in jest or seriousness as his wit serves.

The most impudent mountebank was always most successful. The credulity of the people kept pace with his assurance. The man that was regarded with most devotion, used to hold a viper in his hand, play with its sting for a

quarter of an hour, and receive no hurt; assuring his audience, that the same viper was lineally descended from that very viper which leapt out of the fire on Saint Paul's hand, in the island of Malta, and did the man of God no harm. While the Coryphæus delivered out his commodities, the jester or fool played his antics, and there were various little pieces of acting, in dumb show, between the rest of the company. I have seen, at least, a thousand people witness an exhibition of this kind. The performance lasted for two hours, and when the audience, cloyed with the superfluity of the orator's conceits, offered only gazettes for what a short time before they had given ducats, the merry mountebanks removed their trinkets and stage. (67) But to resume the subject of letters and the fine arts.

As a Greek, my attention was often turned from the hum of business or pleasure of S. Marco, to contemplate the church itself. The marble columns were brought from Greece, and the mosaics which adorn it were worked by Greeks in the eleventh century. There is neither grandeur nor elegance in the church. But the Venetians are proud of it, as affording some support to the national boast, that the fine arts were patronized at Venice earlier than in any other city of Italy. I was attracted by the four

bronze horses which stand on the portico of the church that faces the piazza. Perhaps they are the work of Lysippus. But whoever was the artificer, they once adorned the city of Rome. Constantine removed them to the new seat of empire, where they remained till the commencement of the thirteenth century, when the knights of France and the nobles of Venice turned aside from their intended voyage to the Holy Land, overthrew the Greek dynasty, and sacked Constantinople. The French destroyed the remains of ancient art, but the Venetians were a more civilized nation, and the four bronze horses of the Hippodrome were removed to Venice. (68)

LASCARIS.

One of my first anxieties on arriving at Venice was to visit my old master, John Lascaris. He was there in quality of ambassador from Francis I., King of France; for, after establishing the Greek academy at Rome, he had quitted Italy and entered into the service of the French king. The mildness of his manners qualified him for the office of conciliation, yet a sort of nervous diffidence, arising from his consciousness of ignorance in worldly matters, gave him an ap-

pearance of incapacity. In the course of his embassy for Louis XII. to Venice, the Spanish ambassador told the senate to judge of the respect in which the king held them, in sending a pedant instead of a politician. But Lascaris' reputation for abilities was higher at his second visit than at the first, and the insult was not repeated. He was then nearly ninety years old, and incapable of active employment, his delight was to live in recollection. To Lascaris every Greek was dear, and I was particularly so, as my mind had been formed by his instructions. While speaking with gratitude of the noble reception which he and his lettered countrymen had met with from the princes of Italy, a smile of joy irradiated his face, that, though the political glories of Greece were sunk, yet her literary honours were reviving in a fresh spring. He boasted that a relation of his, Constantine Lascaris, who taught Greek at Milan and Messina, in the last half of the fifteenth century, had digested from the fragments of Herodian and Apollonius, the first Greek grammar ever known in the West, and that it was the first Greek book printed in Italy. It was published at Milan in 1476. Lactantius' Institutes was the first book printed in Italy with Greek quotations. It issued from the press in the monastery of Subiaco, in the year 1465.

After dwelling for a while upon these circumstances, Lascaris, recurring to the merits of the refugee Grecians, said, that he did not deny the truth of Erasmus' opinion, that Theodore Gaza of Thessalonica, who had died at Rome in 1508, at a very advanced age, was even a superior Greek grammarian to Constantine. My old master repeated to me with admiration the story that Theodore had indignantly cast into the Tiber a paltry present which Pope Sixtus IV. had given him in return for some of his immortal works. Lascaris dwelt with fond satisfaction on the service which he himself had rendered to literature, by assisting, as a corrector of the press, the elder Aldus; and that he was the first who traced from medals, and other memorials of antiquity, the real capitals of the Greek alphabet, and had directed the formation of type accordingly. On the comparative merit of the two great collections of classical literature, we, as Grecians, had but one opinion; yet I thought he was too strict in his nationality, when, after praising Plato and Homer as the princes of philosophy and poetry, he would accord no praise at all to Virgil and Tully. Lascaris was as great an exclusionist as the famous John Argyropylus, who had once been professor of the Greek Academy founded at Florence by Lorenzo de' Me-

dict. Cicero had maintained that the Greek language, though rich and copious, could not always give form and colouring to the lofty inspirations of poetry and eloquence. In reply to this censure from such high authority, Argyropylus used publicly and often to declare, that Tully knew nothing of the language and philosophy of Greece. The opinion was received with devout submission by the docile youth of Italy; but when in riper years they read the Tusculan Questions, and those other philosophical works which, to the wonder of after ages, Cicero composed in moments snatched from the business of the forum, they gladly renounced the opinion of their master, for they found Tully the surest guide to the metaphysical and theological reveries of the Greeks. (69)

GUARINO.

Lascaris acknowledged that the Italians themselves had performed much towards the advancement of Greek letters. He approved of the selection of ancient tracts on Greek grammar, which Varino, or Guarino, of Favera, in Camerino, printed at the Aldine press, in the year 1496. But his Dictionary of the Greek language, which, after many years expectation by the world, was

published in the year 1523, is a work of much higher merit. It does honor to the press of my countryman Zaccaria Calliergo.

SCIPIONE FORTIGUERRA,

Of Pistoia, is not inferior to the most learned Greeks in knowledge of Grecian literature. His books are few, but he is enshrined in the immortal works of his contemporaries. It is sufficient for me to say, that the great Erasmus has called him a man of profound erudition, and so modest withal, that unless he was rouzed to debate, no one would suppose him to be possessed of intellectual accomplishments.

VALERIANO.

Equal in merit with Fortiguerra, was Fra Urbano Valeriano Bolzanio, of Belluno. His life had been prolonged to the age of eighty, when he died at Venice, at the head of a considerable Greek academy. The Grammar of Constantine Lascaris was written in the Greek language; but Valeriano wrote one in Latin. It was published in the year 1497, and is the earliest work which we possess of that description. The author is also remarkable for having travelled on foot over Greece, Syria, the Holy Land, and Egypt.

AUGURELLI.

The mention of Urbano made my friend, Lascaris, say that in the recent death of Giovanni Aurelio Augurelli, Venice lost a director of the studies of her youth, equal in merit to any man. Augurelli was a native of Rimini, but the Paduans claimed some portion of his honour, for he had been educated in their city. His acquaintance with Greek and philosophy was unquestioned. As an author, he is known by his Latin poems. I have never read them, and I do not find that they have obtained for him much reputation. Most of them were printed by Aldo, at Venice, in 1503. That which is better known than the rest, on account of the singularity of the subject, is entitled Chrysopœia. Augurelli wasted his time and talents in the vain search for the art of transmuting inferior metals into gold; and the subject of this poem is alchemy. The poem was dedicated to Leo. I remember that the wits of Rome used to say, that as Leo was extremely profuse, he, above all men, had occasion for a knowledge of the alchemical art; and that, in return for the dedication, he had presented the author with an empty purse, to contain the gold which he might create.

NAVAGERO.

WHILE I was conversing with Lascaris on these subjects, news arrived of the death of Andrea Navagéro, at the premature age of forty-six. Like my friend Lascaris, he was a man of letters, and a politician. He died in France, on his road to meet the French king. Only a short time before he had returned to Venice from the court of Charles V. of Spain, where, for four years, he had represented the Venetian republic. Lascaris deeply lamented him, for he had been a pupil of his old friend, Marcus Musurus; and after the death of Sabellico, he was appointed keeper of the noble library which the Cardinal Bessarion had bequeathed to the Venetian state. But Navagero's claims to the gratitude of his country, are still more extensive than the causes of Lascaris' regret. He was a master of Greek and Latin, an admirable collator of manuscripts, and his editorial skill was displayed at the press of Aldo the elder, and Andrea d'Asola, in the revising of the editions, for the former, of Quintilian, Lucretius, and Virgil; and for the latter, of Ovid, Horace, Terence, and the Orations of Cicero. These Orations were published in three volumes, and inscribed severally to Leo X.,

Bembo, and Sadoleto. The dedicatory epistles are written with classic eloquence and purity. Modern oratory never took higher flights, than in the discourses which Navagero pronounced before the Senate, on occasion of the death of the General d'Alviano, and the Doge Loredano. In the former oration he gives a rich and animated description of the qualities which form the perfect commander; and having drawn the character of d'Alviano correspondent to those qualities, the minds, as well as the hearts of his auditors, acknowledged the greatness of their country's loss. The eulogium on Loredano is founded on the same principle of composition: and in both these discourses the language is as dignified as the thoughts. Every thing is classical. He addresses the senate by Roman names; he invokes the superior powers under the title of immortal gods, and, to crown the whole, so elegant is the Latinity, that the illusion is complete of his speaking before a Roman senate. He is one of the best modern writers of Latin verse. His poems are an admirable imitation of the grace and simplicity of the Greek muse, which none but cultivated and elegant minds admire. Like most other scholars of his time, he preserved no medium in his opinions regarding classical authors. He was an idolater of Pindar, whose

odes he often transcribed. He hated Martial so perfectly, that he was accustomed annually to burn a copy of his works, accompanied with solemnities and speeches, explaining the reason of the act. Some blunderer in the art of compliment, thought to please Navagero by comparing his poems with those of Statius. Navagero immediately cast his own verses into the fire. He was not, however, a presumptuous man. Shortly before his death, he desired that his fragment of the history of Venice might be burnt, and also his other works; for not having had leisure to give them his last corrections, he apprehended that they would not correspond with the expectations of the public. (70)

The parting between Lascaris and myself was solemn and affectionate, because each of us felt that it would be final. My venerable friend died at Rome, about the year 1535, more than ninety years old; and with him expired the last of that colony of expatriated Greeks, which had developed and enriched the intellectual powers of the Italians. Lascaris' editorial labours have been mentioned by me elsewhere. Some Greek and Latin epigrams are the only original works that he published.

EGNAZIO.

I FOLLOWED one day a crowd of young men into a lecture-room of the University. Battista Egnazio, the professor of eloquence and belles lettres, discoursed upon the qualifications of an historian. He was remarkably laudatory on Sabellico. I thought his commendations excessive, and I was glad afterwards to find that they proceeded rather from the liberality of his spirit, than the judgment of his understanding. Egnazio was a man whose genius had triumphed over the difficulties of poverty. At the age of eighteen he had opened a school of eloquence; and such was his merit, that he excited the envy of Sabellico, who was at that time at the height of his reputation as professor of belles lettres. Venice was amused, though not much edified, at witnessing the efforts, both serious and satirical, of a veteran in literature, to humiliate a young votary of the muses. Egnazio gained importance by this notice that was taken of him. He boldly removed his school to an house very near to the lecture room of Sabellico; he wrote bitter criticisms on some classical commentaries of his rival, and then published new editions of the works themselves. Sabellico resigned the contest. He

died in the year 1506; and, in the course of his final illness, he sent for Egnazio, requested his forgiveness, and, in proof of the sincerity of his declaration, that his former envy was founded in esteem, he delivered into his hands a book to which he attached much importance, and whose publication he desired. Egnazio did more, for he pronounced his funeral oration, and lost no public occasion of speaking of him with respect. Egnazio was one of the most popular lecturers in Italy. His school generally consisted of five hundred persons, who came from various distances to Venice. The office of lecturer on eloquence lasts only for a few years. Egnazio enjoyed the singular honor of a re-election. He was an ecclesiastic, and was presented with several sinecures. He often wished to retire from public life, and each expression of his wish the senate silenced by compliments and presents, till about the year 1549, when they consented to his retirement, and gave him a pension equivalent to the whole of his salary. Some historical pieces on the origin of the Turks, and the History of the Emperors, from Julius Cæsar to Maximilian I., are his chief printed works. They possess but little merit. His popularity must have arisen more from his manner than his language; for his published Latin orations give us no great ideas of

his eloquence. When not engaged in his school he laboured hard at the Aldine press. He had great skill in judging of the value of manuscripts, and he has appended many learned notes to several of the Aldine classics. Egnazio died in the year 1553, aged 75.

THE ALDINE PRESS.

I WAS introduced to Paolo Manuzio, or Aldus, at the printing press, whence so many beautiful editions of the classics have issued. I seldom found a more learned man than this printer. His conversation was as elegant as the prefaces and commentaries to the books which he published. Indeed, the greatness and precocity of his abilities had been observed by Sadoleto and Bembo, and his early studies had been directed by that excellent guide, Benedetto Ramberti, librarian of San Marco. Paolo's taste led him to a deep admiration of Cicero. In all his compositions he has imitated the style of the Roman orator. He edited his works with enthusiastic affection as well as critical taste, and his commentaries are full of knowledge and judgment. Paolo is well skilled in most branches of elegant literature; but his particular talent lays in decyphering and explaining ancient marble inscrip-

tions. His acquaintance with contractions has been of great use to him when printing a book from a manuscript partially obliterated and defaced.

Paolo mentioned with gratitude Pico of Mirandola, and his nephew Alberto Pio, Prince of Carpi, for they were, in some respects, the founders of the Aldine press, and the history of that press I shall proceed to state. The father of Paolo was born at Bassiano, near Velletri, in the Roman territories, in the year 1447. Agreeably to the custom of the day his common designations were Aldo or Aldus, the Italian or Latin contraction of his baptismal name. He received the most useful part of his education, particularly his knowledge of the Greek language, from Baptista Guarino, of Ferrara, a son of the Guarino who first discovered the works of Catullus. He then went to Carpi, as tutor to its young prince. The literary world was busy with the conjectures and hopes respecting the progress of knowledge, which the invention of the art of printing from metal types naturally had given rise to. The art was not the single effort of a mind of genius, but was the perfection of gradual improvements. The germ of letter-press printing may, according to a prevalent opinion, be found in the old practice of

printing cards of amusement from characters carved in relief on wood. Images of saints were likewise printed. In the course of time inscriptions taken from the Bible or the legend were added. These lettered explanations may certainly be traced as high as the fourteenth century. Block or tabular printing was then used for books of devotion and grammars. An improvement to the printing from blocks was the use of wooden separate types. The art was in this state in the middle of the fifteenth century. At that time John Gutenberg, a native of Mayence, was the author of the most important step in the art, by changing the material from wood to metal. He passed much of his youth at Strasburg, where he printed from both fixed and wooden moveable characters, and wasted all his fortune in fruitless endeavours to extend the principle to metallic materials. He returned to Mayence about the year 1448, and would have abandoned all his speculations; had he not taken into partnership John Fust, a rich goldsmith of that city. The association lasted for a few years, and during that time Gutenberg completed his invention, and published various works from moveable metal types. The Bible (the edition of the Latin Vulgate) was the first book that appeared. This interesting publica-

tion took place between the years 1450 and 1455. The partnership between Fust and Gutenberg terminated soon afterwards; Gutenberg continued to print till 1465, three years before his death; and Fust, whose money was his only qualification, took as his associate one Peter Schoeffer, a man of consequence in typographical annals, for he divides with Gutenberg the honor of completing the art of printing. The metal types were at first cut, but afterwards Gutenberg or Schoeffer, by one invention, or by several successive improvements, established a mode of stamping the shape of the letters in matrices, from which the complete types were cast. The first books bear no date upon them of the time of their being printed: an edition in the Gothic character, of the psalms and prayers used in the German churches, by Fust and Schoeffer, in 1457, is the earliest book that shows a printed date. In the year 1462, the Latin Vulgate was printed by Fust and Schoeffer in two volumes, folio, in gothic character, a circumstance in typographical history proper to be mentioned by me, because copies of this edition were the books which, the story runs, Fust took with him to Paris, before the art of printing was known in that city, and sold for manuscripts. The price was infinitely below the usual demand

for the labours of transcribers; copies appeared to be multiplied beyond the power of the pen, and the people attributed to necromancy what they denied to human ingenuity. The magistrates were infected by this popular delirium. They searched Fust's apartments; many copies of the Bible were found; the existence of the compact with the Devil was evident, and the red ink of the initials of the Bible was said to be the blood of the poor German. The parliament of Paris, however, corrected the folly of the people, and encouraged Fust for the importance of his art. I mention this tale, not as a representation of truth, but as being a picture of the general wonder in unenlightened minds which the invention of the art of printing gave rise to.

Typography was quickly communicated to Italy. What place first received it, is a question of more curiosity than importance. The claims of Milan and Venice are not well established; and I incline to the opinion, that two Germans, named Conrad Sweynheym and Arnold Pannartz, who joined their countrymen, in the monastery of Subiaco, in the Compagna di Roma, were the introducers of the art into Italy. A Donatus, or grammar, was the first work, in the course of the year 1465, that issued from the Subiaco

press; Lactantius, St. Augustine's Treatise de Civitate Dei, and Cicero de Oratore, succeeded in the next two years. Sweynheym and Pannartz then removed to the house of Petrus de Maximis, in Rome. Printing presses were soon to be met with in every city in Italy, and although the classics and the great Italian authors were occasionally edited, yet the new art, like the art of block printing, was generally regarded as subservient to popular instruction in legendary or biblical devotion. But the literary world had other objects in view, and the scholars at Carpi, observed that the Greek books, hitherto published, but inadequately supplied the thirst for Grecian literature. Aldo, then in conjunction with Alberto, and his uncle, formed the plan of a printing establishment, for the purpose of giving to the world elegant and correct editions of the best Greek classics. Ordinary talents and little knowledge were sufficient for the printing of the scholastic, juridical, and mystic works which at that time almost solely occupied the press; but to draw the classics from the chaos in which eight centuries of barbarism had plunged them, and not to be deterred by the difficulties inseparable from the first publication of authors, particularly Greek ones, required abilities of no common rate. It was resolved that Venice

should be the seat of Aldo's labours. That city was even then famous for its printers. Giovanni de Spira, the Italian, and Nicholas Jenson, the Frenchman, had already printed some of the classics; while the first edition of Boccaccio had issued from the press of Valdarfer; La Divina Commedia, had been printed by Spira; and so delightful was sentimental poetry to the luxurious Venetians, that editions of the Italian verses of Petrarca had appeared from the presses of Jenson, Spira, Leonardus Achates, Dominico Siliprandis, and from that of the partners Theodore de Reynsburch and Reynald de Novimagio.

Aldo repaired to Venice, about the year 1488. In 1494 his first books were published. They were, Musæus' poem of Hero and Leander, Greek and Latin, and the grammar of Lascaris. Aldo's former pupil supplied him with money, and as a pleasing instance of friendship made him add the name Pio, the family designation of Alberto, to his own names.

Aldo established a philological society at his house. Most of the literati of Venice, were members, and his great object was to obtain every possible assistance in selecting books worthy of the press, in judging of the value of manuscripts, and deciding between various

readings. Erasmus was a member of this association. That celebrated man being at Bologna, with the intention of publishing a third edition of his Adagia, wrote to Aldo, requesting him to print it. The proposition was joyfully accepted; the author repaired to Venice, and his first care was to call upon the learned typographer. He was not known at the house, and Aldo, conceiving that the stranger was only one of those Venetian gossips who infested the printing office, was in no haste to quit the press. Impatient at the delay, Erasmus sent his name to Aldo, and the printer immediately joined him, made a thousand excuses for his neglect, and received him as a man for whom he had conceived the highest esteem.

Aldo suspended the ordinary business of the office, and commenced the printing of the Adagia. Erasmus lived at his house for eight months, occupied in supervising the press. His room, and even his bed, were shared by Alexandro, afterwards celebrated in the Roman Catholic church as a Cardinal, and as Archbishop of Brundisium; and in literature for holding the librarianship of the Vatican. Aldo's friendship with Erasmus, however, was not of very long continuance. The distaste was mutual, but the cause I could not learn. Some persons pre-

tend that the Attic simplicity of Aldo displeased a Dutchman, who was accustomed to good cheer, and that Erasmus had his printer in view in his Colloquy De Opulentia Sordida, where he introduces a German making great complaints of the miserable life he had led at the table of a niggardly Italian. But whatever might be the allusions in this piece of pleasantry, Erasmus always did justice to the learning and talent of Aldo. An enemy accused Erasmus of having been paid as a corrector of Aldo's press. The charge was false, and Erasmus denied it, but he showed an unbecoming anxiety to get rid of the suspicion of having been in a situation of dependence. Many eminent men gave their talents to typography, without its being thought that they abated any thing of their literary dignity. When a nobleman engaged in manual occupations, his nobility was said to sleep, but the art of printing conferred honor on its professors. Hence it was very early practised by many men who were of noble families, and even by eminent ecclesiastics. The emperors of Germany permitted printers to wear gold and silver; and both *Typographi* and *Typothetæ* were honored by them with the privilege of wearing coat armour, to perpetuate the discovery of printing. The quarrel with Erasmus was a sort of

heir-loom in the family of Aldo. Even it darkened Paolo's admiration of letters; and when he had occasion to speak of, or to reprint any work of, Erasmus, the only designation he could use was "Transalpinus quidam homo." But to return to the press.

Aldo was abundantly liberal in the prices which he paid for old manuscripts. His searchers for literary treasures traversed every quarter of Italy. He left to ordinary printers the publication of works relating to the church and the law. Some favorite Italian books issued from his press, but he principally engaged himself with the classics, not confining himself, however, as he at first proposed, to Greek authors. His Greek works are not in general so correct as his Latin ones, for before his time only three Greek books, with positive dates affixed to them, had been published, and it is of course more difficult to print from a mutilated manuscript than from a book already printed with care. He was the first editor who collected and published the whole of the works of Aristotle in Greek, works extending to five volumes in folio; and therefore one of the greatest instances yet known of editorial skill and perseverance. It appears that Aldo was the first person who conceived the idea of a polyglott Bible. He was tolerably well ac-

quainted with Hebrew, and he knew something of the other oriental tongues. He intended to give the text of the Scriptures in three languages, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, in three columns, of the folio size. He never advanced, however, beyond his prospectus sheet. Aldo used more beautiful Greek characters than any preceding printer. He examined with care the characters on the best and the most ancient Greek manuscripts, and superintended the forming of the new types. The Greek characters of the grammar of Constantine Lascaris were fashioned, I believe, by Antonio Zarotto, a Parmasan artist, and one of the founders of the Milan press. John Lascaris was the first person that used Greek capitals in printing, and he, indeed, employed no other type throughout the Anthology, and other Greek works which he printed. It is curious to observe that the printers at the Subiaco press must have had a very small quantity of Greek type in the monastery; for in the first part of their Lactantius, whenever a long Greek sentence formed a portion of the manuscript, a blank was left in the printed book, and it was intended that the pen should supply the vacuity. After the middle of the work, however, all the Greek that occurs is printed. When Sweynheym and Pannartz established them-

selves at Rome, their quantity of Greek letter so long increased. The first edition of Aulus Gellius appeared from their press in the year 1469. Not only are all the short Greek quotations printed, but about the middle of the book there are two whole folio pages of Greek type.

With respect to other languages, the first types used were formed from what are commonly called Gothic or German characters, or half Gothic, or half German characters. They perfectly resembled the ordinary manuscripts of the day. The Roman character succeeded these types. It was first used at Rome by Sweynheym and Pannartz, and was soon brought to perfection by Nicholas Jenson and Giovanni de Spira, the Venetian printers. But these printers were soon obliged to return to the Gothic and semi Gothic character for common works, in order to please those readers who were accustomed to manuscripts. Aldo did not wish to use the Gothic character for classical works. He preferred the Roman type, and then to vary his printing he endeavoured to imitate the beautiful cursive hand-writing on some ancient parchments. It is said, that a manuscript of Petrarca first gave him the idea of the character that is generally called the Aldine or Italic character. His friend Francesco of Bologna, who had designed and

engraved all the types of his press, was his artificer on this occasion. An edition of Virgil, in the year 1501, was the earliest specimen of the new mode. In the first page his obligations to his friend are thus noticed:

IN GRAMMATOGLYPTÆ LAUDEM.

Qui Graiis dedit Aldus, en Latinis
Dat nunc grammata scalpta dædaleis
Francisci manibus Bononiensis.

The senate of Venice, in the year 1502, granted Aldo an exclusive privilege for using this type, commending it as presenting the appearance of letters cut with a pen. In the following year Pope Alexander VI. made a general confirmation of this right. Pope Julius II. in January, 1513, and Pope Leo X. in November of the same year, issued bulls granting to Aldo alone the power of publishing, for the next fifteen years, such of the classics as he had already printed. Leo expressed his firm reliance upon the integrity and love of letters of Aldo, that the prices of the books would not be immoderate. It may not be improper to observe, that the case which I have just mentioned is not the earliest instance of the creation of a copyright. Giovanni de Spira was allowed by the Venetian senate, in the year 1469, the exclusive right for

the ensuing five years, of printing the epistles of Cicero and Pliny. Similar privileges to those regarding the Italic character were extended to the Greek types of Aldo. But these privileges were only visionary. The Giunti at Florence, for example, used the Italic type, not regarding the thunders of the Vatican, in matters of trade and merchandize. In order to distinguish his books, Aldo decorated the first or last page, and sometimes both, with an anchor, having a dolphin encompassed round it. The solidity of the anchor corresponds with prudence; the dolphin was the ancient emblem of swiftness, for it was believed that the rapidity of the dolphin's motion exceeded that of any aquatic or aerial animal. The meaning of the whole is, that to work successfully, it is necessary to labour without relaxation, to be deliberate in choice, and quick in execution. The Aldine anchor represents the Latin phrase, "festina lente;" or Sallust's expression, "antequam incipias, consulto, ubi consulueris, mature facto opus est." Aldo adopted the anchor and dolphin, from an ancient medal of Titus Vespasian, given to him by Bembo. But this device as well as his name was counterfeited by the Giunti at Florence. Some printers at Lyons were his perpetual imitators; and Aldo, consequently, suffered both in reputation

and purse. From time to time he issued notices to the world warning it of the existence of spurious editions, and even pointing out the errors which defaced them. But these notices only made the printers more correct in their next attempts at imposition.

Aldo had merits beyond those of most typographers. His prefaces to the various classics which he published, are supremely elegant. It is delightful to read the liberal praises which he pours forth on his learned coadjutors; for he had too much merit himself, to wish to defraud his friends of their just fame. He compiled a Greek and Latin Dictionary. He wrote also various philological tracts, particularly an excellent one on the metres of Horace. His Latin grammar is far more useful than that through which he had toiled to a knowledge of the language. In truth, he was a man of letters, a sagacious editor, and a correct printer.

Paolo described him as a man of unconquerable diligence, and wished that his own health would permit him to imitate his example. "But," says Paolo, "my constitution is very feeble, and, I cannot work with the firm industry of my father. The task of correcting proof sheets I am constrained to entrust to other eyes, for my own are weak. I am often obliged to employ an

amanuensis, the glare of white paper so much distresses them.

"Though every day," continued Paolo, "eulogiums on his typographical merits were offered to him by the learned, yet his modesty at no time forsook him. He declared he had never printed a book in a manner that had given him entire satisfaction. Though days and years were consumed in unceasing diligence at the press, yet, he would not avail himself of the excuse of Horace, that errors are unavoidable in works of great labour. He would willingly have removed the smallest fault even at the expence of a piece of gold, and his love of his subject carried him beyond the desire of mere typographical correctness, for he wished to make the books that he printed beautiful to the eye of taste." (71)

To stimulate his children to industry, Aldo often told them that for the first seven years after the establishment of his printing office, his ceaseless occupations prevented him from enjoying a single hour of sound sleep. He had hardly time to look at, much less to revise, all the proof sheets from his press; days and nights were passed in the preparation of fit materials for printing; he had, as he used to say, scarcely time to take food for physic. Both his hands were occupied; and amidst the clamours of

compositors for work he had not leisure to blow his nose. Paolo confirmed these strange particulars regarding his father, by pointing out to me the following passage in the Aldine edition (1512) of Constantine Lascaris' Greek Grammar. Aldo there says, "Vix credas quam sit occupatus; non habeo certe tempus, non modo corrigendis, ut cuperem, diligentius, qui excusi emittuntur libris cura nostra, summisque die noctuque laboribus, sed ne perlegendis quidem cursim, id, quod, si videres miserescere te Aldi tui — cum sæpe non vacet vel cibum sumere vel alvum levare. Interdum ita destinemur, utraque occupatu manu, atque coram, id expectantibus impressoribus, quod habetur in manibus, tum importune, rusticeque instantibus, ut ne nasum quidem liceat emungere." (He thus literally fulfilled the promise which he had made to literature, at an early part of his typographical career, that he would not rest till he had supplied scholars with necessary works. Besides the duties of printer, editor, and author, Aldo increased his labours by giving classical lectures to the young. He used to complain deeply of losing many valuable hours in corresponding with literary men of foreign countries, but his greatest inconvenience arose from the daily visitors at his office. Some came for the sake of interesting conversation,

others wished to recite verses or read essays preparatory to their being printed. To pay him compliments was the polite motive of many; not a few found his press a pleasant change from absolute mental inactivity; but the most offensive and most numerous class of idlers were the fools and coxcombs who wanted materials for their mean and odious vanity of claiming a portion of literary honors, merely from the ability of communicating at social meetings a few petty secrets and trifling anecdotes regarding men of letters and their works. They used to adhere to the seats in the printing office, as Aldo added from Horace, like horse leeches, and never fell off till they were replete with what they came for.

Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

Too polite to offend the feelings of any particular individuals, Aldo expressed his sense of the inconvenience by a general reprehension of idleness and an elegant call to study. Paolo pointed out to me an inscription over the door of his father's private room, earnestly entreating all visitors to dispatch their business quickly and take their departure, unless, as Hercules did to Atlas, they came to render aid, in which case

Aldo assured the world, there was sufficient employment for as many as chose to visit him. "QUISQUIS ES, ROGAT TE ALDUS ETIAM ATQUE ETIAM, UT SI QUID EST QUOD A SE VELIS PERFAUCIS AGAS, DEINDE ACTUTUM ABEAS; NISI, TANQUAM HERCULES, DEFESSO ATLANTE, VENIRES SUPPOSITURUS HUMEROS. SEMPER ENIM ERIT QUOD ET TU AGAS ET QUOTQUOT HUC ATTULERINT PEDES." (72)

Aldo continued his occupations for eighteen years; but, in the war in 1506, which devastated Venice, he was nearly ruined, and it was not for six years, and after much sufferings from fortune, he was able to resume his typographical labours; and when he did return to the press, he was obliged to accept the co-operation of his rich father-in-law, the eminent Venetian printer, Andrea Torresano. Aldo died in 1515, in his seventieth year. He left but little fortune, for his love of literary glory, and his desire to promote letters, had absorbed all meaner passions.

Most of these particulars regarding Aldo, I gained from his learned son, Paolo; and, after viewing the Aldine presses, and library of printed books and manuscripts, I took my leave. It is matter of common fame, that Andrea and the two elder sons of Aldo, continued for a few years, though with some diminution of reputation, the

direction of the Aldine press. They erred greatly in rejecting that assistance of the literary men of Venice which Aldo always coveted. On the death of Andrea his sons became members of the establishment, and family discords raged with great violence, till Paolo, the younger son of Aldo, was appointed chief director, and the glories of the Aldine press revived. (73)

ALCYONIO.

In the course of my conversation with Paolo Manuzio, we spoke of the learning and abilities of Pietro Alcyonio, a physician by profession, but who, in consequence of pecuniary embarrassments, had once been a corrector of the Aldine Press. I remember to have heard of him at Florence as a professor of Greek in that city. The subject, however, gradually faded from my mind, and I should not have mentioned him in these pages, but that, long after my residence at Venice, his name was the subject of an extraordinary charge of literary piracy. About the year 1522, he had published from the Aldine Press a treatise De Exsilio. He died in 1527, and many years after his death, it was said that he had, in that treatise, made copious use of

Cicero's work De Gloria; and that to prevent discovery, he had burnt the ancient manuscript. Paolo Manuzio, in his Commentary on that passage of Cicero's epistles to Atticus, "Librum tibi celeriter mittam de Gloria," makes the accusation against Alcyonio in those words: "Cicero here speaks of two books which he wrote on glory, and which were in existence even in the life-time of my father, for Bernardo Giustiniani, in the catalogue of his library, mentions Cicero De Gloria. He bequeathed his library to a convent of nuns, and when, some years afterwards, the book was anxiously sought for, it could not be found. Every one thought that Pietro Alcyonio, to whom, as physician to the nunnery, the library was open, had stolen the book. And certainly in his little work, De Exsilio, there are many things evidently written by a more able pen than that of Alcyonio." (74) Paolo Govio hints a suspicion to the same effect; but his testimony is not entitled to great respect. His praise and his censure always had their origin in his own selfishness, and in the case of Alcyonio he was anxious to depreciate a man who, at one time, had some intentions of writing the history of his own times. Paolo never pardoned him for entertaining the idea of treating of a subject which he chose to consider peculiarly his own

Upon the statement of Manuzio, it may be observed, that the crime, as imputed to Alcyonio, rests upon very slender testimony. Other people had doubtless access to the library. Alcyonio's reputation certainly stood higher for talents than moral virtue, but though that circumstance might support and corroborate a case otherwise weak, it cannot supply the want of evidence altogether. If the charge had stood upon any real foundation, some of his enemies would have made it in his life time. Pierio Valeriano accused him of pilfering from an ancient mathematical treatise, but is quite silent on the other subject. Nothing is more common in these days than for envy to vent itself in charges of this description. But those persons who have read Alcyonio's little work are extremely astonished, that Paolo Manuzio, an idolater of Cicero, should have made the accusation. Alcyonio is elegant and pure, but he no where displays the force, the majesty, and eloquence of Cicero. The Italian polished his style in order that his poverty of thought might not be seen: his elegance is not the brilliant richness of solid wealth. As there are very few fragments of the treatise De Gloria in existence, no satisfactory conclusion can be drawn from a comparison of them with the treatise of Alcy-

onio, and if the resemblance had existed, Paolo Manuzio, who knew Cicero almost *memoriter*, would have pointed out the instances. There are no indications of various minds in the treatise of Alcyonio, but the whole appears of one fabric, and might have been the sole production of a man like Alcyonio, whose two orations on the injustice of the Emperor Charles V., and the barbarity of the French soldiers, during the sack of Rome, ought to dissipate the suspicion of his inability to compose the treatise De Exsilio. But, altogether, as there is not much reason to charge Alcyonio with destroying the book, let us hope that Cicero De Gloria is still in existence. It is somewhat strange, however, that Bernardo Giustiniani did not print the work, if it were really in his library. He omitted to do what every man of letters at that time was proud of performing. But I have said enough upon the subject, and shall now proceed to my account of the principal literary men whom I saw at Venice. (75)

ARETINO.

The infamous Aretino was living in the city, in the luxurious enjoyment of basely gotten wealth. His life is so interesting in a moral point of view,

and so illustrative of the times, that I shall not confine myself to a relation of such events as passed under my own observation, but shall take in the whole of his history. Pietro Aretino, born in the year 1492, was the illegitimate son of a gentleman named Luigi Bacci and an obscure woman, and took his surname from Arezzo, the place of his birth. His education was extremely irregular and imperfect, and his mind, not constrained by scholastic decency, or religious principles, burst forth in all its natural wildness and libertinism. He was driven from his native city for being the author of a satirical poem against indulgences. He then lived for some years at Perugia, exercising the trade of a bookbinder, and about the year 1517, he sought his fortunes at Rome. He had not much enriched himself at Perugia, for he was obliged to enter the imperial city on foot; and all his fortune was upon his back. His cleverness, effrontery, and good fortune, introduced him into the service of a rich merchant. He was promoted into the household of Leo X. For seven years he enjoyed the protection of that Pope, and of his Holiness Clement VII., and received various favours from them, though he afterwards ungratefully complained that he had lost seven years of his life in the service of the Medici. He was obliged to

fly from Rome, to avoid the punishment of Clement VII. for having composed inscriptions for the sixteen shameful engravings of Marco Antonio Raimondi, from the designs of Giulio Romano. After a short residence at Arezzo, he served under Giovanni de' Medici, who fought in aid of Francis I. By the mediation of his new patron, he obtained the pardon of Clement VII. and returned to Rome. A rival of Aretino, in the love of a fair cook of the Papal datary, attempted to assassinate him, and as the injured lover could not obtain justice from the Papal government, he departed from Rome in anger, rejoined Giovanni de' Medici, and became his most faithful servant, and constant companion. The general was, however, wounded in battle, and shortly afterwards died in the arms of Aretino. After his death Aretino had his portrait painted by Giulio Romano, and he always preserved it with care and affection. This circumstance proving Aretino's capability of friendship is worthy of record, as the only trait of virtue in his character. As the paths to military and public honors were closed against him, by the death of Giovanni de' Medici, he took up his abode at Venice as a man of letters. The doge Gritti gave him protection. His satirical disposition was not checked by generous feelings, and he wrote

against Clement VII., even while his Holiness was a prisoner in the castle of St. Angelo, after the sack of Rome. About the year 1530, a new reconciliation was effected between the satirist and the Pope, and the former freely confessed the baseness of adding reproaches to misfortune. Aretino, during most of his life, made Venice his chief residence. He used to call that city a terrestrial Paradise, a place wherein he could indulge the libertinism of his appetites, his tongue, and his pen. (76) It is difficult to determine whether avarice, licentiousness, or gluttony, were his ruling passion.

How low must have been the tone of moral feeling, when the satire was dreaded, or the praise courted, of a man of such notorious immorality! And yet he was admired or feared by the greatest political characters of his time. A person truly said to him, that he had vanquished more princes by his pen, than the greatest kings had conquered by their arms. He was styled by Ariosto, and others, the scourge of princes, and he caused two medals in bronze to be struck, in one of which he calls himself the "flagellum principum," and in the other he boasts he had put under contribution those to whom other men paid tribute. His own head on each medal is adorned with laurel. On one

of his medals, he speaks of his illegitimate children, as daughters of the *divine* Aretino. This title of Plato was commonly applied to him whether in seriousness or in derision. The Emperor Charles V. gave him first a collar of gold and then a yearly pension of two hundred crowns. A chain of gold was sent to him by Francis I., at a moment when, in order to rekindle the liberal warmth of his benefactors, he had publicly declared that finding only coldness and ingratitude among Christian princes, he meant to end his days at Constantinople. But Francis I. neglected to allow him a corresponding pension to that of Charles V., and immediately the stream of panegyric flowed only in favor of the Emperor. The constable of Montmorency promised Aretino considerable pecuniary returns for praise; and Aretino replied, that if a pension for life were settled on him, he would, with his accustomed veracity, celebrate the glory of the constable. He once accompanied the Duke of Urbino in an embassy of compliment to the Emperor Charles V., who was passing through the north of Italy into Germany. On the approach of the ambassadors, Charles called Aretino near him, and held him in conversation till their arrival at Perugia. The Emperor and his friend passed much of the day together, and

Aretino recited before him a poem of more than three hundred verses full of flattery, equally detestable to recite and to hear. The next day the Emperor presented him with a considerable sum of money. Aretino then escaped from his company, for his cupidity was gratified, and he did not wish to go into Germany. The Emperor charged the Venetian ambassadors to entreat in his name the state of Venice, to have the greatest regards for the person of Aretino, as the object of his dearest affections. In short, no man ever levied such large contributions in an enemy's country.

The baseness of his mind was as detestable as its effrontery. Many of his poetical pieces are demands upon princes for money. The arrogance is singular with which he requires as a debt, what he owed, in truth, to their liberality. The complaisance of his flattery, his abuse of others, and his paintings of his own misery, are perfectly unparalleled in the history of literature. The general licentiousness, and love of satire in the world, were sources of immense wealth to Aretino. Besides his pensions, and his presents, he used to say that he gained from society at large a thousand crowns a-year. The demand for his works was so great, that one mind was not equal to the task of composition. He hired the satirical abilities of Nic-

colo Franco, a writer as acrimonious as himself. The classical attainments of his coadjutor were highly valuable to Aretino, who knew little of languages, and, yet, who presumed to write on every subject. As pecuniary interest was his only motive he often changed opinions. At one time a flatterer, at another a satirist, he was as little scrupulous in recantation as in praise.

No man of his time was more noticed than Aretino. Every stranger at Venice paid him homage. The distinction was gratifying to his vanity; but it so much interrupted his course of writing, that he was obliged to pursue his literary occupations in the houses of his friends. As the iniquity of his life, and the avowed prostitution of his pen, did not prevent him from receiving the favor of princes, so these circumstances were not impediments to his acquisition of literary honors. He was a member of the academies of Siena, Padua, and Florence. Indeed no academy was considered perfect unless he was a member of it. His picture or bust was in the gallery of every Italian nobleman. Many authors dedicated their works to him, others cited him as a model of eloquence. Pietro Bembo, Muzio, Mauro, and a few more literary men, would not join the crowd of adulators. (77) He wrote books of devotion, not,

however, as the offerings of a penitent mind at the shrine of virtue, for their publication was coëval with that of his most licentious and libellous works. As pecuniary interest was always in his view, he sold his essays on religion as dearly as those on immorality. His paraphrase of the seven penitential psalms is said to be his best work. His biographical accounts of St. Catharine and St. Thomas Aquinas are much admired. Of his infamous Raggionamenti and sonnets I cannot speak. I have often wondered that his satires were dreaded; for they are more remarkable for the boldness of their invective, than the brilliancy and keenness of their wit. Two lines of the poem that Francesco Berni wrote against this wretched man, are applicable to the whole of his verses:—

Tu ne dirai, e farai tante e tante
Lingua fracida marcia, e senza sale.

Aretino thought that his glory would be incomplete, unless he received some favors of the court of Rome. Pope Paul III. even listened to his request for a Cardinal's hat. Aretino wrote such elegant letters of congratulation, and a sonnet of such delicate compliment to a fellow-citizen of his, upon being elected Pope

under the title of Julius III.; that his Holiness presented him with a thousand crowns of gold; and the title of a knight of St. Peter. Emboldened by this notice, he went to Rome in full hopes of receiving clerical honors. But he only met with nominal and external respect. On his return to Venice he had not the manliness to confess his disappointment, but frequently declared, both in conversation and in books, that he had refused the Cardinal's hat. His identibus presumption was sometimes deprecated in other ways than by feeding his avarice. Personal chastisement made him renounce satires and defamatory libels.

Vertere modum formidine fustis,
Ad bene dicendum delectandumque redacti.

HORAT. *Epist.* ii. 1.

He ridiculed the celebrated Condottieri general, Pietro Strozzi. The soldier who did not understand raillery threatened his life, and Aretino did not dare to venture out of his house while Strozzi remained in the states of Venice. Tintoretto alarmed him into decency. Aretino, as the friend of Tiziano, satirized the rival painter. But the latter, under pretence of drawing Aretino's portrait, enticed him into his study, and

then, instead of using the brush, he drew a long pistol from his cloak, and in a fierce manner measured the height of the satirist. Aretino was terrified and dipped his pen no more in gall against Tintoretto.

The Earl of Arundel, the English ambassador at Rome, made some trifling delay respecting payment of three hundred crowns which Henry VIII., King of England, intended as the reward for Aretino's dedication to him of a volume of letters. The greedy scribbler had the imprudence in general company to mutter suspicions of the Earl's honor. Lord Arundel, therefore, severely beat him. Aretino feigned it was only Christian charity that prevented him from retaliating, and, he said, he hoped God would as freely pardon his sins as he forgave that offence. Secular reasons were not out of his mind, and he was not happy till by the intervention of a common friend the Earl forgave him, and, what was of more consequence to Aretino, paid him the three hundred crowns. Notwithstanding the violence of his excesses, Aretino lived till the age of sixty-five, and then died from accident and not decay. The mode of his death corresponded with the tenor of his life. He fell from his chair, and hurt himself mortally, while he was laughing at some stories

regarding the amours of his sisters at Venice. It was currently reported that after he received extreme unction he exclaimed, "Now that I am well oiled preserve me from the rats." "Guardatemi da topi, or che' son unto." But the anecdote wants confirmation. It was most likely a pious fraud. The good men among the clergy had been shocked at the turpitude of his life and writings; the bad ones called him an atheist, because he had exposed the disorders of the monks, and the irregularities of the convent.(78) Neither is it true that the following profane epitaph was inscribed on his tomb:

Qui giace l' Aretin, poeta Tosco,
Che disse mal d' ognun, fuorchè di Dio;
Scusandosi col dir, *Non lo conosco.*

BERNARDO TASSO.

I OCCASIONALLY met Bernardo Tasso. His history is interesting, inasmuch as it is a refutation of the common idea that a man of literature cannot be a man of the world. He was born of respectable parents at Bergamo, in the year 1493. He soon displayed a poetical genius; but the loss of his natural protectors in his early life, and various other domestic misfortunes, showed him that his talents must be exercised in society,

and that he could not live in luxurious literary indolence. Padua is a city celebrated for its professors of civil jurisprudence, the laws of nations, and of those severe studies which form the basis of political knowledge. Tasso repaired to her colleges and literary societies; he quickly became distinguished among the most excellent; and was employed on several important foreign missions, by the Count Guido Rangone. His poetical genius advanced his fortune. A volume of his lyrical poems fell into the hands of Sanseverino, Prince of Salernum. That sovereign invited him to his court. Tasso became his secretary, and conducted the political correspondence of his master, and also wrote poems for the amusement of his mistress. All his poems, whether elegiac, bucolick, lyric, or sacred, are remarkable for elegant simplicity, harmony, and sweetness. His sonnet beginning with the words "Poichè la parte men perfetta e bella," is considered a master-piece of Platonism. The poet is in a state of satisfaction almost amounting to joy, that his mistress has married another man; for he has only lost the mortal and imperfect part of her, and has always before his intellectual eyes the image of a pure and celestial soul. This sonnet is a very favorite one in Italy. Every body knows it by heart. A lover generally

repeats it to the object of his adoration, when he is uncertain whether his passion be returned; and, from the manner in which the poem is listened to, he judges of the state of her heart; the Italian ladies knowing very well that Platonism seldom exists long in its pristine purity, and that no man uses its ethereal and sublimated style, except as a delicate prelude to the language of passions better suited to mortals framed in nature's common mould. The sonnet, "Mentre che l'aureo crin v' ondeggia intorno," is taken as a commentary on the other; for it is a gay and beautiful address to women, to gather the flowers of love while they are in the spring of life.

Tasso accompanied the Prince of Salernum in the military expedition which the Emperor, Charles V., directed against Tunis; and in the siege of that place he distinguished himself both by his sword and his pen. He returned to Salernum, and, after a diplomatic expedition into Spain, was permitted by his sovereign to visit the scenes of his youth in Upper Italy.

He was at Venice during my stay in that city. I attached myself to him with more pleasure than to most men; for as he was both a scholar and a courtier, his conversation was rich and his manners were pleasing. His fine open countenance was a faithful index of his character. The

chicanery of politics had not obliterated the frankness and sincerity of his mind; and although he was high in courtly favor, he retained the natural modesty of his disposition. His constant mixing with the world prevented the contraction of those singular habits which a mere literary man is apt to form; and so far was he from affecting a disdain of the decencies and customs of society, that his person was attired like that of an ordinary gentleman, and his mansion was splendid. His virtue was tarnished by yielding to the charms of Tullia of Arragon, the Sappho of her age, both in poetry and gallantry. She was the issue of the illicit loves of a lady of Ferrara and the Cardinal Tagliavia, of Arragon, archbishop of Palermo. She inherited the talents of her father, and the amatory profligacy of both her parents. She never sought to conceal the circumstances of her birth, and she always called herself Tullia of Arragon. Her beauty, her talents, and accomplishments, gained her the admiration and love of the most distinguished men; while the extent of her fortune enabled her to live with command and splendour. At Rome and at Venice she held, as it were, a court, composed of divines, of men of letters, and of wit. Never did vice appear half so lovely and attractive as in the assemblies at Venice, given

by Tullia. She was proud of paying respect to foreigners; and I was accordingly often at her conversazioni. Tasso was the most favored of all her admirers. The graces of his person and manner kindled a flame of passion in her breast, while the celebrity of his literary and political abilities made him admired by a woman of ambition as well as of love. The Prince of Salernum repeatedly entreated him to return; but Tullia's chains were not easily broken. (79)

ALAMANNI.

Another man of letters that I used to mark at the conversazioni of Tullia, was Luigi Alamanni, a noble Florentine. He was handsome in person, mild and graceful in manners. His modesty frequently checked the flow of his genius, and I could only occasionally conjecture the extent of his intellectual powers. He spoke of Trissino in terms of great respect and affection, as the first friend that literature had procured him. Scarcely escaped from scholastic fetters, Trissino had introduced him to the assembly of learned men in the gardens of Bernardo Rucellai, and this honor was a virtual introduction to all the literary circles of Italy.

He frequented the society at Tullia's, however, in consequence of his friendship with Carlo Capello, who softened the gravity of a Venetian senator by the amenities of literature. Alamanni had not, at that time, distinguished himself in composition, but he afterwards became a poet of whom Italy was highly proud.

But his history is more political than literary. When he was at Venice it was because he had been compelled to leave Florence as an enemy to the Medici, whose exercise of sovereign power he opposed without success. Except in one short interval when the republican party prevailed, he was always on the weakest side of politics, and at length, when the Duke Alessandro became lord of Florence, he resolved to fly to another country. He was received by the French kings with open arms, for, amidst the din of war and debate, he had not neglected letters, and Francis I. felt the honor of having his court considered as the refuge of those whose qualities their own country could not appreciate. After the death of Francis, his son, Henry II., continued the royal favour to him. Alamanni died in France in the year 1556, at about the age of sixty-two. France lost in him a most able envoy. He was frequently sent by the two monarchs who had noticed him, on foreign em-

bassies; and the following story is an instance of that presence of mind so necessary in all conversational negotiations. He was the ambassador of Francis to the Emperor Charles V., soon after the peace of Crespi, in the year 1544. Long before these circumstances, Alamanni had addressed to Francis an allegorical dialogue between the cock and the eagle, in which the cock, emblem of the French king, calls the eagle the emblem of the Emperor,

Aquila grifagna
Che per più divorar due becchi porta.

"The bird of prey who has two beaks for the purpose of devouring more." On his presentation to Charles, Alamanni praised his Majesty in a very elegant speech. As among the titles of honor, the German emperors boasted the possession of the Roman sovereignty, the ambassador frequently introduced the word aquila. When he concluded, the Emperor, who had kept his eyes steadily upon him during all the speech, slowly and sarcastically said,

Aquila grifagna
Che per più divorar due becchi porta.

Alamanni made this admirable reply: "The verses which your Majesty has recited were composed by me as a poet, and poets deal in fiction; now, I speak as an ambassador, who ought to be an oracle of truth. Insincerity would ill become me, considering whose representative I am, and to whom I address myself. When I wrote those verses I was a young man; now I am of mature age. I was indignant at being driven from my country by the Duke Alessandro, a relation of your Majesty. I am now more calm, and convinced that your Majesty never authorizes any injustice." The Emperor, charmed with this answer, rose from his seat, laid his hand upon the ambassador's shoulder, and kindly said to him, "You have no reason to complain of banishment when you find so noble a protector as the King of France; and, for a man of talent like you, every country is a home. It is the Duke of Florence that ought to lament his loss of a gentleman of such high merit as yours."

Alamanni is the author of many poems. He followed too much the course which other men had marked. The genius of Ariosto had made the romantic epopée fashionable, and Alamanni took for his topic the romance of Giron the Courteous, who was one of the knights of the Round Table. The poem consists of twenty-

four cantos, each of a thousand lines. I was oppressed with weariness before I could conclude the perusal of it, and I never heard that it had inspired any one with the noble feelings of chivalry, or fired him to heroic deeds. In his lyrical poetry he sings the beauties of a Ligurian plant, because Petrarca had celebrated the laurel. He loved (at least in poetry) a lady of the Pia family, because Dante had sung the woes of one of their ancestors, and that her name was Beatrice. But the poem with which our author's name is generally associated is that called La Coltivazione. It contains many passages of real poetry, and the whole is written with remarkable elegance and purity of expression. But, altogether, the book is insufferably tedious; and as I have often heard it remarked, a countryman would prefer a good treatise in prose on the same subject, and a poet would prefer a more poetical topic, and written with more poetical spirit. Alamanni, also, wrote several pieces which he called satires. But, for the most part, they are only just and noble thoughts clothed in elegant verse. He declaims against greatness, and wealth, and many other worldly advantages which are always despised by those who cannot obtain them, and, like most men who have felt deeply the power of female beauty, he pours

forth a torrent of invective against the sex. With more good sense he declaims against those who despise philosophy and letters, thinking only of the pleasures of the table and the senses, and confining their knowledge to an acquaintance with various wines, and the countries which produce the most delicious fruits.

Altogether, Alamanni's poems make the reader more admire the virtues than the talents of the author. There is great elevation of sentiment and much dignity of feeling in them. Alamanni could paint the face of nature with some skill; but the gentle emotions or the mighty workings of the heart were beyond the power of his pen. His talent lay in expression. In well-selected and judiciously arranged sentences, in harmonious blending of the language of thought and feeling, he has few superiors; and those who read Italian (as many natives of Italy do) rather for the diction than the ideas, will do well to study the poems of Alamanni. (80)

CASSANDRA FIDELIS.

The splendour and dissipation of the society of Tullia did not altogether divert my thoughts from another lady of a different character. Even at the conversazioné's of Tullia I heard

Cassandra Fidelis mentioned as the wonder of her sex. She is mistress of the learned languages, and is an Improvisatore Latin poetess. In earlier and happier days, she could at one moment untwist the folds of Grecian sophisms, and in the next she drew delicious harmony from her lyre. She wrote a book called De Scientiarum Ordine, in which she analizes the philosophical systems of the ancients. In some ages of the world, literature has known no distinction of sex. Cassandra moved with ease and confidence in the literary circle. She corresponded with all the eminent men of her time in the Latin language, and she delivered three orations in the university of Padua, on occasion of a cousin taking his degree of master of arts; in praise of literature, and on the appearance of some foreign princes. Many years of her life had been passed in marriage with a physician of Venice: but he died in the year 1520, and she, at that time fifty-six years old, was left in a state of extreme destitution. Pope Leo X., however, extended his protection to her, for she had known his father Lorenzo de' Medici. Leo's early death again opened the world to her in all its coolness of contempt to unendowed merit. Cassandra has well consulted the delicacy and piety of her sex, by retiring into a convent. (81)

DOLCE.

Lodovico Dolce was so constantly in his library, that I never used to meet him either at the printing-press of Aldo, or the conversazione of Tullia, the one the morning, and the other the evening resort of the literary men of Venice. Dolce has sacrificed all the kindly affections, and all his pretensions to distinctions in the state of whose patrician families he is a member, to literature. And what has been the result? There is scarcely a branch of human knowledge of which he is not master: but he has neither genius nor taste. He has written, too, upon almost every subject, but not well upon any. Even the works which he edited for the press of Giovanni and Gabriele Giolito, (after my departure from Venice), are often extremely incorrect, and yet accuracy might have been expected from a scholar. Giolito's books are, in point of paper and type, very beautiful, and if his editions had been correct, the Giolitine press would have rivalled the Aldine.

It was Dolce's great misfortune that he fancied himself a poet. On lyrical and satirical verse, comedy, and tragedy, his pen was never idle. Since neither substantial nor imaginary

rewards were bestowed upon him, his vanity consoled itself by the reflection that Dante had been neglected, nay, banished from Florence, by his ungrateful countrymen. Dolce thought proper to try the highest flight of genius. The destruction of Troy was a favorite subject of romantic épopée. The topic itself had been known in Italy, (even before Homer was translated into Latin,) by means of a Latin work called Dares Phrygius, written in the decline of Latin literature. To stamp it with authenticity, it is said to have been translated from the Greek. Dictys Cretensis is a prose work on the same subject, bearing strong marks of a Grecian origin. But these works were superseded by the prose romance in Latin, called Historia de Bello Trojano, and written by Guido di Colonna, a learned civilian of Messina. He was a contemporary with Dante, and wrote Italian poetry. He comprehended in his plan the Theban and Argonautic stories from Ovid, Statius, and Valerius. Colonna's work is the storehouse whence Italian, French, and English romancers of the middle ages, drew their materials respecting Hercules, Jason, Achilles, and other heroes; and even graver writers, until Greek literature was thoroughly studied, were obliged to separate the facts from the fables in the Historia de

Bello Trojano. Jacopo di Carlo, a Florentine priest, had made the war of Troy part of the topic of a long book, that by courtesy was called a poem. He takes in a large scope of history, for he begins with the story of Jason and the Golden Fleece, includes the Trojan war, passes to Rome, and closes with the Jugurthine war. Very little superior to this work of Carlo, in respect of lucidness of narration, and elegance of style, is the Achilles and Eneas of Dolce. The writer has versified anew the history of Homer and Virgil. The Odyssey is another subject that has been beaten out by Dolce into an history in verse. It is a wretched abuse of terms to call these productions Epic poems. They have neither the fancy of poetry, nor the majestic wisdom of history. The reader is neither pleased nor informed, but will still fly to the romantic epopée for amusement, (to those, however, of Ariosto, not of Dolce,) and even to the monkish annals for instruction. I will not crowd my page with a detail of the rest of Dolce's works. He was one of the most copious writers ever known, but his ideas are few, and expressed with a prolixity that is perfectly unparalleled. (82)

CHAPTER X.

VENICE.—PADUA.

State of the Fine Arts at Venice.—Giorgione.—Sebastiano del Piombo.—Marconi, Lotto, and others.—Tiziano.—Tintoretto.—His Children.—Palma.—Schiavone.—Il Bassano.—Paolo Veronese.—Journey to Padua.—Visit to Petrarca's Villa at Arqua.—Literary History of Padua.—Torneo.—Bembo.—Pomponazzi.—Speroni.—Cardan.—Muzio.—The Fine Arts.

CHAPTER X.

VENICE.—PADUA.

THERE are few cities in Italy more interesting for pictorial glories than Venice. Truth, splendour, and variety of colouring, forms the excellence of some Venetian artists: grandeur of design, invention, composition and expression, all the historical and poetical parts of the art, place others in the rank of the great Florentine painters.

GIORGIONE.

GIORGIO BARBARELLI, of Castel-Franco, was generally called Giorgione, partly on account of the loftiness of his stature, and more from the grand cast of his mind, so visible in his pictures. He was a pupil of Giovanni Bellini, the artist who introduced oil painting into Venice, and who studied nature. Confident of his powers, Gior-

gione disdained the minuteness of his master's style, and substituted a certain freedom, and that daring strength which may be called the summit of the art. Of this excellence he may be considered the inventor; no one before him had known so well the bold management of the pencil. He continued afterwards always to aggrandize his manner, amplifying his contorno, improving his fore-shortenings, being more expressive, too, in his countenances, more choice in drapery, more natural in the gradual mixture of tints, and, finally, more strong and effective in chiaroscuro. He added the magic of chiaroscuro to the purity, truth, and taste, of the Tuscan and Roman schools. Until Giorgione, the Venetian artists knew not the skilful distribution of light and shade. Some of that class of virtuosi who delight so much in limiting the number of men of original genius, declared to me that Giorgione derived his chiaroscuro from Lionardo da Vinci. But, in truth, the style of those two masters is essentially different. The design of Lionardo loves a light and graceful contorno; that of Giorgione a full and round one. The chiaroscuro of the two is also different. In that of the former, shades predominate; in that of the latter, light. Indeed, Giorgione's chiaroscuro more resembles Corregio's than Lionardo's.

This great ornament of the Venetian school of painting was cut off by the hand of death, in the full vigour of his genius. (83) He died in 1511, at the early age of thirty-four. His well-authenticated pictures are extremely few. I viewed with astonishment the works of his early talents, both in fresco and in oil. His large compositions gave me those notions of his genius, which I have attempted to describe: and his portraits were equally distinguished for intelligence, dignified grace, truth of expression, and vigour and beauty of colour.

Giorgione's master-piece is a picture in the Scuola di S. Marco, at Venice. Its terrific graces are owing to its chiaroscuro. It forms one of the wonders of Venice. But as Vasari has written extremely well upon the subject, I am tempted to substitute his description for my own observations: "In the school of S. Marco, Giorgione painted the story of the ship, which conducts the body of St. Mark through a horrible tempest, with other barks, assailed by furious winds, and, besides, groupes of aërial apparitions, and various forms of fiends, who vent their blasts against the vessels, that, by dint of oars and energy of arms, strive to force their way through the mountainous and hostile waves which threaten to submerge them. You hear the howling blast,

you see the grasp and fiery exertion of the men, the fluctuation of the waves, the lightning that bursts the clouds, the oars bent by the flood, the flood broken by the oars, and dashed to spray by the sinews of the rowers. What more? In vain I labour to recollect a picture that equals the terrors of this; whose design, invention, and colour, make the canvas tremble. Often when he finishes, an artist, absorbed in the contemplation of parts, forgets the main point of a design, and, as the spirits cool, loses the vein of his enthusiasm; but this man, never losing sight of the subject, guided his conceit to perfection." (84)

IMITATORS OF GIORGIONE.

SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO.

The number of men of ability who were imitators of Giorgione, formed an honorable testimony to his merit. Of those imitators the most excellent, and particularly in the adoption of his tone of colouring, was Sebastiano del Piombo. In portrait painting, as a delineator both of likenesses and of the minor accessories of dress and ornament, his merit is high; but he had not

sufficient invention for historic painting. Accordingly, his friends ascribed the design and composition of his large pictures to some other genius. He was, for a few years of his life, at Rome, and attracted much of the attention of Michelangiolo. He executed several paintings from the cartoons of that great man. I heard much of Bonarruotti's preference of him to all the pupils of Rafaello, and also a story that he advised him to paint the Resuscitation of Lazarus in opposition to the Transfiguration by Rafaello himself. That story rests upon the supposition, that the two pictures were prepared in the succession which I have mentioned. But, in truth, they were painted at the same time, and by the order of the same person, namely, the Cardinal Giulio de Medici. Michelangiolo designed, and, perhaps, may have executed, part of the principal groupe in the Resuscitation of Lazarus: that portion of the picture is grand and sublime, the rest is poor in design and composition; though some of the single figures show the merit of the portrait painter. Sebastiano died at Venice in 1547, at the age of sixty-two.

MARCONI, LOTTO, AND OTHERS.

In the chapter house of St. George the Great, I saw a noble picture of the Woman taken in Adultery, by Roëco Marconi, a fellow-student with Giorgione under Bellini; but an imitator more of his companion than of his master. In colouring and in drapery, Lorenzo Lotto resembles Giorgione. His pencil is less bold than that of his model. The grand character is tempered with mezzo tints, light forms, and placid and ideally beautiful heads. The faces of his children are as simple and delightful as those of Correggio and Rafaello. A fervid admirer of the works of Giorgione was Paris Bordone, at one time a pupil of Tiziano. He often threw off the shackles of imitation and shone with a peculiar grace. At Vicenza, he painted in fresco, Noah and his sons, in competition with the Judgment of Solomon, by Tiziano, and even the friends of the latter artist admitted the justice of the rivalry. In skill of design, animation of countenance, and propriety of composition, his pictures are excellent. He had left Venice to enjoy the patronage of Francis I., when I was in the north of Italy; but his name was very much cherished by the Venetians, and they pointed

out to me the Fisherman restoring the ring to the Doge, as a beautiful contrast to Giorgione's celebrated picture in S. Marco of the Stilling of the Tempest.

IL PORDENONE.

The last and most distinguished artist in Giorgione's class, was Giovanni Antonio Licinio, or Licino, called from his birth-place, Il Pordenone. Other painters resembled Giorgione in manner; but Il Pordenone resembled him in mind. No painter of the Venetian school had more boldness and decision of touch, and was more disdainful of difficulties than Il Pordenone. His celebrity rests on his frescoes. I have seldom seen a finer picture than one of his at S. Maria dell' Orto, at Venice. S. Lorenzo Guistiniani is surrounded by various saints, among whom is St. John the Baptist, designed with astonishing truth and learning, and a S. Augustin, who appears to stretch his arm beyond the canvas, so fine and bold is the fore-shortening. Il Pordenone died about the year 1540, at the age of fifty-six. (85)

TIZIANO.

I NOW come to speak of Tiziano, whose works are so abundant in Venice. He was born at the Castle of Cador, in the province of Friuli, in the year 1480. His education under those cold and minute painters, Sebastiano Zucchati, and Giovanni Bellini, made him so accurate a delineator of natural objects, that when he wished to compete with Albert Durer, whose works were for a while popular in Italy, and accordingly painted Christ and the tribute money, (of which I have seen several repetitions,) he so carefully represented every hair of the head, every pore of the skin, and even the reflection of objects in the pupils of the eyes, that he shook the fame of the German artist. But his genius was equal to higher things. Even while he imitated Albert Durer, he painted in the free manner of Giorgione, then his fellow-student, and afterwards his rival. Some portraits by Tiziano could not, indeed, be distinguished from those of Giorgione. This similarity did not continue long; for Tiziano, deserting the grand and the energetic, formed a new style, that was remarkable for enchanting softness, and for its conformity with truth. By far the majority of

his pictures were painted in this manner, for his fine representation, in the Sacristy of S. Marziale, of the Archangel Raphael conducting Tobiah, was pointed out to me as having been executed by the artist in his thirtieth year, and that picture is in the style generally known to be so peculiarly Tiziano's. His design is not marked by that anatomical accuracy, nor is it elevated by that ideal grandeur which distinguish the masters of the Florentine and Roman schools. He could not correct the form of his model by any general idea of beauty in his own mind. Michelangiolo praised him for his colouring, but censured him and the Venetian school generally for their bad method of designing. The injustice of this remark as to Giorgione and others has been already shown. Less severe was the opinion of Tintoretto, the rival of Tiziano. He once, observed to me, that Tiziano did some things which no one could excel, and he could perform other things, if he possessed a better notion of designing. The invention and composition of his pictures show that sagacity, strength, and tranquillity of mind, which always carried him more to truth than to the novel and the specious. He never introduced any thing unnecessary to his story. He who loves the taste

of the Greek bassi relievi, where all is nature and decorum, will prefer the grave and dignified compositions of Tiziano to the splendid works of Tintoretto. It is, however, excellence in colouring that distinguishes the former artist. He was the inventor of brilliancy and lightness of hue. Never has a painter so well comprehended the principles of colouring, and applied them with such skilful management to his various subjects as he has done. His attention to the detail of finishing leaves no signs of painful accuracy, nor did it affect the general result. His light is generally in the centre, particularly in his portraits, where it gives force to the eyes, nose, and mouth; the other parts are left in a sweet negligence, which casts an air of spirit and elegance over the head. In short, what Michelangiolo was in grandeur, Rafaelle in grace, Correggio in harmony, Lionardo in chiaroscuro, Tiziano is in colouring. These are the five great men who, it may be said, were the real authors of painting; so much does their greatness transcend that of their precursors. Tiziano, more than any other genius, sees nature and draws her in all her truth. No wonder, then, that he is the first of landscape painters. Nature dictated his scenery. He is the earliest artist that has given a real character to landscape,

whether landscape be considered as the picture of a scene in its positive state, or the rich combination of various delightful objects. Hence the superior beauty of Tiziano's back grounds. History painters have surpassed him in genius and invention, but he is unrivalled in the grandeur and simplicity, the character and resemblance, the elegant air and the graceful costume of his portraits. (86)

Tiziano's pupils have neither been numerous nor celebrated. He has had much indirect influence on his age, but he is more distinguished as a painter than as a master. He has never had patience for the drudgery of tuition, nor liberality to applaud rising excellence. He quarrelled with Bordone for successfully emulating his manner. He drove Tintoretto from his study, and made his own younger brother, who had shown a singular talent for the art, devote himself to a mercantile life. (87)

TINTORETTO.

Jacopo Robusti, called from his father's occupation at Venice, (that of a dyer,) Il Tintoretto, felt his pride flattered by the cause of the

indignity which he met with from Tiziano, and with consciousness of original and independent powers he aspired to the honor of forming a new school of painting, combining the purest design with the most beautiful colouring. Over the door of his study, in a miserable habitation, he wrote, "The design of Michelangiolo and the colouring of Tiziano." His studies were directed to the attainment of these excellencies, and it is interesting to observe, that he used generally to design from his casts and copies of Bonarruoti and the antique by lamplight; by which means he learned strength of light and shade, and powerful chiaroscuro. He studied the human form, both extinct and living, with the zeal of a Florentine artist; and all the knowledge, which was the fruit of anxious and long-continued attention, nourished and enriched a genius grand and sublime, and an imagination vivid and fertile. His picture of the Miracle of the Slave had been put up in the Scuola di S. Marco just before my arrival at Venice, and that picture for design, composition, chiaroscuro, and colouring, may, in the judgment of the most accomplished Venetian virtuosi, be placed among the wonders of painting. He has reached his noble wish of embodying the grandeur of Michelangiolo in the colouring of

Tiziano. This picture has, moreover, all the vigour of a sketch, and all the roundness of finished execution.

Never did a painting make a more powerful impression upon me than Tintoretto's Crucifixion, in the Albergo or guest room of the Scuola di S. Rocco. A death-like stillness, an awful and melancholy air pervades most of the scenery and figures, and the eye finds light only in the gleam that hovers over the head of the Saviour in the centre, or that dies away in fainter tones on the holy and faithful group at the foot of the cross. But talents, however rare, learning, however ample, are vain without diligence and steadiness of application. Tintoretto had been an indefatigable scholar, but he is too often a careless painter. He is often inferior to himself. No man is more unequal, or has less respect for his own reputation. He ruins himself by dispatch. The completion of his works too soon succeeds their commencement. Judgment and taste are seldom allowed to correct an imagination, vivacious and powerful certainly, but full of conceits and extravagancies. There is no senatorial dignity in Tintoretto as in Tiziano. So that he is splendid in colouring, he seldom regards the expression of the passions. He is so little attentive to taste and propriety, that, in

his picture of the Temptation in the Desert, he has put the Saviour into a tree; so regardless is he of character and costume, that, in most of his works, he has given the apostles the air and dress of Venetian gondoliers. No man can paint better than Tintoretto, and no man generally has painted so far beneath his powers; and in most of those pictures which are generally pronounced his masterpieces, he displays more of the colouring of Tiziano than the grand contorno of Michelangiolo. (88).

THE CHILDREN OF TINTORETTO.

VENICE is, of all Italian cities, the one whose school of painting contains the fullest roll: but as I desire not to make my book a mere *guida di forestieri*, I shall only mention those painters whose works appeared to me to be of high eminence. The children of Tintoretto are worthy of their father. The talent of portrait painting is the profession both of Domenico and Maria Tintoretto. There is not so much genius in the works of the former as in those of Tintoretto himself, but in tone and harmony of colouring his excellence is transcendent. The fame of the daughter is so widely diffused,

that many foreign princes have solicited her to visit their courts; but filial tenderness has prevented her from quitting her aged parent.

PALMA.

Jacopo Palma was high in celebrity when I was at Venice. It was almost unavoidable for a Venetian artist to keep his mind uninfluenced by the elegance of Tiziano, and the grandeur of Giorgione: but so highly do I estimate the abilities of Palma, that I think his own mind would have reached, by its own powers, some of those excellencies, if novelty had been possible. His judgment in selection is as admirable as the genius of other painters in invention. A view of his S. Barbara, at S. Maria Formosa, convinced me that his talent partook of the grandeur and boldness of Giorgione's mind; and several of his various paintings, in the Venetian palaces, reminded me of the dignified grace and sweetness of Tiziano. His composition is rich and full; his design, however, often partakes of that imperfection with which the Venetian painters are generally charged; his colouring is both forcible and sweet; and no painter is more laborious in execution. I speak, however, only

of some of his works. The inequality of genius was never more apparent in any artist than in Palma. (89)

BONIFAZIO.

Bonifazio was of an equal rank with Palma. I might have classed him with the followers of Tiziano, for he was often his humble imitator. But I prefer to name him by himself; for his genius, his spirit, his grandeur, and his facility of execution, were his own. All the offices of state in Venice are filled with his works. The Expulsion of the Publicans from the Temple, which I saw in the Ducal palace, will, I think, for grouping, for colouring, and perspective, render his name immortal. What an air of divinity in the Redeemer, who is alone putting so great a multitude to flight, with a rod of small thongs! Nothing can be finer than the perplexity of the money-changers, when their tables are overturned, and the varied spectacle of consternation in the crowd composed of all classes, at so novel a scene. (90)

SCHIAVONE.

Andrea Schiavone a Dalmatian by birth, but a Venetian by adoption, is an artist of some

merit. In early life he evinced a taste for the arts; but the poverty of his parents prevented him from obtaining a good education. Without being well grounded in design, he began to paint; but his unfortunate circumstances obliging him to labour more for money than fame, his paintings were of fugitive subjects. As his abilities were of easy purchase, Tiziano, and other artists, often engaged him as their assistant. His design was bad, but in other parts of the art his excellence was, at least, attractive. His composition is elegant. The touch of his pencil is that of a grand master; and the freedom of his colouring reminds one of the graceful softness of Andrea del Sarto. (91)

IL BASSANO.

The family of Da Ponte is illustrious in painting. Francesco was an artist of some reputation at Bassano, and initiated his son, Jacopo, commonly called Il Bassano, in the rudiments of drawing. Jacopo went to Venice, in order to study under Bonifazio. But that master, like Tintoretto and Tiziano, was jealous of his art, and Jacopo could only by stealthy glances through the door of his study, see him at his easel. He remained at Venice only a short time,

but diligently enriched his mind by drawing from the etchings of Parmigiano, and in copying the pictures of Bonifazio and Tiziano. His second style shows his deep admiration of this last-mentioned painter. The death of his father, about the year 1530, compelled him to return to Bassano, a city beautifully situated, abounding in cattle and pastures, and remarkable for the frequency of its markets and fairs. The subjects which were daily under his eyes have given rise to his third style — natural, simple, and graceful. He seldom aspires to the dignity of expressing intellectual and moral character, but few artists have excelled him in the facility and truth with which he painted animals. The small number of his subjects betrays the narrowness of his genius: he not only limits himself to a few compositions, but the same faces, (those of his own family,) furnish him with saints and farmers, magdalens and village girls. He carries the practice of repetition farther than it had been carried even by Parmigiano. No painter has more works ascribed to him than Bassano. His pupils are numerous, and they make frequent repetitions of his works, which, when retouched by him, are equally valuable with the absolute originals. In the process of retouching, many little graces have been added to each successive repetition;

for, as his efforts are limited, his excellence is finished. The birth of Christ, in the church S. Giuseppe, at Bassano, is not only Jacopo's *capo d'opera*, but yields to few paintings for strength of tints and power of chiaroscuro. I have seen in the seminary of Padua, a picture of the Burial of Christ; and judging of its merits from the impression which the religious solemnity and holy sorrow of the scene made upon my feelings, I must place this painting among the happiest efforts of art. Tiziano admired so highly his Sacrifice of Noah, that he purchased a copy of it for his own study. That Bassano is able to observe perspective, that he can arrange his figures well, and give to each his proper character, these noble pictures abundantly prove. Of his capacity of expressing intellectual and royal dignity, his Queen of Saba is evidence; and, to show that the general imperfection of the hands and feet of his figures does not proceed from his inability, I would only refer the admirer of art to his S. Pietro, in the church of della Umilta, in Venice. (92)

PAOLO VERONESE.

The galaxy of Venetian talent is not yet complete; but I must speak as an historian, not as a

traveller, of their last great artist, who was in his youth when I was first in Italy; but whose fame and works I perpetually heard of, and beheld during my subsequent course. Paolo Cagliari, called, from his birth-place, Paolo Veronese, showed so early and so strong a disposition for painting, that his father, though at first disposed to educate him in sculpture, his own art, soon yielded to the tendency of nature. Most of the seats of pictorial honor at Verona being occupied, Paolo went to Venice. He there endeavoured to amend his mode of colouring under Tiziano and Tintoretto; he then repaired to Rome and gained a breadth of manner from the frescoes of Michelangiolo and Rafaello. Venice is the place where he is practising his art. The favourite subjects of his pencil are festive meetings. There are four at Venice, in the refectories of religious houses, grand in air, and copious in invention. The marriage at Cana, in Galilee, is one of the subjects, and the picture has often been copied. Its length is more than twenty feet; there are more than one hundred and forty portraits in the work, and although he flattered many of his contemporaries by introducing them in the scene, the artist only received ninety ducats for his vast labour. It must be observed that no painter is more alive to the dignity of his art, or more

indifferent to sordid considerations than Paolo Veronese. Estimating his talents from such of his works as I have seen, I should say, that he has more genius than taste. No common talents were necessary to arrange in such beautiful groups, and with such poetical fascination the immense subjects of his works. But he grossly offends good taste by making every thing in his pictures Venetian. He totally disregards propriety, in order to introduce the architecture and costume of his times. The patricians and beauties of Venice represent Jewish scenes. His style is florid and ornamental. His colouring has not the delicacy of Tiziano, nor the lively hue of Tintoretto, and, like most of the Venetian artists, he has avoided deep shadows: but when his fascinating demi-tints are before my eyes, I forget all his faults, and rank him among the ablest masters of the painters' language. (93)

I travelled in the common passage barge from Venice to Padua, and found a hospitable reception in the college, which the most liberal of physicians, Thomas of Ravenna, has built there for the education of thirty young men who are chiefly of his own city. The college is munificently endowed, and a large library and a gallery of pictures and statues are attached to it.

The morning after my arrival at Padua, my collegiate friend was obliged to go to the village of Arqua, and I embraced the occasion of paying my literary devotions at the shrine of Petrarca. We went on the canal nearly to the feet of the Monti Euganei, which break the uniformity of the low lands south of Padua. We then walked to the hills, and wound among them till we reached the village of Arqua. The first and every subsequent view of the spot justified in my mind the taste of the poet, in chusing it for his residence as he did, on account of the delightfulness of the situation. In the simple church yard, and opposite the porch, we saw the stone coffin in which Petrarca's body lies. A rude head of the poet has been placed at the upper end of the Sarcophagus, which is raised a few inches from the ground. It is said that

Petrarca dictated his own epitaph, lest his friends should write a panegyrical and pompous one:

Frigida Francisci tegit hic lapis ossa Petrarcæ,
Suscipe, Virgo parens, animam: sate Virgine, parce:
Fessaque jam terris cœli requiescat in arce.
M.CCC.LXXIIII. XVIII. Julii.

The house which the poet occupied for the three or four last years of his life, continues in its original state, for the villagers, though rude and unlettered, are sensible of the fame with which Petrarca invested their humble spot, and would consider any change in it to be profanation. The house stands on the north side of one of the hills. It is not very small, and is characterized rather by an appearance of convenience than of elegance. I imagined that Petrarca's favorite room was the one on the upper story, that commanded a beautiful view, partly of a valley, and partly of a hill, surmounted by a convent. The situation is in delightful harmony with the melancholy calmness of spirit which we always ascribe to Petrarca. The good people who showed me the house, repeated, with affectionate interest, the tradition, that the servants of Petrarca going into this room on the morning of the 18th July, 1374, found their

master seated in his chair with his head reclined on a book. As they had often seen him in this attitude, no astonishment was excited in their minds, but returning into the apartment some time afterwards, they approached the table, and discovered that he was no more. The cause of his death was not known. On the authority of other traditions, I have learnt that Petrarca was a man of a sanguine complexion, with an eye full of fire, and that his deportment was at once animated and dignified. Though a votary of Venus yet in his diet he was remarkably temperate; generally eating only herbs, and drinking water. He was fond of music, and I observe in his will, that he bequeathed the lute, whereon he was accustomed to play, to a friend, entreating him not to use it for the vanity of a fleeting life, but to the glory of God. Petrarca was accustomed to rise at midnight, finding the stillness of those hours, and the refreshing breeze of the morning, favorable to meditation and study. He was kind in manner, and affectionate in disposition, and though it was in solitude only that his fine imagination could form and pour forth the beauties of sentiment, yet his social spirit always made it painful to him to eat a solitary meal.

After lingering for some hours in the little garden, and amidst all the places wherein we

had imagined the poet used to walk, and meditate, we entered our names in the Album that is kept at the house, and in the evening returned to the University. I took a copy of Boccaccio from the library, and eagerly turned to a letter which the author of the Decamerone wrote to a friend, on occasion of Petrarca's death at Arqua. Many of the sentiments were in such perfect accordance with my own feelings, that almost involuntarily I inserted some of the expressions in my journal. "As a Florentine, says Boccaccio, I envy Arqua, observing that the humility of our friend, rather than the merit of the place, gained it the honor of possessing the remains of him whose noble heart was the favorite abode of the muses, the sanctuary of philosophy, the temple of all the arts, and particularly of that Ciceronian eloquence, of which his writings offer so many examples. Arqua, hitherto unknown not only to strangers, but even to the inhabitants of Padua, will henceforth be famous; its name will be sounded over all the world. It will be honored as we have been accustomed to honor the hill of Posilipo on account of Virgil, or the isle of Smyrna from recollections of Homer. When our ships shall return to the Adriatic, laden with the riches of the East, our seamen will exclaim to each other, pointing to the situation of

the Euganean hills, "Behold those mountains, that contain among their treasures the honor of the world; him who was the abode of all knowledge, Petrarca, that inspired poet, who was adorned with the triumphal crown in the queen of cities, and who has left writings that will survive all laureate honors. Ah, unhappy country, you were not worthy of possessing the ashes of so illustrious a son. You neglected, during his life, to draw him to you, to give him an honorable place in your bosom. You would have cherished him, if he had been a manufacturer of treasons and crimes, if he had been guilty of avarice and ingratitude!"

Padua, once

Urbem Patavi sedesque Teucrorum,

now acknowledges the authority of the Venetian aristocracy, but is regulated by her own municipal laws. Venice made an interesting acknowledgment of the literary superiority of Padua, when Padua confessed her own inferiority in martial prowess, and became incorporated with the Venetian state. The senate conceded to the Paduan university the exclusive privilege of teaching the sciences in the countrie subject to Venice: and even when a Venetian

ecclesiastic became Pope under the title of Paul II., and the establishment of an university at Venice was the consequence of this honorable circumstance, only degrees in philosophy and medicine could be granted in the new institution, while the conferring of distinctions in theology and jurisprudence was reserved to Padua.

The Paduan university was founded so early as the eleventh century, and such, it is said, was the curiosity for knowledge even in those dark ages, that eighteen thousand scholars were at one time, not many years afterwards, crowded into Padua. Both Grecian and Turkish youths were sent thither for instruction. The city is still the nurse of the profound and liberal arts, but, like Bologna, it has suffered much from the diffusion of letters. The enquirer into the annals of science finds in the dreary waste of the fourteenth century, the name of a Paduan to fix his mind upon. Albertino Mussato died in the year 1329. His historical works (relating to his own city) have not much merit for lucidness of statement or philosophical remark; but his Latinity is, in comparison with that of authors of his own age, and of many preceding centuries, so pure and elegant, that posterity has regarded him as one of the restorers of learning. Lazzaro Buonamici is in these days as cele-

brated a teacher at Padua of Greek and Latin eloquence, as Amaseo is at Venice. I thought, from his manners and discourse, that Lazzaro had all the beautiful simplicity and disinterestedness of genius. He was both respected and beloved. But I was surprized and grieved to learn, that he spent his nights in the company of gamblers. (95)

TOMEO.

Padua, a city fertile in great literary characters, never boasted of a more distinguished scholar than Niccolo Leonico Tomeo. He was a Venetian by birth, and an Albanian by extraction. He had studied Greek under Demetrius of Chalcis, at Florence, and he became so perfect a master of the language, that he could lecture upon Plato and Aristotle in the original Greek. This excellence had hitherto been rare. Tomeo was a man of elegant taste, and wished to mount to the source, in order to re-establish philosophy, which he found miserably disfigured by the vain subtleties of the schoolmen, and the frivolous speculations of the Arabic commentators. He translated, with great elegance, some parts of Aristotle, relating to natural history. He composed ten dialogues after the manner of the academics on important or curious matters,

as divination, introduction of names, presages, the immortality of the soul, &c. Another work, De Varia Historia Libri Tres, has the singularity of having been written in youth and not published till the author was advanced in life. Such forbearance is very rare in the literary character. Tomeo, therefore, did not suffer the inconvenience of making public avowals of changes in opinion. His enemies had not the pleasure of tracing the difference between his first impressions and his latest judgments. The book is not of much merit, and would never have served for the basis of a reputation. But the world often submits its judgment to that of a man of acknowledged talents, and admires in him what it would have condemned in a younger artist. There was a great character of amiableness about Tomeo. His conduct was that of a true philosopher, for his manners were simple, and luxury was never suffered to corrupt his appetites. He was devoted to the pursuit of truth, and as he never sighed for popular applause, he left ambition to common men. He died in 1531, aged seventy-five. He had marked as a presage of his death, the loss of a favorite crane, which he had fed from his own hand for forty years: but at Tomeo's advanced age the least misfortune is taken as an omen of greater ill. (96)

BEMBO.

Bembo was at Padua during my residence. He had removed thither for his health some months before the death of Leo X., and as he had no personal friendship with the successor in the Papacy, he indulged his disposition for literary occupations and pleasures in Padua, a city not inferior to any other in Italy for letters. His paternal estate, and his various ecclesiastical and civil charges, made him rich, and he expended all his affluence in the encouragement of literature. His house was valuable for its library and botanical garden, and was the resort of the learned. Bembo lived in his villa-bozza, near Padua, from the year 1520 to 1529. As I did not meet Bembo again, I shall take the occasion of detailing his subsequent history, and of giving a character of his works. From 1529 to the year of his death, 1547, he passed at Rome. Pope Paul III. invited him to that city, and conferred upon him the honors of a Cardinal. Ecclesiastical preferments flowed upon him. He continued, however, the man of letters, and the chief adviser of the Papacy. He was in nothing a priest, and did not perform any of the duties of the bishoprics of Gubbio and Bergami, to which he was named.

But as he did not scandalize the church by licentiousness, (his mistress was dead (97), and he was old) he was continued in that eminence of general respect to which his learning had raised him. Indeed, in an age when literary enmities were particularly fierce, Bembo had no foe. He was regarded as the heir apparent to the Papacy, but he died before Paul III., at the age of seventy-seven.

Of the literary works of Bembo, his poetry has chiefly attracted admiration. Most of it is lyrical: and I may characterise it by the remark that it has many of the excellencies and defects of the mournful songster of Vaucluse. It is altogether the best imitation of Petrarca that has ever appeared. There is an air of elegance around it, which none of the Petrarchists of the fifteenth century could reach. Bembo's perfect acquaintance with all the beauties and delicacies of the Italian language, and the taste with which he has displayed them, have caused him to be regarded as a reviver of true Italian poetry. "Il secolo di Bembo," the age of Bembo, is a common expression. When Bembo has thrown his model aside, it was not that the poetic spirit was in his breast, burning with a pure and holy flame, but that his mind was debased by some licentious images. Bembo's prose works are dialogues on

love, called Azolani, quite a text book among Italian gallants; a collection of letters, extremely uninteresting and puerile; and a work called "Prose nelle quali si ragiona della volgar lingua, &c." exceedingly useful to Italian philologists, for the author has developed with more skill than his predecessors the principles of the construction of his language. Great impatience was manifested for the appearance of his history of Venice. About the year 1487, the Venetian government had rewarded Marco Antonio Sabellico for his historical work on Venice, and in 1515, they appointed the patrician, Andrea Navagero, to the office of national historiographer. He never published any work on the subject. Bembo was appointed his successor. He wished to continue the history from the year 1487, where Sabellico ceased, till 1530; but in consequence of some disputes with the government, he was disgusted at his labour, and he finished with the year 1512. The work was not published till four years after the author's death. It was written in Latin; an Italian translation, which had been made by Bembo himself, soon appeared. There are two cardinal faults in this history; inaccuracy and partiality. It is astonishing that a man, to whom the Venetian archives were open, should show, in his history, ignorance of facts:

it is not equally surprising that a Venetian should be so much prejudiced in favour of his own country, as to give a false gloss to the matters which he relates. Bembo, however, in this case, as in all others, was more solicitous about the style than the substance of his work. It is certainly elegant, but the elegance degenerates into affectation. In his fondness for Cicero he loses sight of common sense and religious decency. Who would think of stating that an heathen priest had been appointed by Jesus Christ? And yet Bembo speaks of a person who was elected Pope by the favor of the immortal gods. He calls the Virgin Mary a goddess: and the old terms, *fides* and *excommunicatio*, being, in his opinion, barbaric, he has substituted *persuasio* for the former, and *aqua et igni interdictio*, for the latter. But such is the literary spirit of the times. This adoption of classical names, and this rejection of common forms of speech, are in remarkable contradiction to the custom of former ages. The men of old used to consider mythology as the type of Christianity; the birth of Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, was an emblem of the birth of Jesus Christ, of God; and the resurrection was found in the fable of Lycophron, that Hercules, in returning from the adventure of the Golden Fleece, was shipwrecked, and that

being devoured by a monstrous fish, he was disgorged alive on the shore, after three days. But now Christianity seems to be thrown aside altogether by the learned. Young men give up their baptismal, for Greek and Roman names; and old men pray for the joys of the Elysian fields, and deprecate the wrath of the immortal gods. Superstitious piety was the principle of the old, literary enthusiasm guides the new practice: but the ruggedness of former days is more manly than the affectation of these times.

Upon the whole, a perusal of Bembo's works will end in disappointment. In them his mind does not appear very vigorous and acute, or very comprehensive in its range. His history does not abound with those political and worldly maxims which a man must have formed who had been so long in the arcana of Papal politics. His poetry will always be admired by those who are fond of imitations of Petrarca. But however highly Italians may exalt Bembo for refining their language, his merit will be but coldly estimated by distant countries and remote ages. An impartial posterity will not decree very great honors to the man, in whose poems there are few lines that are breathed from the soul of genius. One of his poems, however, possesses high merit: I allude to the canzone, "Alma

cortese! che dal mondo errante," which he wrote on the death of his brother. It is a beautiful picture of a heart bereft of happiness, yet supported in its miseries by the purest consolations. The canzone is not disfigured by conceits, but is full of natural thoughts and expressions. The simile and subject of the passion are often beautifully united. Its delicious harmony is its least excellence. The length of the canzone forbids me from inserting it entire, but I shall extract one short passage, as, in some measure, a warrant of my opinions.

Quasi stella del polo chiara e ferma
Nelle fortune mie sì gravi e 'l porto
Fosti dell' alma travagliata e stanca,
La mia sola difesa e 'l mio conforto
Contra le noje della vita inferma,
Ch' a mezzo il corso assai spesso ne manca.
E quando il verno le campagne imbianca,
E quando 'l maggior dì fende il terreno,
In ogni risco, in ogni dubbia via
Fidata compagnia
Tenesti il viver mio lieto e sereno,
Che mesto e tenebroso fora stato
E sarà, Frate, senza te mai sempre.

POMPONAZZI.

One of the most remarkable men at Padua, was Pietro Pomponazzi. Agreeably to custom he took his doctor's degree both in medicine and philosophy, and he explained Averroes and Aristotle. His person was a subject of ridicule with the wits. He was extremely small; in beard and dress he resembled a rabbi, and his language was that of a German Jew endeavouring to speak Italian. He knew only the Italian of Mantua—the vilest dialect of the nation. He was acquainted with the Greek and Saracenic philosophy to a singular degree, considering he did not know either the Greek or the Arabian tongues. About the year 1516 he published his most distinguished work, a treatise on the immortality of the soul. The Patriarch of Venice condemned it to the flames, and the author defended, or rather explained away his opinions. The matter was agitated at Rome; Leo was no enemy to philosophical discussion, his secretary Bembo, openly declared himself as the defender of Pomponazzi, and all the errors of the heretic were thrown upon Aristotle. The work and its apologies were submitted to the corrections of the inquisition at Bologna. Pomponazzi adopted

all the corrections which the fire-critics proposed, but people who envied his abilities took care that the imputation of heresy should never be forgotten. In the work as it stood at first, some men read a complete denial of the immortality of the soul, others a mere statement of the opinion that the doctrine could not be proved from Aristotle. His refutation of this statement is refined and far fetched; but it must in candour be said, that he often protests we should believe the soul immortal, for such is the doctrine of the church of which he is a true son. Pomponazzi also wrote a book against incantations. If not absurd in one way, he was in another, and he attributed to the stars those events in the natural and moral worlds, which other people attributed to demons. (98)

SPERONI.

One of the pupils of Pomponazzi, is Sperone Speroni, a Paduan by birth, and who is the son of Bernardino Speroni degli Alvarotti, and of a Venetian lady named Lucia Contarini. He was very early distinguished for his learning and talents, and all the honors of the University were conferred on him. But from modesty and respect

for his master, he never lectured on philosophy during the life of Pomponazzi. He is the first (or Castiglione is the only author that preceded him) among the modern Italians, who has adopted the classical form of composition in dialogue. Moral and social duties, the great and the minor virtues, are the topics. They are more remarkable for lucidness and elegance of style, than for philosophical depth of thought. He has shown himself a judicious critic on Virgil, and also on the Italian poets. His own lyrical poetry is harmonious and graceful: and in his burlesque verses, he has given full display of that talent for irony that occasionally appears in his moral pieces. His tragedy of Canace has been already noticed. I have found few men more admired than Speroni. His knowledge is so various and profound, that he can meet in argument those who are masters of any single subject; and his polite deportment and graceful delivery fix the impression of his superiority. He occasionally has pleaded the causes of his friends in courts of law, and has published several orations on great occasions; and he has thus added the pleasure of popular applause to the silent homage which he had already received in the closets of the studious. (99)

CARDAN.

I ENQUIRED anxiously for Girolamo Cardan, whom I had often heard mentioned as a prodigy of genius and learning; and as equally remarkable for the eccentricities of his conduct. I had not been long at Padua before I met him in the streets, most miserably attired; at one moment walking with great slowness and gravity, and then suddenly quickening his pace, and contorting his body into the most ridiculous shapes. Soon afterwards I saw the same man in a large and mixed society. He was then most splendidly dressed. The first thing that struck me was his want of philosophical composure; for he was distorting his fingers, and then biting his lips till the blood issued. A friend told me that Cardan in private committed still greater absurdities; he bit the fleshy part of his left arm, he scourged himself, and even voluntarily brought on the gout and other diseases. On being asked the reason of this departure from common courses, he was accustomed to reply that to his feelings pleasure consisted in the removal of actual pain, and if that pain be voluntary it can be made to cease at pleasure. He found that some degree of pain was necessary to his exist-

ence, for his mind was wild and furious, unless it was compelled to fix part of its attention on the the body. Many people adopted madness as the safe and easy solution of these phenomena. Cardan's friends attributed many of his vagaries to a wild horror of mind, occasioned by domestic misfortunes. In addition to poverty, and various other common infelicities of literary men, he had frequently been obliged to imprison one of his sons on account of immorality, and his other son had been beheaded for poisoning his wife. This loss afflicted Cardan more deeply than any other of his calamities. In the violence of his passion he used to arraign the justice of the laws, and defend his son, because he said the marriage had been an imprudent one, and ought to be dissolved.

These particulars respecting Cardan being acquired, I turned my attention to the subject of them. As long as the conversation ran upon common topics, Cardan occasionally dropt a few sentences, and they were full of spleen and bitterness; which no one wondered at or regarded, for people kindly charged them upon that necessity for excitement, that urged him to the commission of so many absurdities. I still sat revolving in my mind, the circumstance that Scaliger had written against Cardan, merely for the honor of

contending with such a man, and had expressed his opinion, that in some things Cardan appeared above human ability, and in many other things below the state of childhood. I became sceptical of his talents, at least as displayed in conversation; but at length a question of literature was started, and I was not much longer in doubt. He discoursed with surprising ability and eloquence; and displayed a perfect knowledge of the ancients; not the mere title of their books, like some people, who ought to be called booksellers, rather than doctors; and who do not, as Cardan says, write, but copy:—but he retained in his mind the opinions and the very expressions of his authors, and often corrected the false quotations of those with whom he was conversing.

Cardan was a physician of great eminence at Padua when I was there; but he often changes his abode. The basis of his medicine is the general sympathy between the celestial bodies and the parts of the human form. The motto which I have perused an hundred times over the door of his house, struck me as highly necessary to be read by those who think that there is no occupation save the acquiring of wealth: "*Tempus mea possessio; tempus ager meus,*" are the words. Were I disposed to believe the description that Cardan has given of himself, I should say that all

the vices and all the virtues form his mind; that no person is worse, none better than Cardan. It might seem that he has thrown off all responsibility to Heaven, by charging his offences upon the stars; but it should be remembered that he strenuously contends that the stars are regulated by the Providence of God. He is charged with atheism, but, in his philosophical works, I have been assured that he reasons so piously, that no philosopher ever appeared more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of religion. In his works which relate to morals, he places all happiness in a future life; and contends that felicity can only be reached through death. But the word atheist or deist, is a common term of reproach, applied without meaning; the expression of envy or hate, rather than of real opinion. On two great occasions he suffered religion to influence his conduct. He declined the favors of Edward VI., king of England, for he would not confess his title to those honors of which the Pope had deprived him. He refused the honorable and lucrative station of physician at the court of Denmark, for he disliked the religion of the country. His reputation has been injured by his publication of what he calls the Horoscope of Jesus Christ. I remember that at Rome, one Tiberius Russilianus Sextus, of Calabria, offended

the church, by undertaking to prove, in a public disputation, that Jesus Christ, in his corporeal character, had been subject to the influence of the stars; and that the circumstances of his birth, his prophetic character, and particularly his violent death, might have been predicted of him. Other schemes of Christ's nativity have been proposed at various times, but always rejected by the common sense of the world; for people, although they firmly believe their destiny depends upon the planets, yet, maintaining the divine nature of Christ, are shocked at the absurdity of the necessary dependance of his actions upon the state of the stars, at the time of his birth. Cardan might have justified his scheme by many examples, which have been passed unnoticed by the church; or have contended that his scheme was not inconsistent with heavenly wisdom. Unfortunately for his fame, his vanity has induced him to maintain the assertion that he is the inventor of the Horoscope of Jesus Christ.

Cardan's literary works are eagerly sought for by the learned. He has written upon astronomy, astrology, mathematics, morals, philosophy, medicine, natural history, music; and, indeed, there is scarcely a subject of human knowledge, upon which he has not written. There are so many

contradictions in his books that it is easy to see the author had not a very large stock of fixed principles. His digressions are extremely numerous, and have often no connexion at all with his main subject. In his book on arithmetic, for instance, the reader is astonished to meet with dissertations on the creation, the motions of the planets, and the tower of Babel. For his digressions, Cardan raised the excuse that his agreement with the bookseller was by the sheet, and that he worked no less for money than for fame. His poverty accounts, too, for the audacious plagiarisms that every where disgrace his pages. His reason is generally at the command of some phantasy of the imagination. He believes that he is influenced by an attendant spirit. He writes, because he is commanded in dreams to do so, and he boasts, like all other fanatics, of special communications with heaven. The reveries of his imagination are so distinctly present to his mind, that he often mentions them in his works, as if they were actual occurrences. His acquaintance with the learned languages was the gift of God to him in dreams. Notwithstanding these absurdities, persons who have read his works affirm that they display great acuteness of intellect, and unbounded fertility of fancy: that

they are a mine of other men's opinions, and of his own numerous original inventions. (100)

MUZIO.

Girolamo Muzio is better known in Italy as a poet than as a divine, though his writings in defence of the established church are numerous and excellent. They have brought him more reputation than profit, for his condition at Padua, his birth place, is generally very indigent. Nor have the Muses been much more liberal to him. He often declares that he who wishes to obtain any other reward than honor, must be born in a happier age than the present, and he who, in following the Muses, objects to the poverty and nakedness of their appearance, had better quit Parnassus. Muzio is one of the most intolerant and one of the most licentious of men, and while he denies liberty of religion to others, he indulges himself in every variety of love. He is both a Platonist and a sensualist, and sometimes writes like Petrarca and at other times like Aretino. Tullia of Arragon, who always loved to have men of letters in her chains, was one of his mistresses. In complimenting the ladies, he did not forget his own literary merits. He modestly

tells a woman that she can make him happy, and that it is in his power to immortalize her by his pen

> Raro ben, raro onor d' ambidue noi!
> Con la vostra bellezza, e col mio stile,
> Voi me beato, i' voi farò immortale.

Muzio's sonnets appear to proceed from a mind rich in poetical ideas, but the images are often extravagant, and the language is spoiled by conceits. These faults are remarkable, for Muzio is a man of exquisite taste. His treatise on the art of poetry is a very elegant work, full of judicious precepts, and harmonious versification. Much of it is general criticism, but the third part relates entirely to Italian poetry. It is singular that while he praises Ariosto's dramatic genius, he impliedly denies him all epic merit. Nobody, he says, has in these times sounded in a noble strain the trumpet of Mars. Those who have tried it, seem only to have aimed to please women and the people. He likewise takes an opportunity of commending Homer, for having at the commencement of the Iliad, announced only the wrath of Achilles, and at the commencement of the Odyssey, the woes and the return of Ulysses, although he embraces in these two poems an immensity of other objects. But there are some,

he adds, who are not satisfied unless they announce one by one, the ladies, the knights, the battles, the loves, and all the other matters of which they intend to speak. Surely this is a sarcasm on the initiatory lines of the Orlando Furioso? (101)

THE FINE ARTS.

PADUA is not so famous for the fine arts as for the graver sciences. She cannot boast of much native talent in painting or sculpture. The genius of the Venetian masters appears in great splendour on the walls of her palaces and churches. The Paduans point to many an old faded picture as the work of Giotto, the Florentine, particularly in the hall of the public palace. They are extremely proud of an equestrian statue in bronze of Gattamelata, the Venetian general, by Donatello. It stands near the church which is dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua, who is called, *per excellentiam*, "Il Santo." It drew from me the expression of praise, that the sight of the Marcus Aurelius has so often produced; "Charge then, do you not know that you are alive?" Within the church are some beautiful bassi relievi in bronze, by Donatello. (102)

The palace of the Carrara family is remarkable for a clock, that was placed on it about the year 1345, and which was regarded as the wonder of the age. Besides the hours, it marks the annual course of the sun, according to the twelve signs of the Zodiac, the course of the planets, the phases of the moon, the months, and even the annual festivals. The artist was Giacopo Dondi, whose father made a clock more simple in its qualities. The word Horologius has ever since distinguished the maker's family, and sometimes their original appellation has been dropped. Those two clocks, moved by wheels and not by water, preceded all others that have been set up for public use and convenience in Italy. About the eleventh century, the water clocks of the ancients gave place in the monasteries, to more accurate time-keepers, formed of wheels and weights, but the art did not emerge from the cloister till the time I have mentioned.

CHAPTER XI.

VICENZA. — VERONA. — MANTUA. CREMONA. — GENOA. — MILAN.

Trissino. — Eminent Latin Poets. — Fracastoro. — Cottà. — Flaminio. — Maccaronic Verses. — Lucretia Gonzaga. — Italian Novelists. — Matteo Bandello. — Sacchetti. — Ser Giovanni. — Masuccio. — Bembo's Azollani. — Molza and Cinthio. — Erizzo. — Parabosco. — State of Painting at Mantua — and at Cremona. — Letters and Art at Genoa. — Literary History of Milan. — Account of Lionardo da Vinci.

CHAPTER XI.

VICENZA.— VERONA. — MANTUA.— CREMONA.—GENOA.—MILAN.

From Padua I ascended to Vicenza, through a rich and cultivated country; as the land is generally a level surface, there is not that various scenery which adorns the neighbourhood of Florence and Naples. In the course of my travels I perpetually found the advantages of my education at Rome. In every town which I visited, there was some person or other of rank or letters who was happy in paying attentions to a friend of Leo X. From Giangiorgio Trissino, I expected a welcome reception, for he had been an associate of my patron, and had frequently represented the Papacy at foreign courts. But, alas, poor Trissino was inaccessible to strangers. He was not only corporeally afflicted,

but was suffering under the severest mental distress. Time had not yet softened his grief for the loss of his eldest son, and the ingratitude of his other child kept his wound green. The courts of law had adjudged lately that the estate of his first wife should belong to her son Giulio, who had been in a state of rebellion against his father on account of a second marriage which Trissino had taken the liberty to contract without his son's permission. The legality of the decree was not questioned by the people at Vicenza, but its violation of equity was loudly exclaimed against. As the climax of his misfortunes, Trissino's second wife had recently died.

No one ever entered the world with fairer claims to happiness than Trissino. He was the chief representative of a noble and wealthy family. His talents were far above the level of ordinary merit, and his intellectual accomplishments were considerable. Wealth, which most men of letters are without, was at his command, and the intellectual occupations which mere men of fortune cannot enjoy, were his. It would have been better for his reputation if he had never appeared as an author. His literary abilities would have been more highly estimated, if he had not provoked a strict examination into their merits. As a man of letters he stands high,

The variety of his knowledge and the soundness of his opinions, added to the weight in society which his birth and fortune gave him, were qualifications for a patron of literature. He might have been at the head of many societies of scholars. He ought to have directed, and partaken of their labours, and not a work should have been published without his participation. But he, too, must be an author. His "Italia liberata da' Goti," or the recovery of Italy from the Goths, by Belisarius, is a poem so dull and laboured, that few people have been able to reach the conclusion. It is so little read, that Barnardo Tasso is right in saying that it was buried on the day of its birth. Trissino is a servile imitator of the ancients, without having a spark of their genius. The expression of a critic is not too severe, that, "Trissino has taken every thing from Homer, except the divine flame of the Meonian bard." He courts his aid, but is unable to profit by his assistance. He gathers the flowers of the Greek poet, but they wither in his hand. Trissino has written his poetical works in *versi sciolti*. That he is the earliest of Italian writers in blank verse is a position that has not been well supported. The point is not material. It is more interesting to observe, that the revival of classical literature was

the circumstance, which, in truth, shook the supremacy of rhyme, for the love of ancient poetry naturally led to an imitation of the Greek and Roman mode of versification. Trissino will, however, always be remembered as the earliest tragic poet in Italy. I cannot call him the father of the stage, for he invented no principles nor dramatic rules, he merely invested a Roman story with the theatrical costume of Greece. The merit of priority in Italian dramatic literature is, however, of some consequence. But Trissino's real honor lies in his having drawn Palladio from obscurity, and in giving to the world an architect worthy of the age of Pericles. (103) Trissino was a warm patron of the newly created desire to imitate the architecture of Greece and Rome. I therefore used to view his own house with great interest. It is situated about half a mile from the gate of San Bartolommeo, in the suburbs of Vicenza. The wings are old, but the ancient centre has given place to an elegant building of two stories, designed by Trissino. The lower rooms retire a little from an open space in the front, arched, and also ornamented with Ionic pilasters. Corinthian pilasters are in the front of the second story. Friezes, corresponding to the respective orders, surmount each story. The gardens are extremely beautiful, and

when Trissino was in health they were frequented by literary men like Rucellai's gardens at Florence.

VERONA.

From Vicenza I went to Verona; and I then found myself at the foot of those Rhetian Alps, which were the scenes of so many events in Roman history. The enquirer into ancient manners will delight to linger in the arena of the amphitheatre, and wander among the forty-five ranges of the seats. Accustomed as I had been to the Coliseum, I was astonished at the magnitude and solidity of the Amphitheatre of Verona. I lived in the city for some time. An old writer says,

> Vanne a Verona citta ricca, e nobile,
> Donna, e reina delle terre Italiche.

However, that may be, Verona has, in every age of ancient and modern times, been a seat of letters. At present Fracastoro is the only man of genius whom she claims. The rest of the literary class preserve the dignity of their professions; but it would not interest my readers to know the names of the lawyers, divines, and physicians, of

Verona; none of whom have passed the bounds of professional attainments.

FRACASTORO.

VERONA is proud of having given birth to Girolamo Fracastoro. He was for several years attached in friendship to the great General Bartolommeo Alviano, and was the brightest ornament of his academy at Pordenone, for, unlike most men of the military class, literature was the relaxation of the Venetian commander. During my stay at Verona, Fracastoro was living in the neighbourhood, on the delightful hill of Incaffi, near the Lago di Garda. His literary habits made solitude necessary to him, and his fortune, though ample for his few and simple wants, did not allow him many of the pleasures of society. His chief Latin poem is much admired for the fulness of its knowledge, and the vigour and elegance of its style; and though it is on a medical subject, yet there is such a delightful play of imagination over the whole, that it has been read by all classes. Fracastoro is generally said to be the Virgil of modern times; but the scientific nature of his topic, and his elegant mode of treating it, make the name of Lucretius more

applicable to him. Sannazaro, who was in general more prodigal of criticisms than eulogiums, acknowledges himself to be inferior to Fracastoro.

Fracastoro has written on many branches of philosophy, particularly on medicine. The place of his education was Padua, and in his youth medicine was a very favorite study in the university of that city. His skill in physic was a claim to general admiration. All difficult cases were submitted to his opinion: and the nobility of every part of Italy frequently repaired to Incaffi for advice.

COTTA.

A LATIN poet, for whose death, Fracastoro, I was told, still grieved, was Giovanni Cotta, a native of Legnano, on the Adige. His parents were poor, and the history of his education is not known. He was from time to time in the service of several great men, but that true friend of letters, Bartolommeo Alviano, was the first person who properly estimated his abilities. Cotta enjoyed all the literary advantages of Pordenone. In 1511 he was sent to Pope Julius II., at Viterbo, and he died in that city of a pestilential fever, at the early age of twenty-eight.

His poems are few, but their excellence makes the world lament that his career was so brief. He wrote with tenderness of feeling and elegance of expression, on love and friendship, subjects most likely to engage a youthful mind; and his muse could rise in noble loftiness, when the deeds of Alviano were the theme. Similarity of genius united him in friendship with Fracastoro; and in conversing with literary men on the Latin poets of the age, I always found that Fracastoro and Cotta were joined in praise. (103)

FLAMINIO.

With them used to be associated Marc Antonio Flaminio, a native of Serravalle, but of a family of Imola, in Romagna. He was the mildest of men, and one of the most elegant of Latin poets. I have heard it often and truly said, that his poetry is the image of his heart, not of the understanding; and of a heart sensible, tender, and virtuous. A few of his verses, written in the fervour of youth, might, perhaps, be blotted out, but those which relate to the purer charities of life, deserve the highest praise. He is the rival, rather than the imitator of Catullus, and has equal sweetness with the Roman author,

and far more delicacy. I remember his coming to Rome, soon after my arrival at the Academy, and reading his own verses, and those of his father, to Leo. Flaminio was then a youth, and the Pope paid him the common Virgilian compliment,

Macte nova virtute puer, sic itur ad astra.

He also detained him for a while at Rome, and gave him all the advantages of the best literary society. Before my return to Italy, his career was closed. He lived till the year 1550, and was not then much beyond fifty years old. I never heard of an event which caused such great grief to the literary world as his death. His talents and virtues had gained him the respect and love of all the distinguished men of his time. The Cardinal Alessandro Farnese was his most liberal and constant patron. That admirable judge of merit, the Count Baldassare Castiglione, treated him with the respect due to a superior, and with the friendly confidence that virtue inspires. Sannazzaro, Fracastoro, and Navagero, held Flaminio in the highest honor; but the greatest proof of the strength and precocity of his abilities, was the offer of Sadoleto to take him into the office of the Pontifical Secretary, and

even to allow him a participation of the honors and title of the chief situation. Flaminio was then under twenty years of age; his father, however, seems to have wished to establish him in some profession, and accordingly removed him from Rome to the more austere occupations of Bologna. But Marc Antonio never engaged in professional labours. His own little patrimony gratified all his wishes. (104)

MANTUA

Was the city which I visited after Verona. I will not impose my Virgilian recollections upon my readers, and I will, as usual, refrain from laying before them a dry catalogue of the names of men, who are respectable jurisconsults, physicians, and divines.

On enquiring into the state of polite literature, I found that the Mantuans claimed as one of their first modern writers, Teofilo Folengo, generally called

MERLINO COCCAI.

He entered the church at a time of life when it is very difficult to observe the vow of celibacy;

he afterwards both loved and wrote licentiously; and finally endeavoured to repair his errors by monastic austerities, and by composing devotional works. His poems are neither perfectly Latin, nor perfectly Italian, but a mixture of both languages; and to that mixture the culinary name "Maccaroni" has been applied. The variety of his tales, the vivacity of his descriptions, and the elegance of his poetry, show that his talents were superior to the pedantic buffoonery of Maccaronic verses. The Mantuans rank him with the Florentine burlesque poet, Grazzini Lasca.

They are also exceedingly proud of

LUCRETIA GONZAGA,

The daughter of Pietro Gonzaga. She is one of the most illustrious literary women of her time. She is mistress of the classical languages, philosophy, and the belles lettres; nor has she thrown off the delicacy of her sex in acquiring those accomplishments that are usually usurped by men. She is as much superior to most Italian ladies in virtue as in learning. She corresponds with the great in rank and literature; and her letters are remarkable for elevation, and simpli-

city, and purity of mind. They have been lately printed at Venice; and such is the esteem in which all the productions of her pen are held, that the editor has collected all the notes that she had written to her servants. The director of her studies was Matteo Bandello. The constant communion of ideas created a reciprocal interest; the tutor felt pride and pleasure in unfolding his pupil's mind; and she was only happy in the reward of his approbation. As the one person was the centre to which the thoughts of the other tended, feelings of attachment naturally arose. But Bandello always boasted of the holiness of his affections, and I never heard the most malicious censurer insinuate, that discretion had been violated.

MATTEO BANDELLO

Was a native of Castelnuovo, in Lombardy. By profession he was a Dominican friar, but he was only slightly tinctured with scholastic theology, and seldom practised clerical duties. He was devoted to the belles lettres, particularly to romance writings; and his elegant and convivial manners introduced him to the society of courts.

He was attached to a diplomatic mission to Paris, previously to the formation of the league of Cambray. He befriended the French interest, and when the Emperor Charles V. possessed himself of Milan, Bandello and his father were obliged to emigrate, for their fortunes were confiscated and their persons were proscribed. Matteo then accompanied some friends into Gascony, and continued in France during the remainder of his life. He died about the year 1560. As a writer, he is best known by his tales, of which there are two hundred and forty: each is preceded by a dedicatory epistle. Like other novelists, love and gallantry are the general subjects of his pen, and no writer could prosper either during, or for years after, the pontificate of Leo X., who did not appear to be possessed of a gay and amorous disposition. Bandello's descriptions may sometimes tinge the cheek of virtue with the blush of modesty, but they can never corrupt the heart. There is always a moral tendency in his tales. The author never confounds virtue with vice, or good with evil. He condemns the theory of Machiavelli, and, consequently, the immoral politics of princes. He reprobates the avarice and worldly-mindedness of the court of Rome, and contends for the necessity of a general ecclesiastical re-

form. His ridicule is admirable on those monks who dispute for their privileges with the same zeal as ought to animate them when the vital interests of religion are at stake.

ITALIAN NOVELISTS.

I SHALL, in this place, as the most fitting for the occasion, introduce such information as I have collected on the other novelists of Italy.

SACCHETTI.

THE novel writers contemporaneous with, or immediately subsequent to, Boccaccio, deserve but little commendation. Franco Sacchetti, a Florentine merchant and magistrate, who died in 1408, composed and compiled various tales that are highly licentious and anti-monastic, but do not glow with the poetical description that animates the Decamerone. They are, indeed, rather anecdotes than novels, and depend for their effect more upon the construction of some particular sentence, than the exhibition of character in a course of feigned events. Many of his stories are said to relate to great persons of his time, but the assertion is received with little

credit, for it is impossible to avoid the suspicion that a celebrated name is only used as a matter of convenience. The elegance of the style is, perhaps, the greatest beauty in Sacchetti's novels.

SER GIOVANNI.

A COLLECTION of novels called Il Pecorone, the Dunce, by an unknown Ser Giovanni, of Florence, had much popularity in the fifteenth century. They were written at the close of the fourteenth. The vice of this author, as of Sacchetti and many others, is the indiscriminate and undistinguishable mixture of history and fable. Every thing is distorted. The rules for the two different species of writing perpetually cross each other. Facts, therefore, appear improbable, and fiction is repressed by the fetters of truth.

The Pecorone is less offensive to morals than are the tales of Boccaccio or Sacchetti; and its language is eminently beautiful. The author has adopted the example of Boccaccio in giving a vehicle to his stories, but he has been peculiarly unfortunate in his choice of one. A young lady, named Saturnina, was the ornament of a

nunnery near Forli, and the fame of her virtue was widely spread. Auretto, a rake of Florence, ardently desired to behold this fair piece of frost work. To scale the walls and rob the nunnery of its brightest treasure, was not thought so sure a mode of success as some plan of stratagem. Assuming an appearance of holy virtue, he was introduced to the convent as a friar; and, by interest and seeming merit, he became a priest on its establishment. The sanctity and suavity of his manners gained him the respect and confidence of the cloistered sisters, and he soon found that earthly passions still lurked about the heart of the fair Saturnina. The quick and strong glances of his eyes provoked a blush upon her cheek, and after the usual course of sighs, and smiles, and *accidental* pressures of the hand, the monk and the nun confessed their loves. Thus far all is natural. The remainder of the tale is ridiculous. The lovers had a diurnal meeting in a retired room, and, in order to pass the time agreeably, each person told a tale to the other. This state of things continued for twenty-five days, and the fifty tales that were related form the collection. The supposition that two lovers did not know how to pass their occasional meetings in a more amusing manner than in telling tales, may, to some persons, show such laughable

ignorance of human nature, that they will scarcely be tempted to look into the tales themselves.

But analogical inferences of error are always uncandid, and generally erroneous. The stories in the Pecorone are of higher merit than those of Sacchetti. Many of them relate in elegant language, and in a spirited manner, some of the most important events in Florentine history. Others are versifications of stories drawn from the various sources which afforded matter to the genius of Boccaccio. Ser Giovanni derived from an Asiatic repository of tales, a very interesting story founded on the common passions of friendship and love, and the peculiar character of the Jewish nation in modern times for malignity of revenge. Saturnina tells it, premising that it is the richest in her collection. A Florentine youth, called Giannotto, the adopted son of a Venetian merchant named Ansaldo, set sail from Venice on a voyage of trade and amusement to Alexandria. He touched at Belmont, having heard that an heiress lived in the neighbourhood, whose hand would be given to the man who anticipated matrimonial felicity with her. Giannotto lost his chance of happiness, for at night his senses were sealed in sleep from drinking a narcotic which

he mistook for wine. His ships and merchandize were forfeited to the lady as the penalty of his presumption. His patron again equipped him, and the issue was similar. A third venture was furnished, in consequence of Ansaldo's borrowing ten thousand ducats from a Jew, and stipulating that unless payment should be made at a certain day, a pound of flesh was to be cut by the Jew from the body of Ansaldo, the merchant. Giannotto proceeded again to Belmont, and learning from the kindness of a servant the cause of his ill success, he threw the usual goblet aside, and of course had no difficulty in accomplishing his suit. The parties were married. Giannotto neglected to return to Venice till the time elapsed for discharging the bond. The Jew refused to receive all pecuniary satisfaction, even an hundred thousand ducats, and insisted on the forfeiture of the pound of flesh, in order to enjoy the diabolical pleasure of removing from the Rialto the greatest merchant among the Christians. At this conjuncture the bride arrived at Venice, disguised as a lawyer from Bologna, and consistently with custom, a proclamation was issued that a Bolognese jurisconsult was ready to give decisions on all disputed cases. Giannotto and the Jew appear before the Judge. She declares that the letter of the bond must be

adhered to, that the flesh, no more nor less than a pound must be cut off, but that the Jew must pay by his life for the shedding of a drop of blood. The executioner, with his block and ax, is then summoned, the judge telling the Jew that his head should be struck off if one drop of blood were shed. The Jew then offered to receive an hundred thousand ducats, and gradually lowered his demands to the sum which he originally advanced. But the Judge would permit him only to take the forfeiture, and, therefore, the Jew in the violence of his rage destroyed the bond. The Judge would accept no reward from Giannotto except a ring. Ansaldo and Giannotto after a short stay at Venice go to Belmont, where they found the lady who had resumed her female dress, having given out that she had passed the interim at the baths. She received Ansaldo with kindness, but pretended anger against her husband, for having, as she said, wasted his time at Venice in the society of his former mistresses. Her demand of the ring produces embarrassment. But Giannotto vows by every thing sacred, and by her dear self, that he gave the ring to the judge. She declares with equal confidence that he gave the ring to a woman. Giannotto's tears pleaded for the sincerity of his declarations; and the

lady, touched at his distress, procured the ring and identified herself with the lawyer. These circumstances of course increased the love of Giannotto. The story is completed by the marriage of Ansaldo with the servant who had counselled Giannotto not to drink the narcotic potion. (105)

MASUCCIO.

Masuccio di Salerno is another celebrated novelist, who wrote at the close of the fifteenth century. He possesses very considerable narrative powers, and he endeavoured to gain applause by assuring his countrymen that he carefully imitated Boccaccio. He is as correct and artificial, but not so elegant as his model, and his Neapolitan provincialisms often confound his Tuscan imitations. The popularity which he lost by this failure in style was compensated, however, by the gratification which the tales afforded to the world, for one of their avowed objects was to expose the vices of the monks, and the author who deals in censure or slander will never want readers. Masuccio has drawn most of his stories from common history, and domestic chronicles of Italy. Like the early poets, and his contemporaries Luigi da Porto, and Bandello, he has

related a singular tale of love. Masuccio has placed his scene at Sienna, and has named his parties Mariotto and Ganezza. The other novelists more accurately have made Verona the theatre, and have called the unhappy parties Romeo and Giulietta, of the Montecchi and Capelletti families. The original story is in perfect accordance with Italian manners, and may be found in the Veronese chronicles. Indeed, I saw at Verona, the tomb of the lovers. They had been married unknown, and in opposition to parental wishes and authority. For having killed a person in a quarrel, Romeo is compelled to fly his country. Giulietta is then urged by her father to marry. She communicates her distress to the friar who had united her to Romeo, and by his advice she swallows a narcotic powder, whose apparent effect is death. She is buried. The husband who is at Alexandria, is informed of the common story, before the arrival at the place of his retirement of the messengers whom the friar had privately sent to him. The issue of the tale is variously told. Masuccio relates that Mariotto returned to Italy, and was capitally punished for the murder; that the lady repaired to Egypt, and on being disappointed at not finding him, went back to her native city, and on hearing of his death re-

tired to a nunnery. Romeo, according to Da Porto, and Bandello, returned to Verona on the evening subsequent to the day of Giulietta's funeral; and when darkness concealed him, he went into the sepulchre where Giulietta lay. She awoke from her trance while he was embracing her apparently lifeless form, but the raptures of the lovers were soon checked, when Romeo declared, that believing that she was really dead, he had taken poison, whose effects he now felt in his veins, and was only come into the tomb in order to accompany her in death. The friar then entered the vault, for the purpose of releasing Giulietta. Romeo dies amidst the lamentations of his mistress and the friar; and Giulietta, rejecting all counsel to retire to a monastery, closed the eyes, and bathed the face of Romeo with her tears, and exclaimed, "how can I live without thee, sovereign of my heart? What can I do but follow you in death? For death, which alone could have divided us, should not now have power to separate us." She then, says the tale, setting fully in her mind's eye the misery of her lot, suppressed her respiration for awhile, and at length, uttering a cry of horror, fell dead upon the corpse of Romeo.(106)

The pedants of the fifteenth century, overlooked the Decamerone, because they despised

all literature that was not Greek or Latin. But, in time, philology gave way to the belles lettres, and the Italians were struck with shame at their neglect of native talent. Enthusiasm now appeared in another form. Boccaccio became the favorite author; every one talked and wrote in the language of the Decamerone, and no preacher could be sure of favor, unless his sermons were made up of patches from that book. (107) Bembo was an ardent admirer of novels. At his instance Gualteruzzi revised and published that delight of the old Italians, the Cento Novelle Antiche. In his youth, and before Minerva was his only mistress, Bembo had written discourses on love, called Azolani, from the castle of Azolo, in which he wrote them. The revival of the fame of the Decamerone, incited him, although he was a Cardinal, to reprint the work. The success of it showed his prescience; for it was so much admired, that no man could move in polite society who had not read it. These circumstances created a thousand novelists. The elegance of their language is their greatest merit; particularly of the Florentine, Antonio Francesco Grazzini, or Lasca. The monks were still the objects of satire; but the abuses of learning, not known in Boccaccio's time, were now felt, and the pedant is accordingly brought upon the scene.

A few stories in the Decamerone are serious, but the comic taste predominated with Boccaccio and most of his successors. Lasca is, however, often grave.

MOLZA AND CINTHIO.

Molza's novels are said to be exceedingly dangerous to virtue; for the only care of the author was not to offend delicacy. As a friend of the passions and not of morals, he views all human actions. Giovanni Giraldi Cinthio, the Ferrarese secretary, is more distinguished by his novels and tragedies than his works on graver subjects. I have already censured his plays for extravagance of story and language, and the censure may be extended to the novels. A great merit, however, of his Heccatommiti, is the high tone of morals that pervades it. This was certainly a new feature in novel-writing; for his predecessors had been as remarkable for their disregard of morality, as for their care of style. Some of Cinthio's tales are new, but most of them are old favorites of the Italians, freshly tricked out. I often heard them read and repeated in private society; and I remember that at Venice the chief favorite was a melancholy

tale, regarding the loves of a noble Moor and the daughter of a Venetian senator. The Moor was in the military service of the state of Venice, and warmly patronized by the nobles on account of his extraordinary merits. Desdemona, the great beauty of the city, attracted by the courage and adventures of this soldier of fortune, loved him, and he, admiring her beauty, and flattered by her preference, returned her passion. They were married secretly, for the parents of Desdemona protested against so unequal a match. The senate appointed the Moor governor of Cyprus; and he went thither accompanied by his wife, she declaring that no perils of the sea should separate her from her husband. His ancient was a man of seeming virtue; the frankness and gaiety of his manner veiled his real qualities. The ancient's wife made one of the expedition, and being a Venetian, sensible and agreeable, Desdemona considered her as a friend. The society at the Moor's house was completed by the presence of another military officer of the rank of captain. The ancient conceived a violent affection for Desdemona; but her soul was so perfectly possessed by love for the Moor, that she extended only courtesy to other men. The ancient, however, fancied that she looked with an eye of love upon the captain. His passion for Desdemona

then gave place to hatred. He wished to make the Moor himself the minister of his vengeance; but considering the state of affection between all the parties, he knew that an open accusation of adultery would not effect his object. Fortune favored him. In consequence of striking a soldier, the captain was degraded. Desdemona anxiously endeavoured to effect his restoration. The Moor complained to the ancient of his wife's importunity in the case; and expressed his fears that he must overlook military propriety, and reinstate the captain. The ancient said that, perhaps, Desdemona had some strong but private reason for her anxiety. To the Moor's interrogatory, "What reason?" he replied, "I do not wish to disturb matrimonial felicity; but if you will open your eyes you will see the reason." The ancient would declare no further; but his language pierced deeply the mind of the Moor; and when Desdemona reiterated her request for the captain's restoration, her husband asked her in an angry mood, why she took such interest in a man who was not her brother, nor even a remote relation? Desdemona replied, that she was unhappy at losing a friend whom her husband acknowledged to be worthy of her esteem. "The offence," she said, "was a very trifling one; but you Moors are by nature so

irritable and fiery, that the slightest injury gives birth in your minds to anger and the desire of vengeance." These expressions were not calculated to soothe her husband, and he replied by declaring, that some persons should experience the effects of the disposition which had been attributed to him, and that he would be revenged on the authors of his injuries. The ancient, in a subsequent interview with the Moor, yielded to his lord's importunities for explanation; and assured him that Desdemona's interest for the captain, sprang from violent love for him,—a passion that had been fostered by the disgust she had for some time felt at the blackness of her husband's complexion, and his general want of personal graces. The Moor counterfeited distrust; the ancient declared that the captain had boasted to him of the success of his amour; the wretched man then cried for ocular demonstration of his wife's guilt. This proof, the ancient said, could not be given, on account of the dissolution of friendship between the captain and his lord. But a slight circumstance soon confirmed the Moor's imaginings into certainties. Desdemona, in the course of her visits to the wife of the ancient, played with her friend's child, and the ancient seized a favorable moment of stealing from her girdle a handkerchief, curiously worked in the

Moorish fashion, and which her husband had given to her. The ancient conveyed this token of love to the captain's residence. The young soldier found it, and without much inquiry into the means by which it reached such a situation, he stole to the Moor's house, in order to restore it to the owner; for he had often seen it about Desdemona's person. His few and cautious knocks at the door were answered by the Moor himself: and the captain, without reply, fled in terror. The husband communicated this circumstance to the ancient, who soon afterwards talked with the captain in a place where they were seen, but could not be heard, by the Moor. The conversation related to common topics, yet the ancient's gesticulations made the Moor conceive that his dishonour, and his wife's infidelity, formed the subject of the interview. The ancient, when the captain left him, told the Moor, that the captain had declared he and Desdemona availed themselves of the Moor's occasional absences from home, and that she had lately presented her lover with her favorite handkerchief. The Moor then resolved that his conviction of his wife's guilt or innocence should depend upon her concealing or producing the handkerchief. Accordingly, he demanded it from her: she was unable to restore it; and not knowing the

mode by which she had lost it, she was confused and embarrassed. The Moor then determined on the destruction of his wife, and her supposed paramour. The ancient endeavoured to perform the office of assassinating the captain, who, however, escaped with a wound in the leg. This circumstance, of course, strengthened the compassion of Desdemona, and her feelings aggravated the rage of her husband. At his instigation, the ancient killed Desdemona. In her last moments she protested her innocence, and the Moor, who saw her die, told her that death was the punishment of those women who put horns upon the heads of their husbands. His revenge expired with its victim, and finding no happiness in being deprived of her who was once the partner of all his joys, he regarded with abhorrence the author of his miseries. Fear of the Venetian senate restrained him from slaying his ancient, but he dismissed him from his post. The ancient then assured the captain, that it was by the contrivance of the Moor that he had been maimed. Instigated by the same desire of vengeance, both the officers returned to Venice, and charged the Moor with the murder of Desdemona. The Moor was taken and tortured, but no bodily sufferings produced confession. His sentence was only banishment, but

the friends of Desdemona secretly murdered him. The author of all this woe escaped punishment, and died in another country for offences that sprang from the same features of his character as those which caused the misery of the Moor and Desdemona. This termination is perfectly consistent with the common course of human events, but does not make that completeness of story which we expect in a novel. The moral of the tale, namely, the impropriety of unequal marriages, is suggested to the reader by Desdemona herself, who, in the course of her distress, takes some bitter comfort from the reflection, that her fate will be a warning to her countrywomen, not to entrust their happiness to connections that are unsanctioned by parental authority, and which, observing the distinctions that form the various races of mankind, must be deemed unnatural.

ERIZZO.

Sebastiano Erizzo, a noble Venetian, who was distinguished for his researches into philosophical and historical antiquities, wrote some pieces which were in courtesy called novels. He has distorted several events of history: but

this evil has not been so great an impediment to his fame as his practice of making his tales a mere vehicle for moral and philosophical discussions. Instead of meeting with an elegant relaxation, and something to cheer the mind, the reader throws the book aside in disgust, as contradicting its professions. The reflections on life and conduct with which a judicious author sprinkles his narrative will find their places in a reader's mind, but dissertations on moral ends are out of season in novels. (108)

PARABOSCO.

Parabosco is the last writer of novels whom I shall mention. Merit shall close my list. Were I to proceed until I reached the numerical termination, I know not when I should conclude. No class of Italian literature is more full than that of works of fiction. In days of baronial austerity there was in every castle a man of wit and memory, whose office it was to recite narratives, whose substance or colouring was fictitious. Ages of learned elegance succeeded; and scholars engaged to dissipate the tedium of gloomy magnificence. Fresh forms and new or-

naments were given to the romances of old, the fictions of other countries were rendered into Italian prose, or the writer drew from the rich mine of his own invention the narrative materials as well as the decorations of his tales. Novelists are encouraged in every court of Italy. Their works are read both in the saloon and in the closet; and they are numerous, because immediate reputation is their reward.

Girolamo Parabosco was a native of Piacenza; but he generally resided in Venice. His tales possess more merit than his poetry, or dramatic pieces. Like Boccaccio he has formed a vehicle for his fictions, but with better taste than his predecessor he has adapted his stories to his various speakers. The Diporti of Parabosco are seventeen in number. He has made them the subject of three days' entertainment, and has varied the pleasure by introducing songs and madrigals. He supposes that several literary characters, such as Ercole Bentivoglio, Sperone Speroni, Aretino and others, while on a fishing party, were surprised by a storm, and compelled to save themselves in the nearest cottage. In order to pass the time agreeably, each person is to tell a story. The one of Aretino is well worthy of relation. He describes the character of the monks of his own days, their ambition,

their licentiousness, and their avarice in demanding heavy payments for confession. One of these audacious preachers, always recommending the christian virtues of charity and purity, was a devoted though sly admirer of the fair sex. He was particularly attracted by a penitent who was famed for her beauty and chastity. He declared his passion, and employed all the address of sophistry to seduce her. The lady pretended to listen to his vows, and on her return home revealed to her husband the iniquity of her confessor. A plot was accordingly laid, and the monk repaired one evening to the house supposing that its lord was absent. The amorous confessor was about retiring to bed, when he was alarmed by the husband's return; and the wife compelled the monk, half-naked as he was, to secrete himself in a chest. All the night long he passed in this miserable confinement; the morning at length arose, and the bell of the priest's convent rang for prayers. It was the Sunday whereon the church commemorated the resuscitation of Lazarus, and as the monk was a celebrated pulpit orator, a large congregation was assembled in the chapel. The husband went with other admirers of his eloquence, and contrived to introduce the chest. The time for the commencement of the service having elapsed,

the people began to be impatient. They passed the tedious moments by various means, whether serious or jocose, till a young man proposed to examine the contents of the chest. The chest was opened, and the preacher was discovered almost in a state of nudity. No one but a monk would have known the mode of extrication from such a dilemma. He profited by his situation; every thing assisted him, even the paleness and exhaustion which his long confinement had given him. "Behold," he cried, to his astonished congregation, "the Lazarus whom the church celebrates to-day; behold him in the state in which he came from the tomb. I have put myself into this condition, to see the effect upon your hardened hearts of the image of what must be the end of all things." He continued his discourse in the same strain; all the auditors were subdued into devotion by his eloquence, and even the husband who had brought him to church in order to expose his knavery, admired and pardoned him.

PAINTING.

I SHALL not weary my readers with the results of my antiquarian researches into the history of art, at Mantua. Andrea Mantegna, who died at

an advanced age in the year 1505, was the first artist who made Mantua a famous seat of painting. I have elsewhere mentioned his excellence as an engraver. He has infinite merit as a painter. He exercised his talents at various places, but the liberal patronage of the Marchese Lodovico Gonzaga confined him chiefly to Mantua. He made himself a great painter by deeply and enthusiastically studying every excellency of the art. He became acquainted with the principles of the antique, from attending to the lessons of Squarcione, a painter who travelled into Greece for knowledge, and who, on his return to Italy, became the head of so numerous a school of paintings, that he has been often called the father of painters. From admiration of Mantegna's genius, Squarcione adopted him as his son. Mantegna adorned the pure forms of the antique with the colouring of Giovanni Bellini, the patriarch of the Venetian family of art. His perspective and chiaroscuro appear to have been his own. I must mention that he married the daughter of Bellini. The event is interesting in his pictorial history. It drew upon him the hatred of Squarcione, who was a rival of Bellini. The acrimonious censure of Squarcione, and the judicious mixture of criticism and panegyric of Bellini, stimulated Man-

tegna to the highest exertions. Might I estimate his powers from one picture, I should add that he was dignified, elegant, and expressive. There was no picture in Mantua that pleased me more than Mantegna's Vittoria, or the Virgin on a throne, with Christ standing on her lap, in the midst of saints blessing the kneeling Francesco Gonzaga, and casting over him a mantle in sign of protection. The colours have the softness, the freshness, and the mellowness of nature. Every one of the heads is a school for vivacity and character, and still more remarkable for the dignity of the antique. Many of Mantegna's pictures are cold, dry, and emaciated. He servilely copied, rather than freely selected from, the antique, and this badness of taste threw a thousand absurdities into his pictures. He worked indefatigably as a painter and an engraver, and had not sufficient time to give elaborate finishing to his pictures. His great name covered his faults, for when any painting, however hard in its outline, or cold in its expression, was said to be Mantegna's, the virtuosi immediately contended for the honor of purchasing it. (109)

GIULIO ROMANO

was at Mantua. He was an architect, as well as a painter, and from his plans noble palaces were rising in every quarter of Mantua, and its beautiful vicinity; and Giulio and his pupils were adorning the walls with paintings in fresco and oil. The royal palace, and the palace of the T, in the suburbs contain the finest instances of his power: but let me also praise the altar piece in the church of S. Cristofero, in which the painter has represented the Saint groaning under the weight of the infant Jesus. The school of painting at Mantua was extremely numerous, the studies were conducted on the same principle as those at Rome; namely, the constant contemplation of the antique. The valuable remains of the art of statuary among the ancients that have been discovered at Mantua, or purchased by its dukes, formed the rich collection of the academy. To this collection Giulio added the designs made by himself, from the antique and from Rafaello. I observed that Giulio's method of tuition was to prepare cartoons, and when the painting was finished by his

pupils; he retouched the whole of his work, and gave to every thing the image of his great character. This also was his plan, (adopted from Rafaello,) when he was engaged in the palace del T, where I saw his pupils working from his cartoons the noble frescoes of the fall of the Giants, wherein the artist has combined the mighty, the singular, the austere, the emphatic. Few painters have so closely united taste and copiousness of ideas, rapidity and correctness of execution, or who communicated historical and mythological learning in so popular and familiar a manner. Since his removal to Mantua, he gave full scope to his own genius, which inclined more to the energetic than the elegant. (110)

CREMONA.

Every traveller must be delighted with the ride from Mantua to Cremona, for the north of Italy is richly cultivated, and the distant Alps form a sublime back ground to the picturesque scene. But Cremona is not a place peculiarly interesting to literature; and, indeed, all that I have to offer concerning it, are a few observations on art. Boccaccio Boccaccino, who flourished at the close of the fifteenth century, was at that

city, what Ghirlandaio, Mantegna, Perugino, and Francia, were in their respective schools; the best modern among the ancients, and the best ancient among the moderns. In the frieze of the Duomo at Cremona, he has painted many scenes in the life of Christ. The style is partly original and partly conformable to the manner of Pietro Perugino; not that he has equalled Perugino in delicacy of his heads, in composition, or in strength of chiaroscuro; but the draperies are richer, the colours more various, the landscape and architecture more just and beautiful. Some of the figures, however, are so much encumbered with drapery as to appear ridiculously short. His son Camillo was still more excellent. He studied the antique, and though his course was rather shorter than that of Boccaccio, yet he arrived at greater eminence. His style is an equal mixture of lightness and strength. Some judges of art have proposed him as an example of masses of light with grace and suavity of manner, and have classed him with Lionardo and Corregio. There is certainly much of Corregio's manner in his perspective and foreshortening.

The influence of the Milanese school on that of Cremona was evident in the case of Bernardo Gatti, whom I have already mentioned as an imitator of Corregio. The family of Campi were

in repute at Cremona, when I visited the city. The father Galeazzo held a high rank among the painters of the second class. His sons studied under Giulio Romano, at Mantua. Giulio Campi learnt from his illustrious master grandeur of design, knowledge of naked figures, and magnificence in architecture. He went to Rome, and studied the elegance of Rafaello, and the natural simplicity of the antique. The colouring of Tiziano, and the chiaroscuro of Corregio, can often be discovered in Giulio Campi. Examples of all these qualities are evident in his pictures in the church of S. Margarita, in Cremona. But he also consulted nature. The heads of his females are beautifully selected from those of his own countrywomen. The mode of colouring is that of Paolo Veronese. All the brothers resemble each other in the air of their heads, but, in design, they widely differ. Giulio is grand and learned. Antonio Campi follows Corregio rather than Romano. In invention and design Vincenzio Campi was inferior to his brothers; but his colouring is as deep, and brilliant, and various as theirs. He was eminent as a painter of portraits and flowers. He might have reached higher excellencies; for, in the Descent from the Cross, in the Duomo of Cremona, the dead Christ is so fine in respect of

foreshortening character of the head and colour, that I rank the artist on a level with Pordenone. (111)

GENOA.

LITERARY interest much declines at the north of Italy. Unless we direct our attention to Milan, we may pass over the beautiful plains of Lombardy, without meeting with those powerful literary associations that press upon the mind of the traveller in every other part. The journey is long and tedious from Cremona to Genoa, and at the close of my labors I met with no reward. As Genoa had been a great commercial city, I expected that her intellectual history would have been like that of the Florentine and Venetian states. The magnificence of her appearance, her palaces of black and white marble, and even the new practice introduced by Giorgione of painting the fronts of the houses, make the word *superb* applicable to Genoa. The intellectual taste of the Medici will be in vain looked for. Goldsmiths, embroiderers, embossers, and all the other mechanical contributors to luxury, have been abundantly encouraged in Genoa, but there is no mental dignity in Genoese splendor;

the eye is attracted, but there is no appeal to the finer sensibilities of the mind.

I might, perhaps, fill some pages with the names of men who are said to have possessed learning and talents; but the annals of Genoa do not present me with a person who departed from the beaten track of scholastic and ecclesiastical lore; that ever passed beyond a respectable mediocrity, gave an impulse to the intellectual energies of his fellow-citizens, and stood before the world as one who multiplied the sources of rational improvement and refined delight. The most remarkable circumstance in the literary history of Genoa is, that the idea of Aldo the elder for a Polyglott Bible has been somewhat advanced by a Milanese printer, Pierpaolo Porro, established at Genoa. He has printed the Psalter in the Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, and Chaldese tongues, a thing never done before. (112)

PAINTING.

The sack of Rome, and the other calamities of the holy city, drove the scholars of Rafaello over all Italy. The Rafaellesque taste was carried by Polidoro and Salerno into Naples; by

Giulio Romano, to Mantua; Pellegrino, into Modena; Gaudentio, into Milan; and I have already stated, that Perino del Vaga founded the Genoese school of painting. The new principles of the art could nowhere be so well received as by an ingenious and industrious people, and by a wealthy nobility, who delighted in splendid temples and magnificent houses, which, in every description of ornament, should not yield to royal palaces. Seldom is ideal beauty the study of the Genoese painters. Their figures are well selected from nature, and have more robustness and energy than elegance and delicacy. If they have not had such poetical painters as the Venetian school, they do not so often violate decorum and costume. Lazzaro and Pantaleo Calvi, the sons of Agostino Calvi, a reformer of the old style of painting, were pupils of Perino. I shall only mention the eldest brother, for Pantaleo lent him aid without soliciting distinction. The façade of the Dorian palace, representing some of the circumstances and issues of war, is both a school of design and of chiaroscuro. Perino was liberal of cartoons, and, therefore, in some of the best works of Calvi, I suspect the hand of the master. All Genoa is indignant at the illiberality and iniquity of Lazzaro. He was jealous of the least merit in others, and resorted

to the blackest arts to defame them. He employed ruffians to cry down and oppress his rivals, and an artist of superior merit, Giacomo Bargone, he removed from all power of competition by poison. The two Semini, Andrea and Ottavio, had for their master their father, Antonio Semino, an eminent painter, but, following his council, they deferred much to Perino. The two brothers then, struck with the beauty of Rafaello's style, wished to draw taste from the fountain itself. They went to Rome, and were thenceforth faithful imitators of the Roman school. Andrea, who had less originality than Ottavio, is more Rafaellesque than his brother, particularly in the contorni of his faces. His design is sometimes incorrect, and his figures want fleshiness. Ottavio could, and often did, imitate Rafaello with such exactness, that the most perfect connoisseurs were deceived. He copied without mimicking his great original. (113)

MILAN.

My abode at Milan was in the house of my countryman, Antonius Damilas, whom I mentioned at the commencement of these travels to

have been a transcriber of manuscripts at Crete. For several years he had taught Greek at Milan, and so closely was he attached to the city, that his general name was Antonius Damilas Medoliānensis. He was also a corrector of the press of such Greek works as were printed by the well-known Alessandro Minuziano, the printer of the surreptitious edition of Tacitus. Minuziano is a man of polished taste and vast erudition. He is a teacher of oratory and history; but he thought that he could do a still more acceptable service to letters by printing the classics. His first attempt showed the boldness and spirit of his mind. It was an edition of the complete works of Cicero. It was published at Milan in the years 1498 and 1499, in four large folio volumes. The works of the Roman orator had never been printed in one collection before. Minuziano's prefaces to the various books issued from his press are written with great elegance. The learned printer pours forth many a lamentation on the circumstance, that the typographical art had already degenerated, in consequence of the ignorance of printers and the avarice of editors. Minuziano spares no labour nor money in procuring the best manuscripts, and his penetration and judgment are always exerted to select the best readings. (114)

The literary history of Milan is not without interest, and Damilas was sufficiently free in communicating his knowledge respecting it. Milan was among the first cities of Italy that burst asunder the bonds of barbarism. Even in the eleventh century there were schools of philosophy in that city. Contemporary historians mention her as pre-eminent in divine and human studies. Papia, a native of Milan or its territory, possessed a creditable knowledge of the Greek language, and was the author of the first Latin dictionary of any merit. It was promulgated about the year 1160. Fra Bonuvino da Ripa, a Milanese writer of the thirteenth century, was one of the first cultivators of the Italian language. His contemporary, Galyano Fiamma, who makes this assertion, also says, that in Milan, in the year 1300, there were fifteen professors of logic and grammar, forty copyists of books, sixty schoolmasters, and that the city was fertile in chemists, physicians, and philosophers. Indeed, the medical college of Milan was larger than that of any other Italian town. The Viscontis, and then the Sforzas, were the patrons of letters and art. They founded academies, and formed every other part of the machinery of literature. Galeazzo Visconti II., at the suggestion of Petrarca, established the University

of Pavia, which his son enlarged and enriched. Intellectual attainments were rewarded by political distinctions, for all the state secretaries were men of scholastic learning. Referring to the literary glories of the Sforzas, the Milanese boast, that after Poliziano had revived the acts and chorus of Greece, their city was the first in Europe in which a theatre on the Grecian model was built.

In reading the names of the professors at Milan and Pavia, during the fourteenth and fifteenth century, I find that most of those eminent men who contributed to the formation of a classical taste in Italy, occasionally resided in one or the other of those cities. These stars diffused their light, with equal brilliancy, over all Italy. For instance, Manuel Chrysoloras and Constantine Lascaris taught Greek at Milan, and we know that the Greek grammar of the latter was printed in that city. Damilas pointed out to my notice in the church of the Passion, a monument which the grateful Trissino had raised to the memory of his learned preceptor in Greek, Demetrius Chalcondyles.

The Milanese are proud that the famous lawyer, Andrea Alciati, was born in their city. Next to him Merula is their greatest name. He taught the belles lettres at Venice and at Milan; princi-

pally in the latter city, where he died in 1494. He was the first that published together the four ancient Latin authors on agriculture, Cato, Varro, Columella, and Palladius, and he was also the earliest editor of Plautus. These works appeared at Venice, in the year 1472. Merula, likewise, superintended impressions of Juvenal, Martial, Ausonius, and the declamations of Quintilian, and appended notes to those authors. Damilas described Merula as one of the most irritable and ferocious of men. His abilities were sufficient for philological attainments; and the certainties and terminations of studies in those branches of knowledge made him illiberal when his authority was not deemed oracular. He fancied that he was seated upon a throne, and he certainly hurled his thunders with imperial violence. His mind had never wandered into the regions of metaphysics and philosophy; he was, therefore, ignorant of the difficulties of approaching the goddess of truth, and had no pity for those who missed the way. He had studied under the great Filelfo, and when that eminent grammarian justly censured him for using the word Turcos for Turcas, Merula carefully showed that all impressions of youthful respect were effaced from his mind, and wrote a most acrimonious reply to his old

master. Merula composed a history of the Visconti family, merely, I should think, to convince the world of his inability for historical writing. His history is altogether worthless; for as the author could not distinguish between the legend and the chronicle, the reader cannot place that reliance upon his judgment which every historical writer should receive. I take this occasion of remarking, that there were other historians of Milan who lived in the time of the Visconti and the Sforza, and wrote under their patronage; but it would be idle to particularize them or their works. All these historians, except one named Corio, wrote in Latin. His book is written in Italian, but it is so strongly saturated with the Latin idiom, that one can scarcely believe that it was possible for a man, with Boccaccio before him, to debase so grossly his native tongue. (115)

PAINTING.

"THERE are proofs yet remaining among the public buildings of Milan, that the fine arts were, in some measure, encouraged by the Lombards. In the cathedral there are paintings in a rough, hard style, of animals and monsters. There are

several works of Giotto, at Milan, in a perfect state, and these gave the tone to succeeding painters. In the middle of the fifteenth century the famous Francesco Sforza, and his brother, Cardinal Ascanio, were not less disposed to adorn the city with noble buildings, than those buildings with beautiful ornaments. Under the wing of ducal patronage, a great number of architects, statuaries, and painters then arose. Vincenzio Foppa, a Brescian by birth, flourished in this period, and is, by some persons, considered as the founder of the Milanese school. Vincenzio Civerchio is often called a Venetian painter; but he principally worked at Milan, and was the chief of a large academy. His figures were learned. His paintings were admirably fitted for elevated situations, for his plains gradually extended and fled; and his heights softly descended. Bramante of Urbino was one of the strangers who repaired to, and painted at, Milan. He remained there in full affluence of fame as a painter and an architect till the year 1499, when the power of Lodovico ceased. His best and favorite pupil was Bartolommeo Suardi, generally called Bramantino. He was excellent in most departments of art, but his distinction was perspective. Agostino, a pupil of Bramante, was so well skilled in the perspective and sotto in

su, that there is a painting in the church del Carmine at Milan, which appears as fine as the cupola of Corregio at Parma. (116)

LIONARDO DA VINCI.

MILAN will always be hallowed in the recollection of art, for it contains the master-piece of one of the luminaries of modern painting. Lionardo, called da Vinci from his birth-place, a castle in the vale of Arno, was the natural son of a Florentine notary, and was born in the year 1452. Gifted with a vigorous and inquisitive mind, and a person robust and active, he soon became remarkable for his acquaintance with various subjects in profound and polite literature, and for the graceful accomplishments of a cavalier. He learned the rudiments of painting from Andrea Verecchio, the master of Pietro Perugino. So much superior was Lionardo to his teacher, that when the young man assisted the veteran in a representation of St. John baptizing Christ, Verecchio was astonished at the excellence of his pupil's mode of colouring, and in mortification at his own inferiority, he threw aside the pencil for ever. But this renunciation of pictorial ambition did not cast him into a state of indo-

lent vacuity, for, like most men of art of his time, he was a sculptor, a medalist, and a goldsmith, as well as a painter. Lionardo remained at Florence, till he was more than forty years old; but of his studies and occupations during that long and important part of his life, I have heard no authentic particulars. In 1494 he went to Milan on the invitation of Lodovico Sforza, a most affectionate enthusiast of his various merits. To amuse the court with his extemporaneous poetry, and to play on a curious silver lyre of his own construction, to erect a statue to the memory of Sforza's father, and to preside over an academy of architecture and painting, such were the objects of da Vinci's change of abode. At Milan he was accordingly a musician, a poet, a sculptor, and a teacher of art, and as if every subject were within the scope of his abilities, he also practised both civil and military engineering. Of the works of his pencil there are many sketches and drawings, but of finished pictures only a few. Of this last class of his productions the Lord's Supper is the most remarkable, and is, indeed, one of the happiest efforts of human genius. It is painted on the walls of the refectory of a Dominican convent, near the church of Santa Maria del Grazie, at Milan. For elegance of design, graceful air of the figures,

variety of expression, and tasteful disposition of drapery, this painting is not inferior to any work of art that I have seen in Italy. He never finished the face of the Redeemer; for he had exhausted his powers in depicting the twelve Apostles. It has been often said, that he was long unable to concentrate in one countenance all those baneful passions which he thought distinguished Judas, but that at last he was fully satisfied with delineating the face of the prior of the convent. The true case was this. The prior, ignorant of the painter's delicacy of judgment, complained of the tardy manner in which the work proceeded. Sforza's authority was appealed to, and the artist was commanded to devote two hours each day to the picture. Days and weeks passed away, and the walls of the refectory did not glow with additional colours. The prior, not knowing that the artist's mind was busied in intense meditation upon the grand and glorious conception of his fancy, reiterated his complaints to the duke, and in a subsequent conversation between Lionardo and Sforza, the former declared, more perhaps in wit than in malice, that for the portrait of Judas he had not yet sufficiently studied the physiognomies of condemned criminals, and that should the state prisons be defective, the countenance of the friar

would furnish him with an ample expression of hypocrisy and vice. The full admiration of the Cenacolo will, however, be confined to the present generation. The picture is even now fading, for Lionardo, from his inability to give a prompt and decisive expression of his ideas, was unable to paint in fresco, and, therefore, used oil colours, which he might efface or retouch as his judgment dictated. (117)

The fortune of Lodovico Sforza changed; Milan became the theatre of war; the school of art was dissipated; and Lionardo himself returned to Florence. He remained in that city for the nineteen years which succeeded 1499, except for a short residence at Rome, on the occasion of Giovanni de' Medici becoming Pope Leo X. The literary glories of the Medicean house would, it was thought, shine with more brilliant lustre. Like other artists and men of genius, Lionardo repaired to the holy city; but his stay was short, for mutual disgust soon separated him and Leo. I never could learn the real cause of this feeling, nor of the equally surprising circumstance, that in his early residence at Florence, da Vinci had not shared the patronage of Lorenzo de' Medici. The French king, Francis I., made a vain endeavour to separate the picture of the Last Supper from the walls of the Dominican convent;

and as he could not transport the work itself to France, he wished for the person of the artist. He invited Lionardo to his court, and da Vinci was not unwilling to quit Italy. The young Michelangiolo was rising into fame, and he who had for years engrossed public favor could not brook rivalry. The two artists had exhibited their respective abilities in cartoons for pictures to adorn the walls of the great council chamber at Florence; and a mind of no ordinary ambition might have been satisfied with the battle of Niccolo Piccinino, by Lionardo da Vinci, and yet have allowed high merit to the cartoon of the battle of Pisa, by Michelangiolo. The mutual anger of the two great Florentine artists was notorious, and Lionardo, consulting his own tranquillity of mind, went to France. He died, however, in that country, in the arms of the king, without having exercised his pencil, A. D. 1519.

Of Lionardo's various abilities, that for painting was the most prominent and splendid. He investigated the principles, and marked the peculiarities of the human form. He perused human nature with the most careful attention; and even viewed public executions, in order to observe the various expressions of pain, contrition, and fortitude, on the faces of the criminals, and the different appearances of sympathy and

horror in the spectators. Lionardo, therefore, became the painter of expression. His painting of Christ among the Doctors is a prodigy of character; and many of his heads are equally beautiful for their spirituality and sweetness. His knowledge of comparative, as well as human anatomy, has amazed even professional anatomists. He was a master both of chiaroscuro and of half tints. Before him chiaroscuro was confined to mere opposition of light and shade. He made the most important discovery of the beauty of a central radiance, and the coalescence of that light with shade (shade being with him not a positive colour, but an absence of light,) by imperceptible demi-tints. Bartolommeo della Porta adopted the principle of the beauty arising from concentration of light, purity of shade, and subordinate masses. The genius of Michelangiolo discovered, and occasionally displayed, the same magic of chiaroscuro. But, in general, it was disregarded by the painters of the Tuscan and Roman schools. Rafaello did not, in respect of light and shade, attempt any graces beyond those of the old masters. He did not suffer the blandishments of chiaroscuro to usurp the place of character; and, indeed, his want of attention to this accessory of expression often diminishes the effect of his subjects. But, to return to Lion-

ardo da Vinci. His imagination was fertile of beauty, but his judgment was insecure and irregular; and his eccentricities are often more striking than his taste. He was a singular instance of the union of the apparently opposite qualities of unsteadiness and minute attention. He was perpetually wandering in search of the beautiful; never retaining long any chain of ideas; and yet he was so careful in finishing his pictures, that he spent four years upon the portrait of a woman, (Mona Lisa, wife of Francesco di Giocondo,) and did not dismiss it from his easel, till, to the finest example of female beauty, he had added the most perfect imitation of every hair of the head, and every pore of the skin. He left many of his pictures imperfect, for he never could reach his own ideas of excellence. Much of his life was lost in indulging this fastidiousness; and much more was wasted upon subjects totally foreign from painting. But when I view his best pictures, I feel more wonder and reverence than from the works of almost any other painter. In drawing the naked figure, Michelangiolo was not more accurate — in grace and expression, Rafaello was not more beautiful and characteristic, than Lionardo da Vinci. He displays the powers of chiaroscuro with unparalleled effect; and his colouring rivals, and was perhaps

the origin of, the Venetian mode. Such does Lionardo appear in his best works; of which, unhappily, only a few genuine specimens exist. The great excellencies of art were combined in one individual, before they appeared severally to the astonishment of the world in Michelangiolo, Rafaello, and Tiziano. Da Vinci was the precursor of these three great men; the herald of the brightest day yet known in the history of the art of painting. (118)

This account of Lionardo da Vinci closes, I observe, all that I have seen and collected on the state of letters and art in Italy. Other countries remain to be described; and my mind is thronged with vivid recollections of Sir Thomas More, Erasmus, and many men of equal literary eminence. I quit, however, the present part of my subject, not with the feelings of pleasure that attend the accomplishment of a portion of a task, but with the regret of bidding farewell to scenes, amidst which the mind has long lingered with delight.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

NOTE (1). — Page 8.

Io mi sto in villa, e poichè seguirono quelli miei ultimi casi, ne sono stato, ad accozzarli tutti, venti dì a Firenze; ho fino a quì uccellato ai tordi di mia mano, levandomie innanzi dì, impaniavo, andavane oltre con un fascio di gabbie addosso che parevo il Geta quando tornava dal porto con i libri d'Anfitrione; pigliavo almeno due, al più sette tordi. Cosi stètti tutto settembre, di poi questo badalucco, ancora che dispettoso e strano, è mancato con mio dispiacere: e quale la vita mia di poi vi dirò. Io mi levo col sole, e vommi, in un mio bosco che io fo tagliare, dove sto due ore a rivedere le opere del giorno passato, ed a passar tempo con quei tagliatori che hanno sempre qualche sciagura alle mani o fra loro o coi vicini. E circa a questo bosco io avrei a dire mille belle cose che mi sono intervenute, e con Fronzino da Pansano e con altri che volèvano di queste legne. E Fronzino in spezie mandò per certe cataste senza dirmi nulla, e al pagamento mi voleva rattenere dieci lire, che dice aveva avere da me quattro anni sono, che mi vinse a cricca in casa Antonio Guicciardini. Io cominciai a fare il diavolo, volevo accusare il vetturale, che vi era ito, per ladro, donde G. Machiavelli v' entro di mezzo, e ci pose d'accordo. Battista Guicciardini, Filippo Ginori e Tommaso de

Bene, e certi altri cittadini, quando quella tramontana soffiava, ognuno me ne prese una catasta. Io la promessi a tutti, e ne mandai una a Tommaso, la quale tornò a Firenze per metà, perchè a rizzarla ci era lui, la moglie la fante e i figlioli che pareva il Gaburro, quando il giovidì con quelli suoi garzoni bastona un bue. Di modo che veduto non ci era guadagno, ho detto ogli altri che non ho più legne, e tutti ne hanno fatto il capo grosso, ed en specie Battista che connumera questa tra le altre sciagure di stato. Partitomi dal bosco, io me ne vo ad una fonte, e di qui in un mio uccellare con un libro sotto, o Dante o Petrarca o uno di questi poeti minori, come dire Tibullo, Ovidio e simili. Leggo quelle loro amorose passioni e quelle loro amori, ricordomi dei mia, e godomi un pezzo in questo pensiero. Trasferiscomi poi in sulla strada nell' osteria, parlo con quelli che passano, domando delle nuove dei paesi loro, intendo varie cose, e noto vari gusti e diverse fantasie d'uomini. Viene in questo mentre l'ora del desinare, dove con la mia brigata mi mangio de quelli cibi che questa mia povera villa e paulolo patrimonio comporta. Mangiato che ho ritorno nell'osteria, qui è l'oste per ordinario un beccajo, un mugnajo, due fornacciai. Con questi io mi ingoglioffo per tutto dì giocando a cricca, a trie trae, e dove nascano mille contese e mille dispetti di parole ingiuriose, ed il più delle volte si combatte un quattrino, e siamo sentiti non dimanco gridare da san Casciano. Così rinvolto in questa viltà, traggo il cervello di muffa, e sfogo la malignità di questa mia sorte, sendo contento mi calpesti per quella via, per vedere se la sene vergognasse. Venuta la sera mi ritorno in casa, ed entro nel mio scrittojo, ed in sull'uscio mi spoglio quella veste

contadina piena di fango e di loto, e mi metto panni civili e curiali, e rivestito condecentemente entro nelle antiche corti degli antique uomini, dove da loro recevuto amorevolmente mi pasco de quel cibo, che solo è mio, e per il quale io nacqui, dove io non mi vergogno parlare con loro, e demandare della ragione delle loro azioni; e quelli per loro umanita mi respondono, e non sento per quattro ore de tempo alcuna noja, sdimentico ogni affanno, dimentico la povertà, nè mi sbegottisce la morte.

Machiavelli, Lettera a Francesco Vettori, die 10 Decembris, 1513. Opere di Machiavelli. Milano, 4to. vol. xi. p. 231., &c.

Note (2). — Page 10.

Pope Paul IV., in 1559, revoked the privilege of Clement VII. The Works of Machiavelli were put into the index of prohibited books, and were also condemned by the council of Trent. Machiavelli has always been censured by Jesuitical writers. Instead of the phrase, Machiavelli died, the right orthodox expression of the Jesuits has been, that, on such a day the impious wretch vomited forth his cursed soul.

The reason of this hatred is that Machiavelli meddled with politics; a science of which the Jesuits have wished to be the sole professors. His book, "Il Principe," was quite a text book with sovereigns who wished to govern tyrannically.

Note (3). — Page 10.

After speaking of his nocturnal studies at San Casciano, Machiavelli, in the letter alluded to in the text,

observes, Tutto mi trasferisco in loro, e perchè Dante dice "Che non fu scienza senza ritenor l'inteso" ci ho notato quello di che per la loro conversazione ho fatto capitale, e composto un' opusculo *de Principatibus*, dove io mi profondo quanto posso nella cognizione di questo subietto, disputando che cosa è principato, di quali specie sono, come si acquistano, come si mantengono, come si perdono, e se vi piacque mai alcuno mio ghiribizzo, questo non vi dovrebbe dispiacere. E ad un principe, massime ad un principe nuovo dovrebbe essere accetto, però io l'indirizzo alla magnificenza di Giuliano. — Il darlo mi faceva la necessità che mi caccia, perchè io mi logoro, e lungo tempo non posso stare così che io non diventi per povertà contennendo, &c.

Note (4). — Page 11.

Benedetto Varchi calls the Principe of Machiavelli a work "empia veramente e da dover essere non solo biasimata, ma spenta:" and then, after condemning his political conduct, the same author says, "Era nondimeno il Machiavelli nel conversare piacevole, officioso verso gli amici, amico degli uomini virtuosi, ed in somma degno che la natura gli avesse o minore ingegnò, o miglior mente conceduto. Varchi, Storia Fiorentina, lib. iv. p. 85.

Note (5). — Page 22.

Vita del Machiavelli, Opere del Machiavelli, 4 vol. 4to. 1782. Baldelli Elogio di Niccolo Machiavellli, Opere di Machiavelli, 11 vol. 4to. 1810. Opere di Machiavelli, passim.

NOTE (6). — Page 30.

Notizia riguardanti le azioni del Francesco Guicciardini, Istoria di Francesco Guicciardini, tom. i. 1775. Remigio, vita di Francesco Guicciardini. Montaigne, Essais, liv. ii. ch. 10. The history of Guicciardini was not printed and published till the year 1561. The editor was Angelo Guicciardini, a nephew of the historian. But no complete and accurate edition was published for more than two centuries. In the year 1775, an edition in four volumes quarto appeared. It was printed at Florence, though Fribourgh is on the title page. The basis of this edition is the original manuscript of the author, which Angelo Guicciardini was not allowed by Duke Cosmo the First to print in a perfect state. Guicciardini had been very severe in his strictures on the court of Rome, and no passages of that tendency were allowed to appear in the early editions. At the end of the fourth book of the recent editions of Guicciardini, there is a spirited and faithful outline of the rise of the temporal power of the Popes, and the state of that power at the commencement of the sixteenth century. It is a master-piece of historical sketching, and very interesting, for many sources of information were open to Guicciardini.

NOTE (7). — Page 31.

Varchi died at the age of 63, in the year 1565. Varchi wrote a history of Florence from 1527 to 1538. It is a faithful but tedious chronicle. It was not published till the year 1721; for, like the histories of Segni and Nerli, it was withheld from the public out of respect for particular families.

NOTE (8). — Page 39.

Fontanini, Dell' Eloquenza Italiana, con le annotazioni del Apostolo Zeno, tomo i. p. 315. ii. 82. tom. i. p. 301—315.

NOTE (9). — Page 44.

Bandino, De Florentina Juntarum Typographia, ejusque censoribus, partes 1, 2. Luca, 1791. Tiraboschi, Storia della Letteratura Italiana, tom. vii. parte i. p. 173. Gesneri, Pandectæ, Tiguri, 1548, p. 329., as cited in Maittaire, Annales Typographici, tom. iii. part. i. p. 250.

NOTE (10). — Page 46.

Nugent's Observations on Italy, vol. ii. p. 279. Forsyth, Remarks on Italy, p. 63—65. Eustace's Classical Tour through Italy, vol. iii. p. 341. Barry's Works, vol. ii. p. 37.

NOTE (11). — Page 52.

Gozzoli was born A. D. 1400, died 1478. Lippi died 1488, aged 67.

NOTE (12). — Page 53.

Botticelli born 1437, died 1515. Pinturicchio died 1513, aged 59.

NOTE (13). — Page 53.

Died about the year 1494, aged 44.

NOTE (14). — Page 54.

Vasari, vite di Pittori, tom. i. p. 1—6. 41—59. 107—114. 158—160. 425—437. 468—475. 481—486. Lanzi, Storia Pittorica della Italia, tom. i. p. 1—84.

NOTE (15). — Page 55.

Grannacci born 1477, died 1544.

NOTE (16). — Page 56.

Daniele Ricciarelli, or Daniele di Volterra, born 1509, died 1566.

NOTE (17). — Page 57.

Lanzi, Storia Pittorica della Italia, tom. i. p. 150—152.

NOTE (18). — Page 59.

Lanzi, tom. i. p. 156, &c. Vasari, Vite de' Pittori, tom. ii. p. 210—250.

NOTE (19). — Page 61.

Lanzi, vol. i. p. 163, &c.

NOTE (20). — Page 64.

Milton, in his sonnet to Henry Lawes, alludes to this interview between Dante and Casella. The leading

thought in Dante's description is thus beautifully improved in the Paradise Lost, book viii. l. i., &c.

The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear.

NOTE (21). — Page 70.

Burney's and Hawkins' Histories of Music mention most of the facts stated in the text. See, too, Sansovino's Commentary on Boccaccio. Venice, 1546. Dante, Purgatorio, canto ii. Tiraboschi, Storia della Lett. Ital. vol. iii. 288., &c., vol. v. 186., &c., vol. vi. p. i. c. 2. Crescimbeni, Commentari intorno alla sua istoria della volgar poesia, vol. i. parte iii. lib. iii. p. 245.

NOTE (22). — Page 75.

Lanzi, Storia Pittorica della Italia, tom. i. p. 1., &c. Forsyth's remarks on Italy, p. 12., &c. Cicognara, Storia della Scultura del suo risorgimento in Italia sino al secolo di Napoleone, vol. i. lib. ii. c. 3.

NOTE (23). — Page 77.

These circumstances, respecting the botanical garden and the anatomical theatre, took place at the middle of the century. The duke, Cosmo I., made botanical gardens at Florence and Pisa; and about the same time, the Venetians formed one at Padua.

NOTE (24). — Page 84.

Muratori, Preface to the Collection of Lombard Laws, Rerum Scriptarum Italicarum, vol. i. part ii. 1—12.

Brunquellus, Hist. Juris Romani Germanici, part. iii. c. 3—6. Mazzuchelli, Gli Scrittori Italiani, vol. i. part. i. 354., &c. Bayle, Dictionaire, art. Alciati. et Irnerius. Tiraboschi, Storia della Lett. Ital., vii. part. ii., lib. ii. c. 4., tom. iii. p. 314, &c. iv. 41. 49. 232—238.

NOTE (25). — Page 85.

Tiraboschi, Storia della Lett. Ital., vol. vii. part. iii., lib. iii. c. 5. Amaseo died at the age of 71.

NOTE (26). — Page 87.

Mazzuchelli, Gli Scrittori d' Italia, vol. i. part. i. p. 579., &c. Fantuzzi, Notizie degli Scrittori Bolognesi, tomo ii. p. 217., &c. Tiraboschi, Storia della Letter. Ital., vol. vii. part. i. lib. i. c. 4.

NOTE (27). — Page 88.

Mazzuchelli, Gli scrittori d' Italia, vol. i. p. ii., p. 608. Tiraboschi, Storia della Lett. Ital. vol. vii. part ii. p. 355.

NOTE (28). — Page 89.

Tiraboschi, Storia della Letteratura Italiana, tom. vi. part. ii. lib. iii. cap. 5.

NOTE (29). — Page 99.

Ghirardacci, Storia di Bologna, tom. i. p. 591. Muratori, Rerum Italicarum Scriptores, vol. xxi. p. 1163,

Portal, Histoire de l'Anatomie, i. 209. Haller, Bib. Anat. i. 146. Raynald, xvi. 895. Crevier, Hist. de l'Université de Paris, v. 57. Petrarci, Epist. p. 810, Op. ed. 1554. Epist. de rebus senil. lib. v. ep. iii. p. 882. 880. 778. 1202. Sprengel, Essai d'une Histoire Pragmatique de la Médecine, sec. vii. cap. i. vol. iii. V. Beauvais, Spec. Hist. lib. xxxi. Spec. doct. l. xii. c. iii.

Note (30). — Page 108.

Sprengel, l'Histoire de la Médecine, trad. par Jourdan. Paris, 1815, section neuvième. Eloy, Dict. de la Médecine, in art.

Note (31). — Page 112.

Lanzi, tom. v. p. 5—72.

Note (32). — Page 116.

Vasari, ii. 28, &c. Lanzi, iv. 64—89. Reynolds' Notes on Du Fresnoy, iii. 178. Fuseli in Pinkerton, p. 7.

Note (33). — Page 119.

Vasari, ii. 327, &c. Lanzi, iv. 97—101. Abrégé de la Vie des Peintres, vol. i. 220—224. Bellori, Descrizione delle Imagini da Rafaelle d'Urbino, p. 95. There is great truth, I think, in these observations of Barry upon Parmigiano. "I am not ashamed to say, that, if instead of losing himself upon his cursed alellymy," he had painted the entire arch (wherein the Moses, and

the Sybils, &c. were painted) so as to produce a mass of work altogether, which would be extensive enough to force itself upon people's attention, he would, undoubtedly, have made as great an *éclat* in the world, and with as much justice, as any painter has done since the resurrection of the arts: and, for my own part, I see talents in this man which give, flatly, the lie to an opinion which is very general; namely, that the perfection of art rested with Michelangiolo and Rafaello, because it was impossible that modern art could go beyond them. The few works which remain of Parmigiano are not, to be sure, more valuable than the works of Rafaello and Michelangiolo. This was impossible, from the unhappy accidental concurrence of circumstance in his time, yet there are discernible in him powers imprisoned of a superior kind to what the others have shown, and they had full opportunity of showing all they knew." Barry's Works, vol. i. p. 204.

Note (34). — Page 124.

Marco Antonio Antimaco, the son of a man of letters, was born at Mantua in 1473, and died at Ferrara, where he had been Greek professor for twenty years, in 1552. He published (Basle, 1540,) several translations from Greek authors, a Discourse in praise of Greek Literature, and several Greek and Latin epigrams. His lectures and example served better than his books to spread a taste for classical learning.

Note (35). — Page 126.

"Si non caste tamen caute," seems to have been Ariosto's motto. Garofolo says of him, "Usò sempre ne'

suoi amori segretezza, e sollecitudine, accompagnata da molta modestia. His private vices never offended public decorum. He had two illegitimate children, Virginio and Giovambatista, one of whom was a churchman, and the other a soldier.

NOTE (36). — Page 127.

Nelle cose de' Giardini teneva il modo medesimo, che' nel far de' versi, perchè mai non lasciava cosa alcuna, che piantasse, più di tre mesi in un loco, e se piantava anime di persiche, o semente di alcuna sorte, andava tante volte a vedere, se germogliava, che finalmente rompea il germoglio: e perchè avea poca cognizione d' erba, il più delle volte prossumea, che qualunque erba, che nascesse vicina alla cosa seminata da esso, fosse quella; la custodiva con diligenza grande sin tanto che la cosa fosse ridotta a' termini, che non accascava averne dubbio. I' mi ricordo, ch' avendo seminato ch' capperi, ogni giorno andava a vederli, e stava con una allegrezza grande di così bella nascione. Finalmente trovo, ch' eran sambuchi, e che de' capperi non n' eran nati alcuni. *Notes by Virginio Ariosto for a Life of his Father.*

NOTE (37). — Page 132.

Ditegli che più tosto ch' esser servo
Torrò la povertade in patienza.

Ariosto, Satira.

NOTE (38). — Page 132.

Ecci Gabriel, ma che vuoi tu che faccia
Che da fanciul restò per mala sorte

De li piedi impedito, e delle braccia;
Egli non fu ne in piazza mai ne in corte;
Et a chi vuol ben reggere una casa,
Quello chi si può comprendere che importe.
Alla quinta sorella, ch' e rimasa,
N' era bisogno apparecchiar la dote.
Che le sian debitori: hor che s'accusa.
L' eta di nostra madre mi percuote
Di pieta il cuore, che da tutti a un tratto
(Senz' infamia) lasciata esser non puote.

Ariosto, Satira a Alessandro.

Ariosto et a Lodovico de Bagno.

NOTE (39). — Page 133.

Mal può durar il rosigniuolo in gabbia:
Più vi sta il cardellino, et più il fanello,
La rondine in un dì vi muor di rabbia.

Ariosto, Satira quarta.

NOTE (40). — Page 133.

Pazzo, chi al suo signor contraddir vuole,
Se ben dicisse che ha veduto il giorno
Pieno di stelle, e a mezza notte il Sole.

Ariosto, Satira prima.

NOTE (41). — Page 134.

Ruggier, se a la progenie tua mi fai
Si poco grato, a nulla mi prevaglio,
Che gli alti gesti e 'l tuo valor contai.

Ariosto, Satira secundo.

Note (42).—Page 134.

Dove altr' albergo era di questo, meno
Conveniente a i sacri studi vuoto
D' ogni giocondità, d' ogni horror pieno.
La nuda pania tra l' Aurora, e 'l noto:
Da l' altre parti il giogo mi circonda:
Che fu d' un Pellegrin la gloria noto,
Quest' è una fossa ov' habito profonda il
Donde non muovo pie senza salire
De 'l silvoso Appennin la fiera sponda.
Ostiami in rocca, o voglio al' aria uscire:
Accuse e liti sempre e gridi ascolto:
Furti homicidi odii e vendette et ire, &c. &c.

Ariosto, Satira quarta.

Note (43). — Page 135.

Fu in que' contorni non pure amato, ma riverito per insino da Masnadieri, uomini quasi ferini, e privi d' umanità, imperocchè nell' andare al commissariato — cavalcava un giorno con la sua famiglia, ch' erano da sei o sette cavalli, e convenendogli presso Rodea passar per mezzo a una compagnia d' uomini con armi, che sedevano sotto diverse ombre, non sapendo chi si fossero, andò oltre non senza qualche sospetto, per esser quelle montagne allora molto infestate da ladronecci, per le fazioni di certo Domenico Morotto, e di Filippo Pacchione capitali nemici. Ora essendo passati avanti un tiro di mano, colui, ch' era capo loro, dimandò al servitore, ch' era più addietro degli altri, chi fosse il Gentiluomo; e udito ch' era Lodovico Ariosto, subito si mise, cosi com' era armato di corazza e di ronca, a

correrglì dietro. Lodovico vedutolo venire si fermo, non ben sicuro come avesse a seguire il fatto. Colui giuntogli presso, e riverentemente salutatolo, gli disse, ch' era Filippo Pacchione, e gli domandò perdono, se non gli avea fatto motto nel passar oltre, poichè non sapeva chi egli fosse, ma che avendolo inteso dipoi, era venuto per conoscerlo di vista, come molto prima l' avea conosciuto per fama: e nel fine fattogli cortesi inviti umilmente si licenziò da lui. *Garafolo vita di Ariosto.*

NOTE (44). — Page 135.

Piegossi a me da la beata sede.
La mano e poi le gote ambe mi prese,
E 'l santo baccio in l'una e l' altra diede.
Di mezzo quella bolla anco cortese
Mi fu: de laquel hora il mio Bibiena
Espedito m' hà il resto a *le mie spese.*

Ariosto, Satira quarta.

This assertion of Ariosto destroys the assertion of Gabriello Simeone, that the liberalities of Leo facilitated the publication of the poem.

NOTE (45). — Page 138.

Che senza moglie a lato
Non potè huomo in bontade esser perfetto.
Ne senza si puo star senza peccato.

Ariosto, Satira a M. A. Malegucciò.

NOTE (46). — Page 138.

Voglio che si contenti de la faccia

Che Dio le diede, e lasci il rosso e 'l bianco
Alla signora del signor Ghinaccia.

Ariosto, Satira ubi. sup.

NOTE (47). — Page 139.

Tema Dio: ma ch' udir piu d' una messa
Voglio il di non mi piace; e vo che basti
L'una, o due volte l' anno si confessa.

Ariosto, Satira prima.

NOTE (48). — Page 139.

Havessi a penetrarvi occhi Lincei
Oi muri traparessar come vetro:
Forse occupati in cosa li vedrei
Che giustissima causa di celarsi
Havrian da 'l sol, non che da gli occhi mici!

Ariosto, Satira terza.

NOTE (49). — Page 139.

Two hundred and eighty years after the poet's death this house was purchased by the municipality of Ferrara, and has ever since been public property. In Ariosto's study there is this inscription: "Lodovico Ariosto in questa camera scrisse, e questa casa da lui edificata abitò. La quale CCLXXX. anni dopo la morte del Divino Poeta fu da Girolamo Cicognare Podestà, co' denari del Comune comprata e restaurata, perchè alla venerazione delle genti si mantanesse."

NOTE (50). — Page 142.

Barotti, Memorie Istoriche di Letterati Ferraresi, Opera postuma, vol. primo, 142—186. Ferrara, 1792.

NOTE (51). — Page 142.

Io non ho molto gusto de vivande
Che scalco fia. Fui degno esser' al mondo
Quando vivevan gli uomini di ghiande.
Ariosto, Satira secunda.

NOTE (52). — Page 143.

Garofolo, vita di Ariosto. Pigna, vita di Ariosto; both in the folio edition of the Orlando Furioso. Venice, 1730. Mazzuchelli, Scrittori di Italia, vol. ii. p. ii. p. 1060., &c. Barotti, vita di Ariosto. Ferrara 1773., an excellent piece of biography. There are contained in it, some notices by Virginio, respecting his father Ariosto. But most of the interesting biographical details relating to Ariosto, are comprised in his Satires, which are written with all the gaiety, wit, and gentle sarcasm of Horace, and are, in truth, a history of Ariosto's life. From some legal papers in the possession of a friend of Barotti, it seems, that the poet, notwithstanding his admirable opinions on matrimonial subjects, married Alessandra Benucci, a Florentine lady, the widow of a gentleman of the great Strozzi family. There is no evidence that the marriage took place much before the year 1534. In one of these papers, dated in that year, Alessandra is called the wife in second marriage of Lodovico Ari-

osto: and in the will of a Count Strozzi, dated in September 1536, the same designation is repeated. In other papers, the Lodovico Ariosto is mentioned, as the poet of that name. Barotti died before the publication of his historical memoirs of Ferrarese literature, and these circumstances are stated by the editor in the preface. Ariosto died in 1533, of one of those complaints that afflict people of sedentary habits. Of his family, as connected with literature, a few words are necessary. His brother Gabriele was a good Latin poet. Lodovico taught him, as Gabriele owns,

Tu me tu primum docuisti flectere carmen,
Tu musarum umbram, sacrosque ostendis amictus.

Gabriele died in 1552. His poems were published at Ferrara in 1582 by his son Giulio. The flame of literary genius in the Ariosto family died with Orazio, a son of Giulio in the year 1593. See Barotti, Memorie Istoriche di Letterati Ferraresi, Opera postuma, vol. prima, p. 286.

NOTE (53). — Page 143.

Similar sentiments are expressed in Ariosto's third Satire.

NOTE (54). — Page 143.

Above the centre of the building there is this inscription.

SIC. DOMUS. HÆC.
AREOSTEA.
PROPITIOS.
DEOS. HABEAT. OLIM. UT.
PINDARICA.

NOTE (55). — Page 150.

The Abate Bettinelli (Risorgimento d' Italia, tom. iii. p. 127.) saw at Venice a large sheet of paper, full on both sides of corrections and alterations in Ariosto's hand, of the celebrated stanza (c. 18. st. 142.) *Stendon le nubi un tenebroso velo.* It is curious to observe, that this stanza remains very nearly the same in all the editions of the Orlando Furioso published in Ariosto's life-time.

NOTE (56). — Page 150.

I learn, from an article in the Quarterly Review, on the Narrative and Romantic poetry of the Italians, that the celebrated Dr. Cocchi, whose manuscript observations on Ariosto are yet extant at Florence in the Bibliotheca Riccardiano, has remarked, that many a warrior in the Orlando Furioso fights after having been killed outright in the field of battle.

NOTE (57). — Page 151.

T. Tasso, Discorso del Poema Eroico, lib. iii. p. 61.

NOTE (58). — Page 157.

Bentivoglio died at Venice in 1573, aged 67 years. The Satires mentioned in the text, were published in 1560, in a volume of satires, of which those of Ariosto were the best. Ercole Bentivoglio was the uncle of Cardinal Bentivoglio, whom the politician knows on account of his abilities as an envoy, the man of letters

for his history of the civil wars in Flanders, and whose name has been spread over all Europe by the pencil of Vandyk. The other Cardinal Bentivoglio, too, who translated the Thebaid of Statius into Italian, was also of Ercole's family.

Note (59). — Page 158.

Tiraboschi, Storia della Letteratura Italiana, tom. vii. parte ii. p. 63. 48., &c.

Note (60). — Page 159.

Sprengel, l'Histoire de la Medécine, trad. par Jourdan, vol. iii. p. 7., &c.

Note (61). — Page 161.

Not having been able to meet with the folio edition of Giraldi's works, Leyden, 1696, I must refer only to the common literary historians of Italy. The study of Roman antiquities forms more properly the subject of the middle and close of the sixteenth century than of the commencement. Similarity of literary inclinations united Onofrio Panvinio and Carlo Sigonio in friendship, and their generous emulation never degenerated into envy. Panvinio was a Veronese. He wrote treatises on the games, sacrifices, funerals, and, indeed, on almost every subject of classical history and mythology. He edited also the Fasti Consulares, which had been discovered in the middle of the sixteenth century. Mazochius, a printer at Rome, published, in 1522, the first book on Inscriptions. Panvinio had collected about

3000 inscriptions, and founded much of his system upon this firm basis of history. He wrote also on the annals and antiquities of Verona. His works on church history are not of much value; but his dissertations on the cemetries of the ancient Christians are very interesting and learned. If he had lived, he would have published a complete ecclesiastical history. There is no doubt that Baronius profited much by the collections which he made from records and left in the Vatican. Panvinio wrote also an abridgment of most of the classical authors, with learned and critical notes. These were the fruits of a life that lasted only from 1529 to 1568. Sigonio lived longer, and wrote more. He was a Modenese, and his life extended from 1519 to 1584. His Opusculæ are sufficient in number and excellence to immortalize most men. Like other men, he edited the Fasti Consulares. His commentary is learned and profound. He was the first author that treated upon the republics of Athens and Lacedemon, and other topics of Grecian antiquities. In his Hebrew antiquities, he analyzed the laws and politics of the Jews. He wrote the history of the West from Diocletian to the fall of the empire. This is a wonderful work, because the author's labours had been so little aided by former compilers. But his most astonishing book, is that which relates to the history of Italy, from the arrival of the Lombards to the middle of the thirteenth century. Tiraboschi justly calls that period a horrible desert, which no person had dared to enter. Sigonio visited all the churches and noble houses of Italy, particularly Lombardy, the part most connected with his subject. He examined every ancient record and charter, and never appeared so happy as when enveloped in a cloud of dust, which arose from

his unrolling an ancient manuscript. The coins and medals of antiquity were as much studied as the inscriptions. The first book on the subject in Italy, was the representation of the twelve Cesars, by Antonio Zantini, A. D. 1548. That work was followed by a few similar books, but all were eclipsed by the treatises of Vico and Bastiano Erizzo on the medals of the ancients. They were published at Venice, A. D. 1555, and 1559. The former author thought that medals were coins; Erizzo maintained that they were two different things. It is a singular fact in literary history, that these two writers, although of different ways of thinking, never mention each other in their respective works. They were either afraid of controversy, or the one was unwilling to bring the other into notice

NOTE (62). — Page 165.

Vasari, Vite di Pittori, in locis. Lanzi, Storia Pittorica, tom. v. 219—244. The readers of Mr. Fuseli's additions to Pinkerton, may often mark a striking conformity between the language of those additions and of these pages. In discharging my editorial duty of preparing the Travels of Theodore Ducas for the press, I often found it necessary to consult the best works on the fine arts: particularly that of Lanzi, to which I observe Mr. Fuseli, in the additions alluded to, is under very great obligations; and when I have cited Mr. Fuseli, it has frequently proceeded from my preference of his version, at once energetic and beautiful, of the Italian original, to any translation of my own.

NOTE (63). — Page 167.

Signorelli and Riccobini on the Italian stage. Walker's Historical Memoir of Italian Tragedy, section i. The theatre mentioned in the text was accidentally burnt down when Ariosto was lying on his death-bed.

NOTE (64). — Page 176.

Signorelli, Storia Critica de' Teatri, antichi e moderni, tom. iii. Sismondi de la Litt. du midi de l'Europe, ii. ch. 15. Ginguené, parte ii. ch. 19—21. Walker's Memoir of Italian Tragedy, passim. Bettinelli Risorgimento d'Italia, tom. iii. p. 133., &c. iv. 14—36. Vasari, Vite di Pittori, ii. 259. Quadrio, della storia e della ragione d'ogni poesia, vol. terza, passim.

NOTE (65). — Page 186.

Commines, Memoires, Lyons, 1559. liv. vii. c. 15.

NOTE (66). — Page 187.

Fabroni, p. 42. Tiraboschi, Storia della Letter. Italiana, tom. vi. parte i. p. 104—113. Vasari, vite de' Pittori, vol. ii. p. 287. Memoires pour la Vie de Petrarque, vol. iii. p. 614. In consequence of the rebuilding of the monastery of the Benedictines in the year 1614, the library of S. Giorgio, built, as we have seen, at the expence of Cosmo de' Medici, was destroyed; and it is said that the manuscripts perished. Tiraboschi, vol. vii. parte i. lib. i. p. 102.

NOTE (67). — Page 189.

Coryatt's Crudities, p. 272—275.

NOTE (68). — Page 190.

De Lalande, voyage en Italie, tom. viii. ch. xxi. Bettinelli, Risorgimento d' Italia, tom. iii. c. 5., 12mo., 1819.

NOTE (69). — Page 193.

Hodius, p. 240—274. Tiraboschi, Storia della Letteratura Italiana, tom. vii. parte ii. lib. ii. c. ii. A Politiani, Miscellaneorum centuriæ, cap. i. Bayle, Dictionaire, art. Jean Lascaris.

NOTE (70). — Page 198.

Tiraboschi, vol. vii. parte iii. lib. iii. c. iv. Bayle, art. Navagero. The Vulpii collected the Latin orations, philosophical criticisms on Ovid, letters, and Latin and Italian poems of Navagero, into one quarto volume, and published it at Padua, in 1718, with a short life.

NOTE (71). — Page 216.

In the dedication of Plato to Pope Leo X. Aldo says, "Ego autem jamdiu hoc saxum volvo; qua in re, mihi quidem videor esse alter Sisyphus, quod nondum illud volvendo perduxerim in apicem montis; quod nullis cedens malis, nullis succumbens laboribus, jam plus unus ipse juverim rem literariam, quam simul omnes, quotquot fuere multis seculis; ita me amant de tantis

laboribus, ut nunc coram, nunc accuratis literis laudando obtundant. *Sed ego non credulis illis.* Nullum enim adhuc dedi librum, in quo mihi satisfacerim. Nam tanta erga bonas literas benevolentia est mea, ut emendatissimos simul, et pulcherrimos esse cupiam libros, quos emittam in manus studiosorum. Quamobrem quotiescunque vel mea, vel eorum incuria, qui mecum corrigendis libris incumbunt, aliquo in libro quamvis parvus error committitur, etsi *opere in magno fas est obrepere somnum*, (non enim unius diei labore hic noster, sed multorum annorum; atque interim nec mora, nec requies,) sic tamen doleo, ut si possem, mutarem singula errata nummo aureo.'

Note (72). — Page 219.

Literary Biography presents us with many instances of inscriptions of this sort. That of Zaccariah Ursino, a celebrated Calvinistic clergyman, was as follows: 'Amice, quisquis huc venis, aut agito paucis, aut abi, aut me laborantem adjuva.'

Note (73). — Page 220.

Foscarini, Della Letteratura Veneziana, fol. Padova, 1752. p. 392—396., &c. Erasmus, Adagia, in festina lente. Prefatory epistle addressed by Aldo to Navagero in the Aldine edition of the Rhetoricum of Cicero, 8vo. 1514. Afo, Saggio di memorie su la Tipografia Parmense del secolo 15, 4to. 1791. Tiraboschi, Storia della Letteratura Italiana, tom. vi. parte i. p. 131., &c. tom. vii. parte i. lib. i. c. 5., tom. vi. parte i. lib. i. c. 4. Maittaire, Annales Typographici, vol. i. p. 69., &c.

Bowyer's and Nicholl's most excellent Essay on the Origin of Printing, 8vo. 1774: and Renouard, Annales de l'Imprimerie des Alde, tom. ii. p. 1—106. Ungers' and Mannis' Histories of Aldo the Elder, have been quite superseded by the excellent work of M. Renouard. Paolo Manuzio died in 1574, universally regretted, because he was universally esteemed. A son named Aldo the Younger, succeeded him; he continued to reprint various classics; but such had been the literary avidity of his father and grandfather, that Velleius Paterculus was the only author left for him to print for the first time. He wrote many elegant and learned tracts on various points of philology, and was as perfect a Ciceronian as Paolo. He was professor of belles lettres in the public institution at Venice, for young persons destined to occupy offices of state. In 1584 he was made a secretary of the senate. But his ambition was not satisfied. As his father and grandfather had printed, and re-printed, all the chief classics, there was no great critical sagacity wanted in a printer. A thousand other presses therefore rivalled the Aldine. The hope of better fortune induced him to quit Venice, in 1585. He became professor of eloquence at Bologna. The last person who occupied that chair was the famous C. Sigonio. Aldo soon removed to Pisa as professor of belles lettres, a place which the Medici family gave him in consequence of his very elegant life of Cosmo de' Medici. He was afterwards called to Rome to succeed to the professorship, vacant by the death of the illustrious Muretus. His lectures were well attended; a fact necessary to mention, as there is an idle story abroad, that he was often obliged to pass the hours for lecture in promenading before the door of the hall,

waiting in vain for auditors. For the last seven years of his life he was one of the directors of the Vatican press. He died in 1597, aged fifty; and with him ended a family, which for more than a century had been the honor of letters and typography. Renouard, ii. 107—134.

NOTE (74). — Page 221.

Libros duos significat, quos "De Gloria" scripsit: qui usque ad patruum nostrorum ætatem pervenerunt. Nam Bernardus Justinianus, in Indice librorum suorum nominat Ciceronem "De Gloria." Is liber postea, cum universam bibliothecam Bernardus monacharum monasterio legasset, magna conquisitus, cura, neutiquam est inventus. Nemini dubium fuit, quin Petrus Alcyonius, cui monachæ medico suo ejus tractandæ bibliothecæ potestatem fecerant, homo improbus furtim averterit. Et sane in ejus opusculo "De Exsilio," aspersa nonnulla deprehenduntur, quæ non olere Alcyonium auctorem, sed aliquanto præstantiorem artificem videantur.

NOTE (75). — Page 223.

Alcyonius "De Exsilio," 8vo. Venet. ap. Ald. 1522, and the edition of it by Menchenius in his Analecta de calamitate Litteratorum, 12mo. Tiraboschi, vol. i. parte iii. lib. iii. p. 240., &c. tom. vii. parte ii. p. 382. Mazzuchelli, Gli Scrittori d' Italia in nom. Bayle, Dictionaire, art. Alcyonius.

NOTE (76). — Page 226.

"As 'tis the strumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one,"

So justice was avenged on Aretino. Among his various mistresses he loved one truly. He watched her during a long illness, and, although, when she was cured she ran away with another man, he did not cease to love her. When she died he wept at the event; and, indeed, it never was recalled to his mind without producing tears.

Note (77). — Page 229.

Aretino was known in England, and as he was lashed by satirists, we may suppose what his estimation was among certain classes of society. Marston, in his third satire, says:

——— When greasy Aretine
From his rank fico is surnamed divine.

Bishop Hall, in his satires, makes several allusions to Aretino, and his infamous poems and prints. And William Browne, in his Pastorals:

Then each faire nymph, whom nature doth endow
With beauty's cheek, crowned with a shamefast brow;
Whose well-tun'd eares, chast-object-loving eyne,
Ne'er heard nor saw the works of Aretine.

Note (78). — Page 233.

Mazzuchelli, Scrittori d' Italia, vol. i. parte ii. p. 1010., &c. Bayle, art. Aretin. Tiraboschi, Storia della Lett. Ital., vol. vii. part. ii. l. iii. c. 1. Fontanini, Dell' Eloquenza Italiana, con le annatazioni del A. Zeno, tom. i. 201 — 213. "The life of Aretino," as Mr. Roscoe says, "may be denominated the triumph of

effrontery." — "From the days of Homer to the present, no person who founded his claims to public favour merely on his literary talents, ever obtained one half of the honours and emoluments which were lavished on this illiterate pretender." — My reading of Aretino makes me accord most thoroughly with Mr. Roscoe's opinion. "Of all the efforts of his abilities, in prose and in verse, whether sacred or profane, epic or dramatic, panegyrical or satirical, and notwithstanding their number and variety, not one piece exists, which in point of literary merit is entitled to approbation." Roscoe's Life and Pontificate of Leo X., vol. iv. p. 165—168.

NOTE (79). — Page 237.

Leghezzi, vie de Tasso, Opere de Tasso, 3 vols. 8vo., 1733. Serrasi, vita de Tasso, Rime, &c., 2 vols. 16mo., 1749. Ginguenè, parte ii. cap. 10., cap. 12. Tasso returned to Salernum about the year 1538, where, by the medium of his Prince, he married Porzia de Rossi, a beautiful, clever, well born, and well endowed woman. He lived principally in retirement at Sorrento, and at the recommendation of the Spanish princes and nobles at Salernum, he began and made much progress in his poem on the romance of Amadis, which was at that time a peculiar favorite with the Spaniards; for but a few years before, (A. D. 1525,) Garcias Ordognez de Montalvo had revised the old MSS., and given a new colour to the whole story. His book was printed at Salamanca. The life of Tasso was so much involved in those political storms which perpetually disturbed Italy, that he did not publish his Amadis until the year 1560. He died nine years afterwards. The third child of his

marriage, was the immortal Torquato Tasso, born in 1544.

NOTE (80). — Page 242.

Sismondi, De la Littérature du midi de l' Europe, tome ii. ch. 13. Ginguené, Histoire Littéraire d' Italie, partie ii. ch. 11. 36.

NOTE (81). — Page 243.

Cassandra Fidelis Vitæ, epistolæ, &c. P. Tomasini, Padova, 8vo., 1636. Cassandra died in 1567, having completed her hundredth year.

NOTE (82). — Page 246.

Fontanini, Dell' Eloquenza Italiana, line 147, note 461. Tiraboschi, Storia della Lett. Ital., tom. vii. part. ii. p. 10. 229., &c.

NOTE (83). — Page 251.

Lanzi, Storia Pittorica della Italia, vol. iii. p. 72. Vasari, vite de' Pittori, tom. ii. p. 24—27.

NOTE (84). — Page 252.

See Fuseli, lecture the sixth on Painting, for the translation of the passage of Vasari.

NOTE (85). — Page 255.

Lanzi, iii. 74—92.

NOTE (86). — Page 259.

Tiziano died in the year 1576, at the amazing age of ninety-six.

NOTE (87). — Page 259.

Vasarii, iii. 375., &c. Lanzi, iii. 101., &c. Reynolds, 4th and 11th Disc.

NOTE (88). — Page 262.

Vasari, iii. 63—67. Lanzi, iii. 140—145. Tintoretto died in the year 1594, at the age of eighty-two.

NOTE (89). — Page 264.

The epithet "the old," is generally given to Jacopo Palma, mentioned in the text, to distinguish him from his great nephew, Jacopo Palma, who died in the year 1628, at the age of 84. The younger Palma may be considered as the last of the golden, and the first of the iron, age of art at Venice. He acquired colouring from study of the pictures of Tiziano; design, taste, and chiaroscuro, from those of Michelangiolo, Rafaello, and Polidoro. The last of these masters was his great object of imitation till he studied Tintoretto. Palma's early works are the results of a judicious union of the best parts of the Venetian and Roman schools. They are all executed with a certain facility, which is the great talent of this master, but a talent as dangerous in painting as in poetry. Paolo Veronese and Tintorette occupied the highest posts of honour. Palma became third in rank; for Vittoria, a fashionable architect and sculptor, found him more pliable than the prouder genius of higher men; and Vittoria was the oracle of taste to the purchasers of pictures at Venice. As Palma's competitors,

and they were many, died, his diligence gradually relaxed. His pieces then were sketches, and not pictures. But in those works to which he gave all his genius and labour, he has produced paintings rich in composition, full of beauties, variety, and expression. His tints are fresh, sweet, and transparent; less gay than those of Paolo, but livelier than those of Tintoretto. In vigour and animation of expression, he almost equals those masters. It is astonishing, that a man with whom commenced the depravation of style at Venice, as Vasari did at Florence, and Zuccaro at Rome, should, in many of his pictures, preserve so many charms of nature and art, to attract the eye and engage the heart of the observer. Lanzi, Storia Pittorica, vol. iii. p. 193—196.

NOTE (90). — Page 264.

Bonifazio died in the year 1553, at the age of sixty-two.

NOTE (91). — Page 265.

Vasari, ii. 338—340., iii. 69. Lanzi, iii. 145. 84—87., iii. 119., &c. Schiavone died in the year 1582, at the age of sixty.

NOTE (92). — Page 267.

Lanzi, iii. 148., &c. Reynolds, 7th Disc. Bassano, like many of the Venetian painters, lived to a great age. He died in the year 1592, aged eighty-two.

NOTE (93). — Page 269.

Lanzi, iii. 159—175. Abrégé de la Vie des Peintres, i. 180., &c. Paolo Veronese died in the year 1588, aged fifty-eight.

NOTE (95). — Page 276.

De la Lande, Voyage en Italie, tom. ix. chap. 3. Tiraboschi, Storia della Letteratura Italiana, tom. vii. parte iii. lib. iii. c. 5. Memoires pour la Vie de Petrarque, vol. iii. p. 799. Savonarola, de laudibus Patavii. Muratori, Rerum Scriptores Italic. vol. xxiv. p. 1157. Tomasini, Petrarca Redivivus, p. 129—145. 166—179. Riccobini, de Gymnasio Patavino, lib. i. c. 1—9. Tomasini, Gymnasium Patavinum, lib. i. c. 5—8.

NOTE (96). — Page 277.

Bayle, Dictionaire, art. Tomæus. Ginguené, c. 31.

NOTE (97). — Page 279.

She died in the year 1535. Three children, two sons and one daughter, were the fruits of her intimacy of twenty-two years with Bembo.

NOTE (98). — Page 285.

Tiraboschi, Storia, della Letter. Ital., vol. vii. part. i., lib. ii. c. 2.

NOTE (99). — Page 286.

He died at Rome in the year 1588, aged 88. See the life of Speroni, by the Abate Forcellini in the fifth volume of the works of Speroni. Venezia, 1740.

NOTE (100). — Page 293.

H. Cardani, Mediolanensis de propria vita liber, 1654., 12mo. Disputationes de Deo et Providentia Divina, 4to. Samuele Parker Archidiacano Cant., p. 68—77. Sprengel, l'Histoire de la Medecine, vol. ii. sec. neuvième. Tiraboschi, Storia della Letter. Ital., tom. vii. part. i. lib. ii. c. 2. Bayle, Dict. Cardan — a useful article. Cardan died in the year 1576, aged seventy-five. His works were collected and published in ten volumes folio, at Lyons, in the year 1663.

NOTE (101). — Page 295.

Muzio died in 1576, aged eighty.

NOTE (102). — Page 295.

De la Lande, Voyage en Italie, vol. ix. ch. 1. & 2. Abbé du Bos, Ref. Crit., tom. i. p. 375., 4to.

NOTE (103). — Page 302.

Ginguené, Histoire Literaire d' Italie, part. ii. ch. 13. Tiraboschi, Storia della Letter. Ital., tom. vii. part iii. lib. iii. c. 3. Trissino was born at Vicenza, in 1478,

and died at Rome, in 1550. Palladio was a fellow-townsman of Trissino, and was born in 1598. None of his works were erected when Theodore Ducas made the tour of Italy.

NOTE (103). — Page 306.

Fracastori, Opera omnia, 4to. Venetius, 1584. Fracastori Poemata omnia accesserunt reliquiæ carminum, G. Cottæ, &c. Patavii, 8vo. Tiraboschi, Storia della Letter. Ital., tom. vii. part. iii. lib. iii. c. 4. Maffei, Verona Illustrata, parte ii. lib. iv., p. 337—347., 4to., 1731. Flaminius says of Cotta,

Si fas cuique sui sensus expromere cordis,
Hoc equidem dicam pace, Catulle, tua.
Est tua musa quidem dulcissima, musa videtur
Ipsa tamen Cotte, dulcior esse mihi.

NOTE (104). — Page 308.

Tiraboschi, Storia della Letter. Italiana, tom. vii. part. iii. p. 220., &c. Præfat. ad Anthologia, sive selecta poemata Italorum, qui Latine scripserunt. 12mo., 1684.

NOTE (105). — Page 318.

Delle Novelle di Franco Sacchetti, 3 tom., 8vo., 1795. Il Pecorone di Ser Giovanni. Milano, 1558. Tiraboschi, Storia della Letter. Ital., tom. v. p. 460.

NOTE (106).— Page 320.

Del Novelliero Italiano, volume secondo, p. 215., &c. Venezia, 1754. Novellino de Masuccio Salernitano, fol. Venezia, 1510. Quarta parte, p. 43.

NOTE (107). — Page 321.

The egotism of preachers, and their mixture of sacred and profane matters in sermons, are faults which Dante censured. He says:

Per apparer ciascun s'ingegna, e face
Sue invenzioni, e quelle son trascorse
Da' predicanti, e 'l Vangelio si tace.
— — — —
Non disse Cristo al suo primo Convento:
Andate, e predicate al mondo ciance,
Ma diede lor verace fondamento.
E quel tanto sonò nelle sue guance;
Sì ch' a pugnar, per accender la Fede,
Dell' Evangelio fero scudi e lance.
Ora si va con motti, e con iscede,
A predicare, e più che ben si rida,
Gonfia il cappuccio, e più non si richiede.
Ma tale uccel nel becchetto s'annida;
Che se 'l vulgo il vedesse, vederebbe
La perdonanza, di che si confida,
Per cui tanta stoltezza in terra crebbe,
Che sanza pruova d'alcun testimonio,
Ad ogni promession si converebbe.

Del Paradiso, Canto 29.

The aim of all
Is how to shine; e'en they, whose office is
To preach the Gospel, let the Gospel sleep,
And pass their own inventions off instead.

— — — — —

Christ said not to his first conventicle,
Go forth and preach impostures to the world,
But gave them truth to build on; and the sound
Was mighty on their lips; nor needed they,
Beside the Gospel, other spear or shield,
To aid them in their warfare for the faith.
The preacher now provides himself with store
Of jests and gibes; and, so there be no lack
Of laughter, while he vents them, his big cowl
Distends, and he has won the meed he sought.
Could but the vulgar catch a glimpse the while
Of that dark bird which nestles in his hood,
They scarce would wait to hear the blessing said,
Which now the dotards hold in such esteem,
That every counterfeit, who spreads abroad
The hands of holy promise, finds a throng
Of credulous fools beneath.

Cary's Translation.

NOTE (108). — Page 329.

Del Novelliero Italiano, 4 toni. 8vo., 1795. Erizzo, sei Giornate, 4to., 1567.

NOTE (109). — Page 334.

Lanzi, iv. 4—11.

NOTE (110). — Page 336.

Lanzi, tom. iv. p. 124, &c. Forsyth on Italy, p. 349.

NOTE (111). — Page 339.

Lanzi, iv. 222., &c. 128—139.

NOTE (112). — Page 340.

Tiraboschi, Storia della Lett. Ital., tom. vi. p. i. lib. i. c. 4., tom. vii. p. i. lib. i. c. 5.

NOTE (113). — Page 342.

Lanzi, Storia Pittorica della Italia, vol. v. 284—298.

NOTE (114). — Page 343.

Tiraboschi, Storia della Letter. Ital., vol. vii. part. i. lib. i. c. 5. Argelati, Bibliotheca Scriptorum Mediolanensium, tom. i. p. 1—47.

NOTE (115). — Page 347.

Montfaucon, Palæographia Græca, p. 112. Bettinelli, Risorgimento d' Italia, vol. i. p. 110. 216—218., ii. 140—146. 175. 223. Tiraboschi, Storia della Lett. Ital., vol. vi. p. ii. lib. iii. c. 1.

NOTE (116). — Page 349.

Lanzi, Storia Pittorica della Italia, tomo iv. 162—180.

NOTE (117). — Page 352.

Barry's account of the destruction of this monument of modern art is very interesting in itself, and highly characteristic of his own rough and generous enthusiasm for Da Vinci. "The Cenacolo of Lionardo da Vinci has been formerly retouched, which I had a fair opportunity of seeing this day, as there was a scaffold erected by order of the Count de Firmian, secretary of state, for Pietro Mazzi, a painter. This Mazzi has, by order of the fore-mentioned count, defaced already almost one half of this picture of Lionardo, under the notion of repainting it. The villain would not content himself with mending and repairing the parts but injured and defaced in the picture, and securing the rest by means of a varnish, or some other method, he will paint it all over first in what is called a dead colour, and afterwards he will paint this dead colour over again with another layer of his stupid colours, so as to bury Lionardo's work entirely: in what he has done, all is changed; in another month Da Vinci will no longer be found in this picture. It is impossible to see any thing finer, more expressive, or more characteristic, than one side of this picture, where Lionardo yet remains; or more unmeaning, clumsy, and worthless, than the other side, where this man has covered the picture, nearly all the figures on the right hand of the Christ, with his vile daubing.

The real situation of this picture of Da Vinci is this: being painted in oil, the skin of oil and colour which covers the wall is in a vast number of places cracked into little squares, of about one-eighth of an inch in breadth (loosening from the wall, and curling up in the edges, and only sticking in the parts near the centre), and whether this happened from the moistness of the wall, or the white-washing of this over, as they say was done a long time ago, or the washing off this white, or varnishing of it, is more than I will say; but the picture was formerly mended and repaired in the decayed parts by some painter, many years before, who was much to be commended for his conduct, as he did nothing but patch the picture, where it was necessary; and his patches, which were very few, were easily to be distinguished by me where I stood on the scaffold; all the other parts he left untouched." Observations on different Works of Art in France and Italy, by Mr. Barry, during his residence in those countries, A. D. 1766, 1771., p. 27. Barry's Works, vol. ii.

NOTE (118). — Page 356.

Vasari, vite de' Pittori, vol. ii. p. 1., &c. Lanzi. tom. i. p. 119—126. Fuseli, sixth lecture on painting. Vinci, Trattato della Pittura, con vita di Lionardo da Vinci, da Rafaello du Fresne, folio. Paris, 1733. Memorie Storiche sur la vita, &c. gli studi e le opere di Lionardo da Vinci scritte di' Carlo Amoretti, in the Milan edition of the Italian classics. The Trattato della Pittura, an elementary treatise on painting, is the

only literary work of Lionardo da Vinci that has been published. The expression in the text respecting Lionardo's knowledge of anatomy is borne out by the praises which the late William Hunter bestowed on some of his numerous designs which are in England. See the Preliminary Discourses of William Hunter, London, 1784.

THE END.

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